

THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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VOL. 156.

PUBLISHED IN

*JULY & OCTOBER, 1883.*

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PRINTED BY  
JOHN MURRAY,  
LONDON:

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JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1883.

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LONDON:

Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and SONS, Limited,  
Stamford Street and Charing Cross.

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THE  
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- ART. I.—1. *The Life of Jonathan Swift.* By Henry Craik, M.A. London, 1882.  
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3. *Dean Swift's Disease.* By Dr. Bucknill, F.R.S. 'Brain.' London, January, 1882.

MORE than a year ago we commenced a sketch of the literary and political life of Swift.\* We were then obliged to break off when our task was only half accomplished; we now propose to return to the subject, and to complete our study. But before resuming our own narrative we have a very pleasing duty to perform. Since the appearance of the first part of this article three contributions of singular interest and value have been added to the literature which has gathered round the great Dean. First in importance stands the Biography by Mr. Henry Craik. This work is in many respects greatly superior to any preceding Biography. It is more accurate, more critical, and much fuller, than the Memoir by Scott. It is written with more spirit, and it is executed with greater skill, than the Memoir by Monck Mason. It is, moreover, enriched with material to which neither Scott nor Monck Mason had access, and which is altogether new; such, for example, would be the diary kept by Swift at Holyhead, printed by Mr. Craik in his Appendix; such would be the correspondence between Swift and Archdeacon Walls, furnished by Mr. Murray; and such would be the Orrery papers, furnished by the Earl of Cork. Of Mr. Craik's industry and accuracy we cannot speak too highly. It is abundantly evident from every chapter in his work that he has left no source of information unexplored, from the local gossip of places where traditions of Swift still linger, to the

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\* See 'Quarterly Review,' April 1882.

archives of private families and public institutions. Where Mr. Craik seems to us to fail is in precision and grasp. His narrative too often degenerates into mere compilation. It lacks perspective and it lacks symmetry. We cannot but think too—though we are extremely unwilling to find faults in a work for which every student of Swift will assuredly be most sincerely thankful—that its value would have been greatly enhanced had Mr. Craik been a little less inattentive to the graces of style. That Mr. Craik has not succeeded in throwing any new light on the various problems which perplex Swift's biography is to be regretted, but cannot, in fairness, be imputed as a fault to him. The portion of his work which will be perused with most interest by those who are familiar with former biographies, will probably be that in which he discusses Swift's relations with Walpole, with Primate Boulter, and with the Irish Church.

The pleasure with which we have read Mr. Leslie Stephen's monograph has been not unmingled with disappointment. Like everything he writes, it is incisive, forcible, and eminently interesting. But it is plain that the Dean is no favourite with him. He is too sensible and too well informed to be guilty either of misrepresentation or of errors in statement, and yet, without misrepresentation or misstatement, he contrives to do Swift signal injustice. We will illustrate what we mean. The period in Swift's career during which he appears to least advantage would certainly be the period intervening between his ordination and the accession of George I., in other words, the period during which he was seeking preferment. On the other hand, the period which does him most honour would be that during which he was labouring in the cause of Ireland. Of the first of these periods Mr. Stephen gives us a minute and elaborate history: of the second, his account is so meagre and so perfunctory, that a reader who knew nothing more of Swift's career in Ireland than what he derived from Mr. Stephen's narrative, would assuredly have very much to learn. It was said of Mallet, that if he undertook the life of Marlborough, he would probably forget that his hero was a general: it may be said of Mr. Stephen, that, if he has not exactly forgotten that Swift was a patriot and philanthropist, he has done his best to conceal it.

This brings us to Dr. Bucknill's remarkable paper on the nature of Swift's disease. We have read nothing that has been written on that perplexed and much-discussed question which appears to us so satisfactory. In the first place, Dr. Bucknill comes forward with no mere hypothesis. The history of Swift's

case

case is, he says, sufficiently full and explicit to enable him, even at this distance of time, to form with confidence a diagnosis; and that diagnosis, together with the grounds on which it is based, he has in the paper to which we have referred given to the world. As the subject is necessarily a somewhat painful one, and as it is moreover a subject likely to be of interest rather to special students of Swift than to the general reader, we have relegated its discussion to a note; and the note will be found at the end of this article.

We left Swift on the point of settling down as Dean of St. Patrick's. The circumstances under which he entered on his new duties were sufficiently inauspicious. It was well known that he had been one of the chief supporters of the last Ministry, and that his preferment had been the price of his services. In Dublin, where the Whigs were as three to one, the downfall of the Tories had been hailed with savage glee. Indeed, of all the sects into which Irish politicians were divided and subdivided, it may be questioned whether there was one which regarded with much favour the party to which Swift had attached himself. The victory gained by the Whigs was celebrated as such victories always were celebrated. On Swift's head broke in full force the storm of obloquy which was overwhelming his friends in England. Libels taunting him with Popery and Jacobitism freely circulated among the vulgar. He was hustled and pelted in the street. One miscreant, an Irish nobleman, assaulted him with such ferocious violence, that he presented a petition, which is still extant, appealing for protection to the House of Peers. For some months he went in fear of his life, and he never ventured to show himself even in the principal thoroughfares without an escort of armed servants. And these were not his only troubles. He was on bad terms with his Chapter; he was on bad terms with the Archbishop. He was in wretched health, and in still more wretched spirits. His feelings found vent in a copy of verses, which are inexpressibly sad and touching.

Meanwhile, evil tidings were arriving by every post from England. First came the news of the flight of Bolingbroke; then came the news of the impeachment and imprisonment of Oxford; and lastly, the still more incredible intelligence, that Ormond had declared for the Pretender, and was in France. Under these stunning blows Swift acted as none but men on whom Nature has been lavish of heroic qualities are capable of acting. It was now plain that all who had been in the confidence of the late Ministry were in great danger, and that, unless they were prepared to fare as their leaders had fared, it behoved

them to walk warily. A vindictive faction in the flush of triumph is, as Swift well knew, in no mood for nice distinctions between guilt presumptive and guilt established. He was, moreover, well aware that rumour had already been busy with his name, and that his enemies were watching with malignant vigilance for anything which he might do or say to compromise himself. But all this was as nothing. Neither self-interest nor fear had any influence on his loyal and dauntless spirit. He wrote off to Oxford, not merely expressing his sympathy, but imploring permission to attend him in the Tower. 'It is the first time,' he said, 'that I ever solicited you in my own behalf, and if I am refused, it will be the first request you ever refused me.' He braved the suspicions,—nay more,—the peril, to which a confidential correspondence with the families of Bolingbroke and Ormond, when the one had become the Secretary and the other the chief General of the Pretender, exposed him. We are told that when the Ulster King-of-Arms attempted, on the attainder of the Duke, to remove the escutcheons of the Ormonds, which hung in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Swift sternly bade him begone, 'for as long as I am Dean,' he thundered out, 'I will never permit so gross an indignity to be offered to so noble a house.' It was not likely that he could act thus with impunity, and it appears from a letter of Archbishop King, dated May 1715, and from one of his own letters to Atterbury, dated April 1716, that he was twice in danger of arrest.

His conduct at this crisis was the more honourable to him, as it sprang solely from the purest of motives, from a chivalrous sense of what is due to friends and benefactors, and especially to friends and benefactors in misfortune. Some writers have, it is true, imputed his conduct, as hostile contemporaries imputed it, to less worthy motives. But it would be mere waste of words to discuss their statements. Nothing we know of Swift is more absolutely certain than the fact that, so far from having any sympathy with the Pretender, he always regarded him with peculiar abhorrence. He denounced him in his correspondence, he denounced him in his conversation, he denounced him in his public writings. 'I always professed,' he says in one of his familiar letters, 'to be against the Pretender, because I look upon his coming as a greater evil than we are likely to suffer under the worst Whig Government that can be found.' In the crisis of 1714, when it is not perhaps too much to say that his pen might have turned the scale in James's favour, he was among the most acrimonious and vehement of anti-Jacobites. Indeed, his feelings on this subject were so well known, that both Oxford and Bolingbroke studiously concealed from him



him their negotiations with St. Germain's, and, as his 'Historical Memoirs' show, he had never even a suspicion of the intrigues, the existence of which the 'Stuart Papers' have in our time placed beyond doubt.\*

His pen meanwhile was not idle. In his letter to Oxford he had promised that, though the rage of faction had rendered contemporaries deaf and blind, future ages should at all events know the truth. With this view, he drew up the 'Memoirs relating to that change which happened in the Queen's Ministry in the Year 1710,' a pamphlet in which, in a clear and temperate narrative, he explains the circumstances under which he had himself first engaged in politics, as well as the revolution which brought his party into power. On the completion of the 'Memoirs'—they are dated on the manuscript October, 1714—he began the 'Enquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's Last Ministry.' This is a work of great interest and value. With a firm and impartial hand he traces the history of those fatal feuds which had cost himself and his friends so dear. He makes no attempt—and it is greatly to his honour—to palliate what was reprehensible in his own party, he makes no attempt to exaggerate what was reprehensible in their opponents. The prejudice of friendship is discernible perhaps in the portraits of Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Ormond, but it is a prejudice which extends no further than their personal characters. As public men, no more is assigned to them than is their due. They are as freely censured as their neighbours. Indeed, the pamphlet is distinguished throughout by a spirit of candour not to be mistaken.

But his most elaborate contribution to contemporary history was a work which had been all but completed before he left London—the 'Memoirs of the Last Four Years of the Queen.' It was commenced at Windsor probably in 1713, and was, in effect, a vindication of the Treaty of Utrecht. Nothing he ever wrote seems to have given him so much satisfaction. He always described it as the best thing he had done, and it is certain that he expended more time and labour on it than he was in the habit of expending on any of his literary compositions. But the work, as it now appears, is so inferior to

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\* To the end of his life Swift contended that there was no design on the part of Anne's last Ministry to bring in the Pretender; how effectually Harley and Bolingbroke had concealed their intrigues from him is clear from the Dean's letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, Dec. 16, 1716. 'Had there been even the least overture or intent of bringing in the Pretender, I think I must have been very stupid not to have picked out some discoveries or suspicions. And although I am not sure that I should have turned informer, yet I am certain I should have dropped some general cautions, and immediately have retired.'

what might have been expected from Swift's account of it, that it has been sometimes doubted whether what we have is from the Dean's hand. It was first given to the world under circumstances certainly suspicious. It was not published until thirteen years after his death. It was not printed from the original manuscript. It was not edited by any member of his family, or by any one having authority from his executors. It was printed by an anonymous editor from a copy surreptitiously taken by an anonymous friend. And yet we have no more doubt of its genuineness than we have of the genuineness of 'Gulliver's Travels.' One piece of evidence alone seems to us conclusive. In 1738 the original manuscript was read by Erasmus Lewis, Lord Oxford, and others, in conclave, with a view to discussing the propriety of its publication. Their opinion was that it contained several inaccuracies of statement, and those inaccuracies Lewis, in a letter to Swift—it may be found in Swift's correspondence—categorically pointed out. Now a reference to the printed Memoirs will show that they contain the identical errors detected by Lewis and his friends in Swift's manuscript. Again, those portions in the manuscript narrative, which Lewis describes as most entertaining and instructive, are precisely those portions in the printed work which are undoubtedly best entitled to that praise. Nor is there anything improbable in the assertion of the editor—one Lucas—that he printed the work from a transcript of the original manuscript, for the original manuscript, as we know from Deane Swift, circulated freely among Swift's friends in Dublin. It is certain that Nugent, Dr. William King, and Orrery, had perused that manuscript, and that they were alive when the printed work appeared; it is equally certain that none of them expressed any doubt of the genuineness of the printed Memoirs, though those Memoirs attracted so much attention that they were printed by instalments in the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' That Swift should himself have attached so much importance to the work, is singular, for it is in truth little more than what it was originally intended to be—a party pamphlet.

Swift's life during these years is reflected very faithfully in his correspondence. It was passed principally in the discharge of his clerical duties, which he performed with scrupulous conscientiousness; in improving the glebe of Laracor; in endeavouring to come to an understanding with the Archbishop, on the one hand, and with his rebellious Chapter on the other; and in devising means for escaping from himself, and from the daily annoyances to which his position exposed him. 'I am,' he writes to Bolingbroke, 'forced into the most trifling amusements,

ments, to divert the vexation of former thoughts and present objects.' He gardened and sauntered; he turned over the Greek and Roman classics; he bandied nonsense with Sheridan and Esther Johnson; he went through a course of ecclesiastical history; he dabbled in mathematics. Thus much the world saw: thus much he imparted with all the garrulity of Montaigne and Walpole to the friends who exchanged letters with him. But there were troubles—troubles which must at this time have been weighing heavily on his mind—which were little suspected by the world, and from which he never raised the veil even to those who knew him best.

Shortly after his arrival in London, in the autumn of 1710, he had renewed his acquaintance with a lady of the name of Vanhomrigh. Her husband, originally a merchant of Amsterdam, but subsequently the holder of lucrative offices under the Government of William III., had died some years before, leaving her in easy circumstances, with a family of two sons and two daughters. Her house was in Bury Street, St. James's, within a few paces of Swift's lodgings. Mrs. Vanhomrigh was fond—indeed, inordinately fond—of society, and, as she was not only well-connected and hospitable, but the mother of two charming girls in the bloom of youth, she had no difficulty in gratifying her whim. Among her male guests she could number such distinguished men as Sir Andrew Fountaine. Among her female visitors were to be found some of the most attractive and most accomplished young women in England. There appears, indeed, to have been no more pleasant lounge in London than the little drawing-room in Bury Street. This Swift soon discovered. Within a few months he had come to be regarded almost as a member of the family. He took his coffee there of an afternoon; he dropped in, as the humour took him, to breakfast or dinner; his best gown and his best wig were deposited there; and when a friend sent him a flask of choice Florence or a haunch of venison, it was shared with his hospitable neighbours. With the young ladies, Miss Esther, who had not yet completed her twentieth year, and Miss Molly, who was a year or two younger, he was a great favourite. No man thought more highly of the moral and intellectual capacities of women than Swift, and nothing gave him so much pleasure as superintending their education. What he had done for Esther Johnson he now aspired to do for the Miss Vanhomrighs, and, as he found his new pupils as eager to receive as he was to impart instruction, he devoted himself with assiduity to his pleasant task. So passed—partly in the innocent frivolities of social gatherings, and partly in the graver intercourse of teacher and pupil—

pupil—two happy years. But towards the end of 1712, Swift suddenly perceived, to his great embarrassment, that the elder of the two sisters had conceived a violent passion for him. The unhappy girl, who had, as she well knew, received no encouragement, struggled for a while, with maiden modesty, to conceal her feelings. At this point it would have been well, perhaps, if Swift had found some means of withdrawing. But he probably judged all women from the standard of Esther Johnson. She, too, had at one time entertained feelings for him which it was not in his power to return; but had, as soon as she saw that reciprocity of passion was hopeless, cheerfully accepted friendship for love. There was surely no reason to suppose that Miss Vanhomrigh would not consent to make the same compromise, when she was convinced that there was the same necessity. All that was needed was a clear understanding between them. That understanding would, as time went on, be silently arrived at. But he little knew the character of the woman with whom he had to deal. The less her passion was encouraged, the more it grew. The more eloquently he dilated on friendship, the more rapturously she declaimed on love. As he pleaded for the mind, she pleaded for the heart. So for some months they continued to play at cross-purposes, each perceiving, and each disregarding, the innuendoes of the other. At last the poor girl could bear her tortures no longer, and, becoming lost to all sense of feminine delicacy, threw herself at Swift's feet.

And now commenced the really culpable part of Swift's conduct. He ought at once to have taken a decisive step. He ought to have seen that there were only two courses open to him; the one was to make her his wife, the other was to take leave of her for ever. Unhappily, he did neither. He merely proceeded to apply particularly what before he had stated generally. He continued to enlarge on the superiority of friendship to love, and he went on to describe the depth and sincerity of the friendship which he had long felt for her; as for her passion—so ran his reasoning—it was a passing whim—an unwelcome intruder into the paradise of purer joys. He could not return it—no true philosopher would; he could offer instead all that made human intercourse most precious—devoted affection, gratitude, respect, esteem. All this he contrived to convey in such a manner as could not have inflicted a wound even on the most sensitive pride. It was conveyed—perhaps conveyed for the first time—in that exquisitely graceful and original poem which has made the name of Esther Vanhomrigh deathless. She could there read how Venus, provoked by the complaints  
which

which were daily reaching her about the degeneracy of the female sex, resolved to retrieve the reputation of that sex; how, with this object, she called into being a matchless maid, who, to every feminine virtue, united every feminine grace and charm; how, not content with endowing her paragon with all that is proper to woman, the goddess succeeded by a stratagem in inducing Pallas to bestow on her the choicest of the virtues proper to man; how Pallas, angry at being deceived, consoled herself with the reflection, that a being so endowed would be little likely to prove obedient to the goddess who had created her; how Vanessa, for such was the peerless creature's name, did not for a while belie the expectations of Pallas, but how at last she was attacked by treacherous Cupid in Wisdom's very stronghold. The flattered girl could then follow in a transparent allegory the whole history of her relation with her lover, sketched so delicately, and, at the same time, so humorously, that it must have been impossible for her either to take offence or to miss his meaning. How grievously Swift had erred in thus temporizing, became every day more apparent. It was in vain that he now began to absent himself from Bury Street. It was in vain that in his letters he showed, in a manner not to be mistaken, that he had no ear for the language of love.

In the summer of 1714 occurred an event which introduced further complications in this unhappy business. Mrs. Vanhomrigh died, leaving her affairs in a very embarrassed state. The daughters, who appear to have been on bad terms with their brother, applied for assistance to Swift; and Swift, who had at this time left London, was thus again forced into intimate relations with Esther. Nor was this all. By the terms of her father's will she had become possessed of some property near Dublin, and Swift learned, to his intense mortification and perplexity, that, as there was now nothing to detain her in England, it was her intention to follow him to Ireland. He at once wrote off, imploring her to be discreet, and pointing out how easily such a relation as theirs might be misinterpreted by censorious people. Dublin, he said, was not a place for any freedom; everything that happened there was known in a week, and everything that was known was exaggerated a hundredfold. 'If,' he added, 'you are in Ireland while I am there, I shall see you very seldom.' But all was of no avail, and, a few weeks after his arrival in Dublin, Esther and her sister were in lodgings within a stone's throw of the Deanery.

Swift's position was now perplexing in the extreme. By every tie but one which can bind man to woman, he was bound to Esther Johnson. For more than thirteen years she had been  
a portion

a portion of his life. She had been the partner of his most secret thoughts; she had been his solace in gloom and sorrow; she had been his nurse in sickness. In return for all this she had claimed neither to bear his name nor to share his fortune: she had been satisfied with his undivided affection. As yet nothing had arisen to disturb their sweet and placid intercourse. Indeed, he had been so careful to abstain from anything which could cause her uneasiness, that in his letters from London he had never even alluded to his intimacy with Esther Vanhomrigh; and poor Stella, little suspecting the presence of a rival, was now in the first joy of having her idol again at her side. For awhile he nursed the hope that Miss Vanhomrigh would, on seeing that he absented himself from her society, withdraw from Dublin. He was soon undeceived. The more he left her to herself, the more importunate she became. The letters addressed by her at this period to Swift have been preserved, and exhibit a state of mind which it is both terrible and pitiable to contemplate. How deeply Swift was affected by them, and with what tenderness and delicacy he acted under these most trying circumstances, is evident from his replies. One of these replies we transcribe:—

‘I will see you in a day or two, and believe me it goes to my soul not to see you oftener. I will give you the best advice, countenance, and assistance I can. I would have been with you sooner if a thousand impediments had not prevented me. I did not imagine you had been under difficulties. I am sure my whole fortune should go to remove them. I cannot see you to-day, I fear, having affairs of my own place to do, but pray think it not want of friendship or tenderness, which I will always continue to the utmost.’

At last she left Dublin and removed to Celbridge. There, in seclusion, she continued to cherish her hopeless passion; there Swift for some years regularly corresponded with her and occasionally visited her; and there, in 1723, while still in the bloom of womanhood, she died.

This is a melancholy story, but it is, as we need scarcely say, a story little likely to lose in the telling, and peculiarly susceptible of prejudiced distortion. It behoves us, therefore, before passing judgment on Swift’s conduct, to distinguish carefully between what has been asserted and what has been proved, between what rests on mere conjecture and what rests on authentic testimony. Now we may say at once, that all that is certainly known of his connection with Esther Vanhomrigh, is what may be gathered from the letters that passed between them, and from his own poem of Cadenus and Vanessa, and all that can be safely conjectured is that, when they finally parted, they parted abruptly

abruptly and in anger. This exhausts the evidence on which we can fairly rely in judging Swift; but this is very far from exhausting the evidence on which the world has judged him. First came the almost incredibly malignant perversions of Orrery. Then came the loose and random gossip of Mrs. Pilkington and Thomas Sheridan. Out of these, and similar materials, Scott wove his dramatic narrative; not, indeed, with any prejudice against Swift, but doing him great injustice by disseminating stories eminently calculated to prejudice others against him. Thus he tells, and tells most impressively, a story which, if true, would justify us in believing the very worst of Swift. Esther Vanhomrigh—so the story runs—having discovered his intimacy with Stella, wrote to her, requesting to know the nature of her connection with Swift. Stella, indignant that such a question should be put to her, placed the letter in Swift's hands. Swift instantly rode off in a paroxysm of fury to Celbridge, and, abruptly entering the room where Miss Vanhomrigh was sitting, flung the letter angrily on the table, and then, without saying a word, remounted his horse and galloped back to Dublin. From that moment he was a stranger to her. In a few weeks Vanessa was in her grave. The authority cited for this anecdote is Sheridan, who wrote nearly sixty years after the event he narrates; who is confessedly among the most inaccurate and uncritical of Swift's biographers; whose habit of grossly exaggerating whatever he described is notorious, and who has been more than once suspected of enlivening his pages with deliberate fabrications. In the present case, however, he had contented himself with embellishment; for the story had been already told, first by Orrery, in whose hands it had assumed an entirely different form, and secondly by Hawkesworth, who merely copied what he found in Orrery. What Orrery says is, that Vanessa wrote, not to Stella, but to Swift; and that the object of her letter was, not to ascertain the nature of Swift's connection with her rival, but to ascertain his intentions with regard to herself; in other words, to insist on knowing whether it was his intention to make her his wife. Why the letter, which he describes as a very tender one—it would be interesting to know how he could have seen it—should have had such an effect on Swift, he has not condescended to explain. But Orrery's whole story is not only in itself monstrously improbable, but it rests on his own unsupported testimony; and on the value of Orrery's unsupported testimony it is scarcely necessary to comment. Such is the evidence in support of one of the gravest of the charges which have been brought against Swift, with respect to Vanessa. Again,  
Scott



Scott asserts, still following Sheridan, that, on hearing of Miss Vanhomrigh's death, Swift 'retreated in an agony of self-reproach and remorse into the south of Ireland, where he spent two months, without the place of his abode being known to any one.' Nothing can be more untrue. A reference to his correspondence at this period will show that he had long intended to take what he calls a southern journey; that many of his friends were acquainted with his movements; and that, so far from wishing to bury himself in solitude, he was extremely vexed that a clergyman, who had promised to be his companion, disappointed him at the last moment. That Miss Vanhomrigh's death deeply distressed him, is likely enough; that it excited in him any such emotions as Scott and Sheridan describe, requires better proof than evidence which, on the only point on which it is capable of being tested, turns out to be false.

To pass, however, from what is apocryphal to what is authentic. A careful study of the letters which passed between Swift and Vanessa has satisfied us that his conduct was, throughout, far less culpable than it would at first sight seem to have been. It resolves itself, in fact, into one great error. As soon as he discovered that he had inspired a passion which he was unable to return, his intercourse with Miss Vanhomrigh should have immediately ceased. All that followed, followed as the result of that error. And yet that error was, as his poem and correspondence clearly show, a mere error of judgment. Had he been aware that, by continuing the intimacy, he was pursuing a course which would be fatal to the girl's happiness, he was either under the spell of a libertine passion, or he was a man of a nature inconceivably callous and brutal. That he was no libertine, is admitted even by those who have taken the least favourable view of his conduct; that he was neither callous nor brutal, but, on the contrary, a man pre-eminently distinguished by humanity and tenderness, is admitted by no one more emphatically than by Miss Vanhomrigh herself. The truth is, that he recognized no essential distinction between the affection which exists between man and man, and the affection which exists between man and woman. He knew, indeed, that in the latter case it frequently becomes complicated with passion, but such a complication he regarded as purely accidental. It was a mere excretion which, without the nutrition of sympathetic folly, would wither up and perish. It was a fault of the heart, which the head would and should correct. Hence he saw no necessity for breaking off a friendship which he valued. Hence the indifference, the easy jocularship, with which, after the first emotion of surprise was over, he persistently treated the poor girl's rhapsodies. Time passed on, and before he could discover



discover his error it was too late to repair it. From the moment of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's death he was, in truth, involved in a labyrinth, out of which it was not merely difficult, but simply impossible, to extricate himself. If he attempted, as he twice did attempt, to take the step to which duty pointed, entreaties, which would have melted a heart far more obdurate than his, instantly recalled him. Could he leave a miserable girl—such is the burden of the first appeal which was made to him—to struggle alone with 'a wretch of a brother, cunning executors, and importunate creditors?' 'Pray what,' she asks, 'can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman?' 'All I beg is, that you will for once counterfeit, since you can't do otherwise, that indulgent friend you once were, till I get the better of these difficulties.' He assists her; he visits her; he sees her safely through her difficulties, and he again withdraws. Upon that she breaks out into hysterical raving, informs him that she had been on the point of destroying herself, and appeals to him in the most piteous terms to renew his visits. To this he replies in the letter which we have already quoted; and he grants the favour so importunately and indelicately extorted. It is remarkable that throughout the whole correspondence she makes no attempt to conceal the fact that she is forcing herself upon him, frankly admitting over and over again that there had been nothing either in his actions or in his words to justify her conduct. We have searched carefully for any indications of a belief, or even of a hint on her part, that she had been deceived or misled. Nothing of the kind is to be found. From beginning to end it is the same story; on the woman's side, blind, uncontrollable passion; on Swift's side, perplexity, commiseration, undeviating kindness. 'Believe me,' she says at the commencement of one of her letters, 'it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, because I know your good nature that you cannot see any human creature miserable without being sensibly touched; yet what can I do? I must unload my heart.' But she was not always, it may be added, in the melting mood. Occasionally she expressed herself in very different language. It is easy to conceive Swift's embarrassment on having the following missive handed in to him while entertaining a party of friends at the Deanery:

'I believe you thought I only rallied when I told you the other night that I would pester you with letters. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your own quiet, to alter your behaviour quickly,—

that is, to visit her more frequently, though he had already told her that scandal was beginning to be busy with their names—

'for

'for I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Pray think calmly of it! Is it not better to come of yourself than to be brought by force, and that perhaps when you have the most agreeable engagement in the world' [an allusion probably to Esther Johnson] 'for when I undertake anything, I don't love to do it by halves.'

In a letter written not long afterwards, he complains bitterly of the embarrassment which one of her communications had caused. 'I received your letter,' he writes, 'when some company was with me on Saturday, and it put me into such confusion, that I could not tell what to do.' His patience was often, no doubt, severely tried, and his irritation appears occasionally to have found sharp expression. But it is clear from his letters that until within a few months of Vanessa's death he studied in every way to soothe and cheer her. What finally parted them we have now no means of knowing. That they parted in anger and were never afterwards reconciled seems pretty certain. It is possible that the habits of intemperance, to which Miss Vanhomrigh latterly gave way, may have led to some action or some expression which Swift could neither pardon nor forget.

Far be it from us to speak a harsh or disrespectful word of this unhappy woman. Never, perhaps, has the grave closed over a sadder or more truly tragical life. It is a story which no man of sensibility could possibly follow without deep emotion. But such emotion should not be permitted to blind us to justice and truth. We do most strongly protest against the course adopted by writers like Jeffrey and Thackeray, in treating of this portion of Swift's life. They assume that the measure of Vanessa's frenzy is the measure of Swift's culpability. They argue that, because she was infatuated, he was inhuman. They print long extracts from her ravings, and then ask, with indignation, whether there could be two opinions about the man whose conduct had wrought such wretchedness. Nor is it surprising that they should have carried their point. The world knows that, when women address men in such language as Vanessa addresses Swift, they are not as a rule taking the initiative; that if feminine passion is strong, feminine delicacy is stronger; and that nothing is more improbable than that a young and eminently attractive woman should, for twelve years, continue, without the smallest encouragement, to force her love on a man who, though double her age, was still in the prime of life. And yet this was most assuredly the case. We sincerely pity Vanessa, but we contend that there was nothing in Swift's conduct to justify the charges which hostile biographers have brought

brought against him. Indeed, we feel strongly tempted to exclaim with honest Webster—

‘Condemn you him for that the maid did love him?  
So may you blame some fair and crystal river  
For that some melancholic distracted woman  
Hath drown’d herself in ‘t.’

But it is only right to say that those who have judged him thus harshly have proceeded on an assumption which would, if correct, have greatly modified our own view of the question. If Swift was the husband of Esther Johnson, we admit, without the smallest hesitation, that his conduct was all that his enemies would represent it. It was at once cruel and mean; it was at once cowardly and treacherous; it was at once lying and hypocritical. In that case every visit he paid, every letter he wrote to Miss Vanhomrigh, subsequent to 1716, was derogatory to him. We will go further. In that case, we are prepared to believe the very worst of him, not only in his relations with Stella and Vanessa, but in his relations with men and the world. In that case, there is no ambiguous action, either in his public or in his private career, which does not become pregnant with suspicion. For in that case, he stands convicted of having passed half his life in systematically practising, and in compelling the woman he loved to practise systematically, the two vices, which of all vices he professed to hold in the deepest abhorrence. Those who know anything of Swift, know with what loathing he always shrank from anything bearing the remotest resemblance to duplicity and falsehood. As a political pamphleteer he might, like his brother penmen, allow himself licence, but in the ordinary intercourse of life it was his habit to exact and assume absolute sincerity. It was the virtue, indeed, on which he ostentatiously prided himself; it was the virtue by which, in the opinion of those who were intimate with him, he was most distinguished. ‘Dr. Swift may be described,’ observed Bolingbroke on one occasion, ‘as a hypocrite reversed.’ In discussing, therefore, the question of his supposed marriage, the point at issue is not simply whether he was the husband of Esther Johnson, but whether we are to believe him capable of acting in a manner wholly inconsistent with his principles and his reputation. In other words, whether we are to believe that a man, whose scrupulous veracity and whose repugnance to untruth in any form were proverbial, would, with the object of concealing what there was surely no adequate motive for concealing, deliberately devise the subtlest and most elaborate system of hypocrisy ever yet

yet exposed to the world. We will illustrate what we mean. It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that the documents bearing on Swift's relations with Esther Johnson are very voluminous, and, from a biographical point of view, of unusual value. We have the verses which he was accustomed to send to her on the anniversary of her birthday. We have the Journal addressed to her during his residence in London. We have allusions to her in his most secret memoranda. We have the letters written in agony to Worrall, Stopford, and Sheridan, when he expected that every post would bring him news of her death. We have the prayers which he offered up at her bedside during her last hours; and we have the whole history of his acquaintance with her, written with his own hand while she was still lying unburied,—a history intended for no eye but his own. Now, from the beginning to the end of these documents, there is not one line which could by any possibility be tortured into an indication that she was his wife. Throughout, the language is the same. He addresses her as the 'kindest and wisest of his friends.' He described her in his Memoir as 'the truest, most virtuous and valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with.' In all his letters he alludes to her in similar terms. In the Diary at Holyhead she is his 'dearest friend.' At her bedside, when the end was hourly expected, he prays for her as his 'dear and useful friend.' 'There is not,' he writes to Dr. Stopford on the occasion of Stella's fatal illness, 'a greater folly than that of entering into too strict and particular friendship, with the loss of which a man must be absolutely miserable, but especially at an age when it is too late to engage in a new friendship; besides, this was a person of my own rearing and instructing from childhood; but, pardon me, I know not what I am saying, but, believe me, that violent friendship is much more lasting and engaging than violent love.' If Stella was his wife, could hypocrisy go further?\*

\* Is it credible that a man could have addressed a woman who had, if the theory of the marriage is true, been his wife for four years, in lines like these—lines, we may add, intended for no eyes but her own?

'Thou Stella wert no longer young  
When first for thee my harp was strung  
Without one word of Cupid's darts,  
Of killing eyes or bleeding hearts.  
With friendship and esteem possess'd  
I ne'er admitted love a guest.  
In all the habitudes of life,  
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,  
Variety we still pursue,  
In pleasure seek for something new;  
But his pursuits are at an end  
Whom Stella chooses for a friend.'

It is certain that he not only led all who were acquainted with him to believe that he was unmarried, but whenever he spoke of wedlock, he spoke of it as a thing utterly alien to his tastes and inclinations. 'I never yet,' he once said to a gentleman who was speaking to him about marriage, 'saw the woman I would wish to make my wife.' It would be easy to multiply instances, both in his correspondence and in his recorded conversation, in which, if he was even formally a married man, he went out of his way to indulge in unnecessary hypocrisy. What, again, could be more improbable than that Esther Johnson, a woman of distinguished piety, nay a woman whose detestation of falsehood formed, as Swift has himself told us, one of her chief attractions, would, when on the point of death, preface her will with a wholly gratuitous lie? For not only is that will signed with her maiden name, but in the first clause she describes herself as an unmarried woman.

The external evidence against the marriage appears to us equally conclusive. If there was any person entitled to speak with authority on the subject, that person was assuredly Mrs. Dingley. For twenty-nine years, from the commencement, that is to say, of Swift's intimate connection with Miss Johnson till the day of Miss Johnson's death, she had been her inseparable companion, her friend and confidante. She had shared the same lodgings with her; it was understood that Swift and Esther were to have no secrets apart from her. When they met, they met in her presence; what they wrote, passed, by Swift's special request, through her hands. Now it is well known that Mrs. Dingley was convinced that no marriage had ever taken place. The whole story was, she said, an idle tale. Two of Stella's executors, Dr. Corbet and Mr. Rochford, distinctly stated that no suspicion of a marriage had ever even crossed their minds, though they had seen the Dean and Esther together a thousand times. Swift's housekeeper, Mrs. Brent, a shrewd and observant woman, who resided at the Deanery during the whole period of her master's intimacy with Miss Johnson, was satisfied that there had been no marriage. So said Mrs. Ridgeway, who succeeded her as housekeeper, and who watched over the Dean in his declining years. But no testimony will, we think, be allowed to carry greater weight than that of Dr. John Lyon. He was one of Swift's most intimate friends, and when the state of the Dean's health was such that it had become necessary to place him under surveillance, Lyon was the person selected to undertake the duty. He lived with him at the Deanery; he had full control over his papers; he was consequently brought into contact with all who corresponded with him, and with all who

visited him. He had thus at his command every contemporary source of information. Not long after the story was first circulated, he set to work to ascertain, if possible, the truth. The result of his investigations was to convince him that there was absolutely no foundation for it but popular gossip, unsupported by a particle of evidence.

Such is the evidence against the marriage. We will now briefly review the evidence in its favour. The first writer who mentions it is Orrery, and his words are these. 'Stella was the concealed but undoubted wife of Dr. Swift, and if my informations are right, she was married to him in the year 1716 by Dr. Ash, then Bishop of Clogher.' On this we shall merely remark that he offers no proof whatever of what he asserts, though he must have known well enough that what he asserted was contrary to current tradition; that in thus expressing himself he was guilty of gross inconsistency, as he had nine years before maintained the opposite opinion;\* and that there is every reason to believe that he resorted to this fiction, as he resorted to other fictions, with the simple object of seasoning his narrative with the piquant scandal in which he notoriously delighted. The next deponent is Delany, whose independent testimony would, we admit, have carried great weight with it. But Delany simply follows Orrery, without explaining his reason for doing so, without bringing forward anything in proof of what Orrery had stated, and without contributing a single fact on his own authority. Such was the story in its first stage. In 1780 a new particular was added, and a new authority was cited. The new particular was, that the marriage took place in the garden; the new authority was Dr. Samuel Madden, and the narrator was Dr. Johnson. Of Madden it may suffice to say that there is no proof that he was acquainted either with Swift himself or with any member of Swift's circle; that in temper and blood he was half French, half Irish; and that as a writer he is chiefly known as the author of a work wilder and more absurd than the wildest and most absurd of Whiston's prophecies, or Asgill's paradoxes. On the value of the unsupported testimony of such a person there is surely no necessity for commenting. Next comes Sheridan's account, which, as it adds an incident very much to Swift's discredit, it is necessary to examine with some care. The substance of it is this. That, at the earnest solicitation of Stella, Swift consented to marry her: that the marriage ceremony was performed

\* See his letter to Deane Swift, dated Dec. 4th, 1742; Scott, vol. xix. p. 336.

without witnesses; and on two conditions; first, that they should continue to live separately; and secondly, that their union should remain a secret: that for some years these conditions were observed, but that on her deathbed Stella implored Swift to acknowledge her as his wife; that to this request Swift made no reply, but, turning on his heel, left the room, and never afterwards saw her. The first part of this story he professes to have derived from Mrs. Sican, the second part from his father. We should be sorry to charge Sheridan with deliberate falsehood, but his whole account of Swift's relations with Miss Johnson teems with inconsistencies and improbabilities so glaring, that it is impossible to place the smallest confidence in what he says. He here tells us that the marriage had been kept a profound secret; in another place he tells us that Stella had herself communicated it to Miss Vanhomrigh. He admits that the only unequivocal proof of the marriage is the evidence of Dr. Sheridan, and yet in his account of the marriage he cites as his authority, not Dr. Sheridan, but Mrs. Sican. But a single circumstance is, we think, quite sufficient to prove the utterly untrustworthy character of his assertions. He informs us, on the authority of his father, that Stella was so enraged by Swift's refusal to acknowledge her as his wife, that to spite and annoy him she bequeathed her fortune to a public charity. A reference to Swift's correspondence\* will show that it was in accordance with his wishes that she thus disposed of her property. A reference to the will itself will show that, so far from expressing ill-will towards him, she left him her strong box and all her papers. Nor is this all. His statement is flatly contradicted both by Delany and by Deane Swift. Delany tells us that he had been informed by a friend that Swift had earnestly desired to acknowledge the marriage, but that Stella had wished it to remain a secret. Deane Swift assured Orrery, on the authority of Mrs. Whiteway, that Stella had told Sheridan 'that Swift had offered to declare the marriage to the world, but that she had refused.' Again, Sheridan asserts that his father, Dr. Sheridan, was present during the supposed conversation between Swift and Stella. Mrs. Whiteway, on the contrary, assured Deane Swift that Dr. Sheridan was not present on that occasion.

This brings us to the last deponent whose evidence is worth consideration. In 1789 Mr. Monck Berkeley brought forward the authority of a Mrs. Hearne, who was, it seems, a niece of Esther Johnson, to prove that the Dean had made

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\* See Swift's letter to Worrall, dated July 15th, 1726.



Stella his wife. As nothing, however, is known of the history of Mrs. Hearne, and as she cited nothing in corroboration of her statement, except vaguely that it was a tradition among her relatives—a tradition which was of course just as likely to have had its origin from the narratives of Orrery and Delany as in any authentic communication,—no importance whatever can be attached to it. But the evidence on which Monck Berkeley chiefly relied was not that of Mrs. Hearne. 'I was,' he says, 'informed by the relict of Bishop Berkeley that her husband had assured her of the truth of Swift's marriage, as the Bishop of Clogher, who had performed the ceremony, had himself communicated the circumstance to him.' If this could be depended on, it would, of course, be of great importance. But, unfortunately for Monck Berkeley, and for Monck Berkeley's adherents, it can be conclusively proved that no such communication could have taken place. In 1715, a year before the supposed marriage was solemnized, Berkeley was in Italy, where he remained till 1721. Between 1716 and 1717 it is certain that the Bishop of Clogher never left Ireland, and at the end of 1717 he died. As for the testimony on which Scott lays so much stress, the story, we mean, about Mrs. Whiteway having heard Swift mutter to Stella that 'if she wished, it should be owned,' and of having heard Stella sigh back to Swift that 'it was too late;' we shall merely observe, first, that it was communicated about ninety years after the supposed words had been spoken, not by the son of Mrs. Whiteway, who, had he known of it or had he attached the smallest importance to it, would have inserted it in his 'Memoirs of Swift,' but by her grandson, Theophilus Swift, a person of no note and of no authority; secondly, it was admitted that those words, and that those words only, had been heard, and that consequently there was nothing to indicate either that the words themselves, or that the conversation of which they formed a portion, had any reference to the marriage.

How then stands the case? Even thus. Against the marriage we have the fact that there is no documentary evidence of its having been solemnized; that, so far from there being any evidence of it deducible from the conduct of Swift and Stella, Orrery himself admits that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to prove that they had ever been alone together during their whole lives. We have the fact, that Esther Johnson, at a time when there could have been no possible motive for falsehood, emphatically asserted that she was unmarried: the fact, that Swift led every one to believe that he was unmarried: the fact, that Esther Johnson's bosom friend and inseparable companion



panion was satisfied that there had been no marriage: the fact, that two of Swift's housekeepers, two of Stella's executors, and Dr. Lyon, were satisfied that there had been no marriage. It is easy to say that all that has been advanced merely proves that the marriage was a secret, and that the secret was well kept. But that is no answer. The question must be argued on evidence; and it is incumbent on those who insist, in the teeth of such evidence as we have adduced, that a marriage was solemnized, to produce evidence as satisfactory. This they have failed to do.\* Till they have done so, we decline to charge Swift with mendacity and hypocrisy, and to convict him of having acted both meanly and treacherously in his dealings with the two women whose names will, for all time, be bound up with his. In itself it matters not, as we need scarcely say, two straws to any one whether Swift was or was not the husband of Stella. But it matters, we submit, a great deal whether the world is to be justified in casting a slur on the memory of an illustrious man.

But to return from our long digression. In the summer of 1720 appeared the first of those famous pamphlets, which have made the name of Swift imperishable in Irish annals. It was entitled a 'Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures,' and its ostensible object was to induce the people of Ireland to rely entirely, so far at least as house furniture and wearing apparel were concerned, on their own industry and on their own produce; and to close their markets against everything wearable which should be imported from England. In the first part of this proposal there was nothing new. It was merely the embodiment of a resolution which had been repeatedly passed by the Irish House of Commons, and passed without opposition from the Crown. We greatly doubt whether even the second part of the proposal, audacious though it undoubtedly was, would in itself have provoked the English Government to retaliate. But the ostensible object of the pamphlet, as it requires very little penetration to see, was by no means its only or indeed its chief object. In effect it was a bitter protest against the inhumanity and injustice which had since 1665 characterized the Irish policy of England; and it was an appeal to Ireland to assert her independence in the only way in which fortune had as yet enabled her. Both as a protest and as an appeal, the pamphlet was equally

\* We have read with care Mr. Craik's elaborate discussion in favour of the marriage. We can only say that we are greatly surprised that Mr. Craik should, on such evidence as he there adduces, think himself justified in asserting confidently that the marriage took place.

justified.

justified. Even now, on recalling those cruel statutes, which completed between 1665 and 1699 the annihilation of Irish trade, it is impossible not to feel something of the indignation which burned in Swift. In 1660 there was every prospect that in a few years Ireland might become a happy and prosperous country. Her natural advantages were great. In no regions within the compass of the British Isles was the soil more fertile. As pasture land she was to the modern world, what Argos was to the ancient. She was not without navigable rivers; the ports and harbours with which Nature had bountifully provided her were the envy of every maritime nation in Europe; and her geographical position was eminently propitious to commercial enterprise. For the first time in her history she was at peace. The aborigines had at last succumbed to the Englishry. A race of sturdy and industrious colonists were rapidly changing the face of the country. Agriculture was thriving. A remunerative trade in live cattle and in miscellaneous farm produce had been opened with England; a still more remunerative trade in manufactured wool was holding out prospects still more promising. There were even hopes of an extensive mercantile connection with the colonies. But the dawn of this fair day was soon overcast. Impelled partly by jealousy, and partly by that short-sighted selfishness which was, in former days, so unhappily conspicuous in her commercial relations with subject states, England proceeded to the systematic destruction of Irish commerce and of Irish industrial art. First came the two statutes forbidding the importation of live cattle and farm produce into England, and Ireland was at once deprived of her chief source of revenue. Then came the statutes which annihilated her colonial trade. Crushing and terrible though these blows were, she still, however, continued to struggle on, crippled and dispirited indeed, but not entirely without heart. But in 1699 was enacted the statute which completed her ruin. By this she was prohibited from seeking any vent for her raw and manufactured wool, except in England and Wales, where the duties imposed on both these commodities were so heavy as virtually to exclude them from the market. The immediate result of this atrocious measure was to turn flourishing villages into deserts, and to throw between twenty and thirty thousand able-bodied and industrious artizans on public charity. The ultimate result of all these measures was the complete paralysis of operative energy, the emigration of the only class who were of benefit to the community, and the commencement of a period of unprecedented wretchedness and degradation.

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The condition of Ireland between 1700 and 1750 was in truth such as no historian, who was not prepared to have his narrative laid aside with disgust and incredulity, would venture to depict. If analogy is to be sought for it, it must be sought in the scenes through which, in the frightful fiction of Monti, the disembodied spirit of Bassville was condemned to roam. In a time of peace the unhappy island suffered all the most terrible calamities which follow in the train of war. Famine succeeding famine decimated the provincial villages, and depopulated whole regions. Travellers have described how their way has lain through districts strewn like a battle-field with unburied corpses, which lay some in ditches, some on the roadside, and some on heaps of offal, the prey of dogs and carrion birds. Even when there was no actual famine, the food of the rustic vulgar was often such as our domestic animals would reject with disgust. Their ordinary fare was buttermilk and potatoes, and when these failed, they were at the mercy of fortune. Frequently the pot of the wretched cottier contained nothing but the product of the marsh and the waste-ground. The flesh of a horse which had died in harness, the flesh of sylvan vermin, even when corruption had begun to do its revolting work, were devoured voraciously. Burdy tells us that these famishing savages would surreptitiously bleed the cattle which they had not the courage to steal, and, boiling the blood with sorrel, convert the sickening mixture into food. Epidemic diseases, and all the loathsome maladies which were the natural inheritance of men whose food was the food of hogs and jackals, whose dwellings were scarcely distinguishable from dunghills, and whose personal habits were filthy even to beastliness, raged with a fury rarely witnessed in western latitudes. Not less deplorable was the spectacle presented by the country itself. 'Whoever took a journey through Ireland,' says Swift, 'would be apt to imagine himself travelling in Lapland or Iceland.' In the south, in the east, and in the west, stretched vast tracks of land untilled and unpeopled, mere waste and solitude. Even where Nature had been most bounteous, the traveller might wander for miles without finding a single habitation, without meeting a single human being, without beholding a single trace of human culture. Many of the churches were roofless, the walls still gaping with the breaches which the cannon of Cromwell had made in them. Almost all the old seats of the nobility were in ruins. In the villages and country towns, every object on which the eye rested told the same lamentable story.

Much of this misery was undoubtedly to be attributed to the inhabitants

inhabitants themselves. Never had co-operation and concord been more necessary, but never had civil and religious dissension raged with greater fury than it was raging now. Feuds in religion, feuds in politics, feuds which had their origin in private differences, and feuds which had descended as a cursed heirloom from father to child, rankled in their hearts and inflamed their blood. There was the old enmity between the aborigines and the English. There was a deadly feud between the Catholics and the Protestants; there was a feud not less deadly between the Episcopalians and the Nonconformists, while the war between Whig and Tory was prosecuted with a ferocity and malignity scarcely human. 'There is hardly a Whig in Ireland,' wrote Swift to Sheridan, 'who would allow a potato and buttermilk to a reputed Tory.' But this was not all. The principal landowners resided in England, leaving as their lieutenants a class of men known in Irish history as Middlemen. It may be doubted whether since the days of the Roman Publicani oppression and rapacity had ever assumed a shape so odious as they assumed in these men. The middleman was, as a rule, entirely destitute of education; his tastes were low, his habits debauched and recklessly extravagant. Long familiarity with such scenes as we have described had rendered him not merely indifferent to human suffering, but ruthless and brutal. All the tenancies held under him were at rack-rent, and with the extraction of that rent, or what was, in kind, equivalent to that rent, began and ended his relations with his tenants. As many of those tenants were little better than impecunious serfs, often insolvent and always in arrears, it was only by keeping a wary eye on their movements, and by pouncing with seasonable avidity on anything of which they might happen to become possessed, either by the labour of their hands, or by some accident of fortune, that he could turn them to account. Sometimes the produce of the potato-plot became his prey, sometimes their agricultural tools; not unfrequently he would seize everything which belonged to them, and driving them with their wives and children, often under circumstances of revolting cruelty, out of their cabins, send them to perish of cold and hunger in the open country. Nor were the Irish provincial gentry in any way superior to the Middlemen. Swift, indeed, regarded them with still greater detestation. As public men, they were chiefly remarkable for their savage oppression of the clergy, for the mercilessness with which they exacted their rack-rents from the tenantry, and for the mean ingenuity with which they contrived to make capital out of the miseries of their country. In private life they were dissolute, litigious, and arrogant,

gant, and their vices would comprehend some of the worst vices incident to man—inhuman cruelty, tyranny in its most repulsive aspects, brutal appetites forcibly gratified, or gratified under circumstances scarcely less atrocious, and an ostentatious lawlessness which revelled unchecked either by civil authority or by religion.

But whatever degree of culpability may attach itself to the inhabitants of Ireland, there can be no question that the English Government were in the main responsible for the existence of this Pandemonium. It requires very little sagacity to see that the miseries of Ireland flowed naturally and inevitably from the paralysis of national industry, from the alienation of the national revenue, from the complete dislocation of the machinery of government, and from the almost total absence, so far at least as the masses were concerned, of the ameliorating influences of culture and religion. We have already alluded to the statutes which annihilated the trade and prostrated the industrial energy of the country. Equally iniquitous and oppressive was the alienation of the revenue. On that revenue had been quartered the parasites and mistresses of succeeding generations of English kings. Almost all the most remunerative public posts were sinecures in the possession of men who resided in England. Indeed, some of these sinecurists had never set foot on Irish earth. But nothing was more derogatory to England than the scandalous condition of the Protestant hierarchy. On that body depended not only the spiritual welfare, but the education of the multitude; and their responsibility was the greater in consequence of the inhibitions which had been laid by the Legislature on the Catholic priesthood. But the Protestant clergy were, as a class, a scandal to Christendom. Many of the bishops would have disgraced the hierarchy of Henry III. Their ignorance, their apathy, their nepotism, their sensuality, passed into proverbs. It was not uncommon for them to abandon even the semblance of their sacred character, and to live the life of jovial country squires, their palaces ringing with revelry, their dioceses mere anarchy. If their sees were not to their taste, they resided elsewhere. The Bishop of Down, for example, settled at Hammersmith, where he lived for twenty years without having once during the whole of that time set foot in his diocese. That there were a few noble exceptions must in justice be admitted. No Churchman could pronounce the names of Berkeley, King, and Synge, without reverence. But the virtues of these illustrious prelates had little influence either on their degenerate peers or on the inferior clergy. Of this body it would not be too much to say that no section of the demoralized society,

society, of which they formed a part, was more demoralized or so completely despicable. Here and there indeed might be found a priest who resided among his parishioners, and who performed conscientiously the duties of his profession. Such a priest was Skelton, and such a priest was Jackson, but Skelton and Jackson were to the general body of the minor clergy what Dr. Primrose was to Trulliber, or what the parson in the 'Canterbury Tales' is to the parson in 'Peregrine Pickle.'

Few men could have contemplated unmoved the spectacle of a country in such a condition as this. Its effect on Swift was to excite emotions which in ordinary men are seldom excited save by personal injuries. It severed his blood, it broke his rest, it drove him at times half-frantic with furious indignation, it sunk him at times in abysses of sullen despondency. He brooded over it in solitude; it is his constant theme in his correspondence; it was his constant topic in conversation. He spoke of it as eating his flesh and exhausting his spirits. For a while he cherished the hope that these evils, vast and complicated though they were, were not beyond remedy. And this remedy, he thought, lay not in appealing to the justice and humanity of the English Government, but in appealing to the Irish themselves, to the landed gentry, to the middlemen, to the manufacturers, to the clergy. Throughout, his object was twofold—the internal reformation of the kingdom, and the establishment of the principle, that Ireland ought either to be autonomous or on a footing of exact political equality with the mother country.

His first pamphlet, the 'Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures,' is a masterpiece. Addressed, in what it insinuates, to the passions, and in what it directly asserts, to the reason, it is at once an inflammatory harangue and a manual of sober counsel. In a few plain paragraphs the secret of Ireland's wretchedness is laid bare; how far it is in her power to alleviate that wretchedness is demonstrated, and the step which ought immediately to be taken is pointed out. In the proposal that she should close her markets against English goods, and draw entirely on her own manufactures, there was nothing treasonable, or even disrespectful, to England. It was no more than she had a perfect right to do; it was no more than the English Government would probably have permitted her to do. But the pamphlet had another side. Though there is not perhaps a sentence in it which could, so far as the mere words are concerned, have been challenged as either inflammatory or insulting, the whole piece is in effect a fierce and bitter commentary on the tyranny of the mother-country, and an appeal to  
Ireland

Ireland to strike, if not for independence, at least for indemnity. The pamphlet, though it appeared, as almost all Swift's pamphlets did appear, anonymously, instantly attracted attention. The English Government became alarmed. The work was pronounced to be 'seditious, factious, and virulent,' and the attention of Whitshed, then Chief Justice of Ireland, was directed to it. Whitshed, who had little sympathy with Irish agitation, and who may possibly have been acting on instructions from England, proceeded at once to extreme measures. The pamphlet was laid before the Grand Jury of the county and the city. The printer was arrested. The trial came on, and a disgraceful scene ensued. The jury acquitted the prisoner. The Chief Justice refused to accept the verdict, and the jury were sent back to reconsider their decision. Again they found the man not guilty, and again Whitshed declined to record the verdict. Nine times was this odious farce repeated, until the wretched men, worn out by physical fatigue, left the case by special verdict in the hands of the judge. But Whitshed's iniquitous triumph was merely nominal, for his conduct had excited such disgust, that it was deemed advisable to put off the trial of the verdict. Successive postponements terminated at last in the Lord-Lieutenant granting a *nolle prosequi*. Such a concession to popular feeling the English Government had never before made. It was a victory on which the Irish justly congratulated themselves. It was a victory destined, indeed, to form a new era in their history.

Nothing we know of Swift illustrates more strikingly his tact and sagacity as a political leader than his conduct at this juncture. A less skilful strategist would, in the elation of triumph, have been impatient for new triumphs, would have lost no time in pressing eagerly forward, and would thus have forced on a crisis when a crisis was premature. But Swift saw that affairs were at that stage when the wisest course is to leave them to themselves. The fire had been kindled—it might be safely trusted to spread; the leaven of dissatisfaction and resistance was seething—it was best to leave it to ferment. Up to a certain point the course of revolution is determined by human agency, but in all revolutions there is a point at which human agency is powerless, and the reins are in the hands of Fortune. At such crises occur those apparently insignificant accidents, the effects of which are so strangely disproportionate to the character of the accidents themselves, and which are to political communities what the spark is to combustible explosives. Such a crisis had not as yet arrived in the struggle between England and Ireland, but for such a crisis—



crisis—and he saw it was maturing—Swift deemed it expedient to wait.

Meanwhile his pen was not idle. In 1720 there was a project for establishing a National Bank in Dublin. The scheme was regarded with favour by some of the leading citizens and by many of the petty tradesmen; and subscription-lists were opened. But Swift was too sound a financier not to see that an institution eminently useful, and indeed necessary, in a prosperous community, can only end in fraud and mischief in a community where stock is incommensurate with credit. Accordingly he ridiculed the scheme in three ludicrous pamphlets—we doubt greatly the authenticity of the other two attributed to him by Scott—and his satire was so efficacious, that when in the ensuing session the proposal was discussed in Parliament, it was almost unanimously rejected.

These pamphlets were succeeded a few months afterwards by a little piece, in which the extraordinary versatility of Swift's genius is very strikingly and very amusingly illustrated. The streets of Dublin had for several years been infested with gangs of marauders, whose depredations and violence made them the terror of the citizens. A man who ventured out unarmed at night, carried, it was said, his life in his hands. Scarce a week passed without some gross outrage. At such a pitch, indeed, had their lawlessness and audacity arrived, that it had become perilous even in broad daylight to walk in any but the most frequented thoroughfares. Pre-eminent among these miscreants was one Ebenezer Elliston. The fellow had long succeeded in eluding the police, but had recently been captured and publicly executed. In itself, however, the execution would probably have had very little effect, for the class to which Elliston belonged is, as a rule, either too sanguine or too obtuse to take warning from example. But on the very day of the execution appeared, in the form of a broad-sheet, an announcement, which carried apprehension and dismay into the heart of the boldest malefactors in Dublin. This was the 'Last Speech and Dying Words of Ebenezer Elliston,' published, as was stated on the title-page, by his own desire, and for the public good. In it he not only solemnly exhorted his brother-bandits to amend their lives, and to avoid the fate which had most righteously overtaken himself and would in the end inevitably overtake them, but he informed them that, having resolved to atone in some measure for his own crimes against God and society, he had thought it his duty to do what in him lay to assist the Government in suppressing the crimes of others. 'For that purpose, I have,' he said, 'left with an honest



honest man the names of all my wicked brethren, the present places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed. I have likewise set down the names of those we call our setters, of the wicked houses we frequent, and of those who receive and buy our stolen goods.' He then goes on to say that the person with whom the paper had been deposited would, on hearing of the arrest of any rogue whose name was mentioned in it, place the document in the hands of the Government. 'And of this,' he adds, 'I hereby give my companions fair and public warning, and hope they will take it.' As Elliston was known to be a man of education, and as the information displayed in the piece was such as it seemed scarcely possible that any one who was not in the secrets of Elliston's fraternity could possess, the genuineness of the confession was never for a moment doubted. Its effect was, we are told, immediately apparent. Brigandism lost heart; many of the leading bandits quitted the city; and the Dean was enabled to boast that Dublin enjoyed, for a time at least, almost complete immunity from the most formidable of social pests.

And now arrived, suddenly and unexpectedly, that crisis in the struggle with England, which Swift had with judicious patience been so long awaiting. For some years there had been a great scarcity of copper money, and the deficiency had, as a national consequence, led to the circulation of debased and counterfeit coins on a very large scale. Accordingly, in the spring of 1722, a memorial was presented to the Lords of the Treasury, stating the grievance and petitioning for a remedy. The petition was considered, and the memorialists were informed that measures would be immediately taken for remedying the evil. Such courteous alacrity had not been usual with the English Government in dealing with Irish grievances, and excited, not unnaturally, some surprise. But it was soon explained. In a few weeks intelligence reached Dublin that a patent had been granted to a person of the name of Wood, empowering him to coin as his exclusive right 108,000*l.* worth of farthings and halfpence for circulation in Ireland. As less than a third of that sum in halfpence and farthings would have sufficed, and more than sufficed, for what was needed, the announcement was received with astonishment. And astonishment soon passed into indignation. For it appeared on enquiry, that the patent had been granted without consulting the Irish Privy Council or any Irish official, nay, even without consulting the Lord Lieutenant, though he was then residing in London. It appeared, on further enquiry, that the whole transaction had been a disgraceful job, and that the person to whom the patent had been conceded was

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a mere adventurer, whose sole care was to make the grant sufficiently remunerative to indemnify himself for a heavy bribe which he had paid for obtaining it, and to fill his own pockets. The inference was obvious. As the profits of the man would be in proportion to the quality of copper coin turned out by him, and in proportion to the inferiority of the metal employed in the manufacture, his first object would be the indefinite multiplication of his coinage, and his second object would be its debasement. In August, the Commissioners of the Revenue addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant, respectfully appealing against the patent. This was succeeded by a second letter, directed to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, informing them that the money was not needed. But to these letters no attention was paid. Meanwhile the mint of Wood was hard at work. Several cargoes of the coins had already been imported and were in circulation at the ports. Each week brought with it a fresh influx. The tradespeople, well aware of the prejudice against the coins, were in the greatest perplexity. If they accepted them, they accepted what might very possibly turn to dross in their hands; if they refused them, they must either lose custom, or receive payment in a coinage no longer current.

In August 1723 the Lord Lieutenant arrived, and a few weeks afterwards Parliament met. The greatest excitement prevailed in both Houses. Opinions were divided; but it was resolved at last to appeal against the patent. On the 23rd of September, an address to the King was voted by the Commons. The Lords followed with a similar address on the 28th. It was asserted that Wood had been guilty of fraud and deceit; that he had infringed the terms of the patent, both in the quantity and in the quality of the coin, and that the circulation of his coinage would be highly prejudicial to the revenue, and destructive to the commerce of Ireland. Walpole had the good sense to see that these addresses could not with safety be treated as the previous appeals had been treated, and the two Houses were informed, in courteous and conciliatory terms, that the matter would receive His Majesty's most careful consideration. And the promise was kept. A Committee of the Privy Council was specially convened. Their sittings extended over many weeks, and it is, we think, abundantly clear that they performed their duties with scrupulous conscientiousness. Walpole now hoped, and hoped not without reason, that Ireland would be pacified; or that, at the very worst, a compromise, which would save the Ministry from the humiliation of having to withdraw the patent, could be arranged. But before the Committee could arrive at  
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any conclusion, an event had occurred which dashed all these hopes to the ground.

Up to this point Swift appears to have remained passive, though it is, we think, highly probable that he had contributed largely to the pasquinade and broadsheet literature which had never ceased since the announcement of Wood's patent to pour forth each week from the public press. He was well aware that of all the expedients which can be devised for keeping up popular irritation, and for impressing on the will of many the will of one, these trifles are the most efficacious. They had served his turn before, and nothing is less likely than that he neglected them now. It is certain that after the publication of the first Drapier Letter he was a voluminous contributor to what he has himself designated as Grub Street literature. However that may be, he commenced in the summer of 1724 that famous series of Letters which, if they are to be estimated by the effect they produced, must be allowed the first place in political literature. The opening Letter is a model of the art which lies in the concealment of art. We have not the smallest doubt that Swift designed from the very beginning to proceed from the discomfiture of Wood to the resuscitation of Ireland, and on in regular progression to the vindication of Irish independence. But of this there is no indication in the first Letter. It is simply an appeal purporting to emanate from one M. B., a draper, or, as Swift chooses to spell it, drapier, of Dublin, to the lower and middle classes, calling on them to have nothing to do with the farthings and halfpence of Wood. In a style pitched studiously in the lowest key, and with the reasoning that comes home to the dullest and most illiterate of the vulgar, the Drapier points out to his countrymen that the value of money is determined by its intrinsic value; that the intrinsic value of Wood's coins was at least six parts in seven below sterling; and that the man who was fool enough to accept payment in them, must to a certainty lose more than tenpence in every shilling. 'If,' he said, 'you accept the money, the kingdom is undone, and every poor man in it is undone.' On the monstrous exaggerations and palpable sophistry by which these assertions were supported, it would be mere waste of words to comment. The object which Swift sought to attain, was an object the legitimacy of which admits of no question, and if he sought its attainment by the only means which fortune had placed at his disposal, who can blame him? It will not be disputed that the concession of the patent had been a scandalous job; that in conferring it without consulting the Irish Government, England had been guilty of grossly insulting the subjects of that Government;

ment; that the profits which Wood anticipated were such as could be scarcely compatible with a strict adherence to the terms of his contract; and that, as a matter of fact, some of his coins were, in spite of the risk incurred by detection, found on examination to be below the stipulated value.

The publication of the Letter was as well-timed as the skill with which it was written was consummate. It appeared at a moment when the social and political atmosphere was in the highest possible state of inflammability, and ready at any moment to burst into flame. It was the spark which ignited it, and the explosion was terrific. From Cork to Londonderry, from Galway to Dublin, Ireland was in a blaze. The feuds, which had for years been raging between party and party, between sect and sect, between caste and caste, were suspended, and the whole country responded as one man to the appeal of the Drapier. For the first time in Irish history the Celt and the Saxon had a common bond. For once the Whig joined hand with the Tory. For once the same sentiment animated the Episcopalian and the Papist, the Presbyterian and the New Lighter, the Hanoverian and the Jacobite. On the 4th of August appeared a second Letter from the Drapier. In substance it is like the first, partly a philippic and partly an appeal, but it is a philippic infinitely more savage and scathing, it is an appeal in a higher and more passionate strain. This Letter was addressed to Harding, the printer, in consequence of a paragraph which had three days before appeared in his newspaper. The paragraph was to the effect that the Privy Council, whose decision had not as yet been officially announced, had in their Report recommended a compromise. The Report of Sir Isaac Newton, who as Master of the Mint had been instructed to test the coin, had, it was stated, been favourable to Wood. Wood, therefore, was to retain the right of mintage, but, in deference to public feeling in Ireland, the amount of the sum to be coined by him was to be reduced from a hundred and eight thousand pounds to forty thousand. The justice and reasonableness of this proposal, a proposal which had emanated from Wood himself, must have been as obvious then as it is obvious now. But Swift saw at once that if the compromise were accepted, the victory, though nominally on the side of Ireland, would in reality be on the side of England. In essence England had conceded nothing. Wood still retained his obnoxious prerogative; England still assumed the right of conferring that prerogative. A particular evil had been lightened, but the greater evil, the evil principle, remained. But this was not all. We have already expressed our conviction

tion that it was Swift's design from the very beginning to make the controversy with Wood the basis of far more extensive operations. It had furnished him with the means of waking Ireland from long lethargy into fiery life. He looked to it to furnish him with the means of elevating her from servitude to independence, from ignominy to honour. His only fear was lest the spirit, which he had kindled, should burn itself out, or be prematurely quenched. And of this he must have felt that there was some danger, when it was announced that England had given way much more than it was expected she would give way, and much more than she had ever given way before. In his second Letter, therefore, written to prepare his readers for the official announcement of the Report, he treats the proffered compromise with indignant disdain, and, with a skill which would have done honour to Demosthenes, tears the whole case of his opponents into shreds before they had had the opportunity of unfolding it.

A few days afterwards, the Report arrived, and a third Letter, with the now famous signature attached to it, followed almost immediately. It was addressed to the nobility and gentry, as its predecessors had been addressed to the lower and middle classes. In effect it repeats, but repeats more emphatically and at greater length, what he had commented on in the second Letter; the mendacity and impudence of Wood, and of the witnesses who had in the enquiry before the Privy Council borne testimony in Wood's favour; the cruelty and illegality of the patent; the scandalous circumstances under which the patent had been obtained; the still more scandalous circumstances under which it had been executed; the intrinsic worthlessness of the coins; the tyranny and injustice of the mother-country. But the matter which forms the staple of the Letter is not the matter which gives the Letter its distinctive character. It is here that we catch for the first time unmistakable glimpses of Swift's ultimate design. The words of the fourteenth paragraph could have left the English Government in little doubt of the turn which the controversy was about to take. 'Were not the people of Ireland,' asks the Drapier, 'born as free as those of England? How have they perfected their freedom? Are not they subjects of the same King? Am I a freeman in England, and do I become a slave in six hours by crossing the Channel?' In another passage he adverts to some of the principal political grievances of the kingdom, sarcastically remarking that a people whose loyalty had been proof against so many attempts to shake it was surely entitled to as much consideration on the part of the Crown, as a people whose loyalty had not always been above

suspicion. The remark was as pointed as it was just. The events of 1715 and 1722 had left a deep stain on the loyalty of England, but Ireland had never wavered in her fidelity to the House of Hanover.

But it was not simply in the character of the Drapier that Swift was scattering his firebrands. In every form which political literature can assume, from ribald songs roared out to thieves and harridans over their gin, to satires and disquisitions which infected with the popular madness the Common Room of Trinity and the drawing-rooms of College Green and Grafton Street, he sought to fan tumult into rebellion. He even brought the matter into the pulpit. In a sermon, which Burke afterwards described as 'containing the best motives to patriotism which were ever delivered in so small a compass,' the Dean called on his brethren to remember that next to their duty to their Creator came their duty to themselves and to their fellow-citizens, and that, as duty and religion bound them to resist what was evil and mischievous, so duty and religion bound them to be as one man against Wood and Wood's upholders.

Meanwhile meetings were held; clubs were formed, petitions and addresses came pouring in. The Grand Jury and the inhabitants of the Liberty of St. Patrick's drew up a resolution formally announcing that they would neither receive nor tender payment in Wood's coins. The Butchers passed a resolution to the same effect; the Brewers followed; and at last the very newsboys, or, as they were then called, the 'flying stationers,' issued a manifesto against the coins. Nor was it in the capital only that these bold proceedings were taking place. In many of the provincial towns similar resolutions were passed, and the excitement in Cork and Waterford was such as seriously to menace the existence of the Government.

It was now apparent even to Walpole that some decisive step must be taken. The Duke of Grafton, whose fretful and choleric temper, and whose haughty and unconciliating manners, rendered him peculiarly ill-fitted for his position, was recalled, and the Minister appointed to succeed him was Carteret. The appointment justly excited great surprise. Walpole and Carteret had long been at open enmity. During several sessions it had been Carteret's chief object to perplex and annoy his rival; and he was suspected, and suspected with reason, of having fomented the disturbances which he was now being sent out to quell. With the Lord Chancellor Midleton, and with the Lord Chancellor's relatives the Brodricks, he had certainly been in friendly communication; and of all the opponents of the patent, Midleton and the Brodricks had, next to Swift, been  
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the most pertinacious. Coxe tells us that it was Carteret who informed Alan Brodrick of the secret arrangement between Wood and the Duchess of Kendal with regard to the profits of the patent, a scandal which the malcontents had turned to great account. Thus in a private capacity he had been in league with those whom in his official capacity he was bound to regard as opponents.

In this singular position Carteret landed in Ireland at the latter end of October, with general instructions and with ample powers. He was to soothe or coerce, to yield or resist, as the exigencies of the crisis demanded. If on enquiry it should seem expedient to suspend the patent, the patent was to be suspended; if he thought it desirable to go further and withdraw it altogether, it was to be withdrawn. But he had scarcely time to take the oaths before new and alarming complications arose. On the 23rd of October appeared the fourth Drapier Letter. In this discourse Swift threw off all disguise. The question of the patent is here subordinated to the far more important question of the nature of the relations between Ireland and England. Contemptuously dismissing a recent protest of Wood 'as the last howl of a dog who had been dissected alive,' he goes on to assert that the royal prerogative, the power on which, during the whole struggle with Wood, so much stress had been laid, was as limited in Ireland as it was in the mother-country. He comments bitterly on the so-called dependency of Ireland; on the injustice of legislating for her in a Parliament in which she had no representatives; and on the fact that all places of trust and emolument were filled by Englishmen, instead of being filled, as they ought to have been filled, by natives. But the remedy, he said, was in their own hands; and in two sentences, which vibrated through the whole kingdom, he suggested it: 'By the laws of God, of nature, of nations, and of your country, you are and ought to be as free a people as your brethren in England.' Again: 'All government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery,'—'though,' he added, with bitter sarcasm, 'eleven men well armed will certainly subdue one single man in his shirt.' It was impossible for the Lord Lieutenant to allow this to pass. A Proclamation was issued describing the letter as wicked and malicious, and offering a reward of three hundred pounds to any one who would discover the author. Harding, the printer of it, was arrested and thrown into prison.

Up to this point Swift had, as an individual, kept studiously in the background. He now came prominently forward. On the day succeeding the proclamation he presented himself at



the levee of the Lord Lieutenant, and, forcing his way into the presence of Carteret, sternly upbraided him with what he had done. 'Your Excellency has,' he thundered out with a voice and manner which struck the whole assembly dumb with amazement, 'given us a noble specimen of what this devoted nation has to hope for from your government.' He then burst out into a torrent of invectives against the proclamation, the arrest of Harding, and the protection given to the patent. To a man in Carteret's position such a scene must have been sufficiently embarrassing. But he was too accomplished a diplomatist to betray either surprise or anger. He listened with great composure and urbanity to all Swift had to say, and then with a bow and a smile gave him his answer in an exquisitely felicitous quotation from Virgil:

'Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt  
Moliri.'

So terminated this strange interview. And now the struggle with England reached its climax; the Bill against Harding was about to be presented to the Grand Jury. On its rejection hung the hopes of the patriots; on its acceptance hung the hopes of the Government. In an admirable address, Swift calmly and solemnly explained to his fellow-citizens the momentous issues which some of them would shortly be called upon to try. The important day arrived. What followed was what every one anticipated would follow: the Bill was thrown out. But the Chief Justice Whitshed, acting as he had acted on a former occasion, concluded a scene, which would have disgraced Scroggs, by dissolving the jury. This insane measure served only to swell the triumph of the patriots. Another jury was immediately summoned. The Bill against Harding was again ignored, and, to complete the discomfiture of the Government, the rejection of the Bill was coupled with a formal vindication of the Drapier. From this moment the battle was virtually won; the Drapier had triumphed, and Swift ruled Ireland. But nine troubled months had yet to pass before victory definitely declared itself. The struggle between pride and expediency was a severe one. At last England yielded. 'I have His Majesty's commands to acquaint you that an entire end is put to the patent formerly granted to Mr. Wood,' were the words in which, at the commencement of the Autumn Session of 1725, the Viceroy announced to Ireland that the greatest victory she had ever won had been gained.

The public joy knew no bounds. In a few hours Dublin presented the appearance of a vast jubilee. In a few days there

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was scarcely a town or a village in Ireland which was not beside itself with exultation. The whole island rang with the praises of the Drapier. It was the Drapier, they cried, who had saved them, it was the Drapier who had taught them to be patriots. Had Swift rescued the country from some overwhelming calamity, had he done all and more than all that the *Cædipus* of story is fabled to have done for the city of Erechtheus, popular gratitude could not have gone further. Medals were struck in his honour. A club, the professed object of which was to perpetuate his fame, was formed. His portrait stamped on medallions, or woven on handkerchiefs, was the ornament most cherished by both sexes. When he appeared in the streets all heads were uncovered. If for the first time he visited a town, it was usual for the corporation to receive him with public honours. Each year as his birthday came round it was celebrated with tumultuous festivity. 'He became,' says Orrery, 'the idol of the people of Ireland to a degree of devotion that in the most superstitious country scarcely any idol ever attained.' Even now no true Irishman ever pronounces his name without reverence.

But it was not as a political agitator only that Swift sought to attain his object. Nothing, he believed, contributed more to the degradation and wretchedness of the country than the state of the Church. As a Churchman his own convictions and principles had never wavered. From the very first he had attached himself to the High Church party; from the very first he had regarded the Low Church party, not merely with suspicion, but with intense dislike. Their latitudinarian opinions, the indulgence with which they were inclined to treat the Nonconformists, their close alliance with the Whigs, their readiness on every occasion to play into the hands of the Whigs, and to sacrifice the interests of the Church to the interests of a faction largely composed of men at open enmity with the Church—all this he had long beheld with indignation and alarm. On arriving in Ireland he found himself in the midst of this obnoxious party. For a while, however, he contented himself with standing aloof and remaining passive. But between 1714 and 1720 it became clearly apparent that it was the intention of the Whig Ministry in England to make the Church of Ireland subservient to the English Government. This was to be accomplished by the gradual elimination of all High Churchmen and of all natives from offices of trust and emolument. Regularly as each See or as each Deanery fell vacant, it was conferred on some member of the Low Church party in England, selected not so much because he possessed any moral or intellectual

lectual qualification for the post, as because his patrons could depend on his obsequious compliance with their designs. Against this system of preferment, and against the whole body of those who thus obtained preferment, Swift waged incessant war. If they endeavoured to aggrandize themselves, if they essayed in any way to oppress the inferior clergy, or to extend the bounds of episcopal authority, he was in the arena in a moment. Thus in 1723 he opposed an attempt to enlarge the power of the bishops in letting leases. Thus in 1733 he succeeded in inducing the Lower House to throw out the Residence Bill and the Division Bill. The hatred which Swift bore to the Whig hierarchy of Ireland is perfectly explicable on political and ecclesiastical grounds, but we may perhaps suspect that feelings less creditable to him entered into its composition. The truth is, he could not forget that men, immeasurably his inferiors in parts and character, had outstripped him in the race of ambition.

While he was thus defending the Church from enemies from within—for such he considered these prelates—he was equally indefatigable in defending her from enemies from without. It was owing to his efforts that the Modus Bill—a Bill which would, by commuting the tithe upon hemp and flax for a fixed sum, have benefited the laity at the expense of the clergy—was defeated. It was an attempt on the part of the Commons and the landlords to rob the Church of the tithe of agistment that inspired the last and most furious of his satires. But nothing excited his indignation more than the indulgence extended to the Nonconformists. Of all the enemies of the Established Church they were, in his eyes, the most odious and the most formidable. It was no secret that the largest and most influential sect among them aimed at nothing less than the subversion of Episcopacy. In numbers these sectaries already equalled the Episcopalian Protestants; in activity and zeal they were far superior to them. Indeed, Swift firmly believed that it was the Test Act, and the Test Act only, which stood between the Church and its destroyers. But the Whigs argued that the danger came not from the Nonconformists but from the Papists. The struggle, they said, lay not between Protestantism and Protestantism, but between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism; and the extension of indulgences to the sectaries would, they thought, have the effect of uniting the Protestants, without distinction of sect, against the common enemy. To this Swift replied that there was little to fear from the Papists. The Papists had been reduced to unimportance and impotence by the Penal Laws; they were as inconsiderable

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in point of power as the women and children. Popery was no doubt a more portentous monster than Presbyterianism, as a lion is stronger and larger than a cat; but, he adds in one of those happy and witty illustrations with which his pamphlets abound, 'if a man were to have his choice, either a lion at his foot bound fast with three or four chains, his teeth drawn and his claws pared to the quick, or an angry cat in full liberty at his throat, he would take no long time to determine.' For this reason he not only opposed all attempts to repeal the Test Act, but all attempts to relax its stringency. And the pamphlets and verses produced by him in the course of this long controversy are among the ablest and most entertaining of his minor writings.

Not less strenuous were his attempts to awaken in the Church itself the spirit of resistance and reform. Among the bishops there was a small minority by no means favourably disposed towards the policy of England. The Toleration Bill of 1719 had alarmed them. The obvious intention of the English Government to degrade the Irish Church into a mere instrument of political dominion had disgusted them. With this section, at the head of which was King, Archbishop of Dublin, Swift coalesced, and out of this section he laboured to construct a party which should combat the Nonconformists on the one hand, and the Hanoverian Hierarchy on the other; which should protest against the systematic exclusion of the Irish clergy from remunerative preferment, which should inaugurate a national Church. Meanwhile he was doing all in his power to raise the character and improve the condition of the inferior clergy. He was a friend, an adviser, an advocate, on whom they could always depend. He defended them against the bishops; he fought for them against the landlords. Many of them owed what preferment they possessed to his generous importunity.

It is melancholy to turn from Swift's public to his private life. We open his correspondence and we find abundant proof that, so far from having derived any gratification, either from his recent triumph or from the discharge of duty, he continued to be, what in truth he had long been, the most wretched, the most discontented, the most solitary of men. The very name of the country for which he had done so much was odious to him. He scarcely ever alluded either to the English or to the native Irish, but with some epithet indicative of loathing and contempt. In the English rule he saw the embodiment of all that is most detestable in power; in the condition of his compatriots, the embodiment of all that is most despicable in submission. 'I am sitting,' he writes in one of his letters, 'like a toad

toad in the corner of my great house, with a perfect hatred of all public actions and persons.' Though his active benevolence never slumbered, and though he still felt, he says, affection for particular individuals, his feelings towards humanity in general were those of a man in whom misanthropy was beginning to border on monomania. He also complains of his broken health, of his sleepless nights, of his solitude in the midst of acquaintances, of his enforced residence in a country which he abhorred, of his banishment from those in whose society he had found the burden of existence less intolerable.

For some time his old friends had been importuning him to pay a visit to England. Though Atterbury was in exile, and death had removed Oxford, Parnell, and Prior, the Scriblerus Club could still muster a goodly company. Bolingbroke, after many vicissitudes, was again on English soil. Pope, who had achieved a reputation second to no poet in Europe, had settled at Twickenham, and was gradually gathering round him that splendid society on which his genius has shed additional lustre. Arbuthnot,

'Social, cheerful, and serene,  
And just as rich as when he served a queen,'

had lost nothing of the wit, the humour, the wisdom, the humanity, which had sixteen years before won the hearts of all who knew him. And not less importunate were those many other friends in whose mansions he had been a welcome guest when he sat each week among the Brethren. But it was long before he could make up his mind to cross the Channel, and it was not till the spring of 1726 that he found himself once more in London.

During this visit occurred two memorable events: the interview with Walpole, and the publication of '*Gulliver's Travels*.' No incident in Swift's biography has been so grossly misrepresented as his connection with Walpole. It was whispered at the time that he had sold himself to the Court, and that the price of his apostasy was to be high ecclesiastical preferment. It was subsequently reported that he had merely offered to turn renegade; for that Walpole, having discovered from an intercepted letter that he was playing a double part, declined to have any dealings with him.\* Chesterfield confidently asserted that Swift had offered his services to the Ministry. Now the facts of the case are simply these. Shortly after the Dean's arrival in London, Walpole, who was probably acquainted with him, and

\* A very circumstantial version of this story is given by Colton in his '*Lacon*,' p. 222.

who was certainly acquainted with many of his friends, invited him with other guests to a dinner party at Chelsea. It chanced that not long before a libel had appeared, in which the character of the First Minister had been very severely handled. And that libel Walpole had attributed, but attributed erroneously, to Gay. Poor Gay had in consequence not only made an enemy of Walpole, but, what was still more serious, had lost caste at Leicester House. It was therefore with an allusion to Gay's misadventure that Swift took occasion to observe at Walpole's table, that 'when great Ministers heard an ill thing of a private person who expected some favour, although they were afterwards convinced that the person was innocent, yet they would never be reconciled.' The words were ambiguous, though Walpole was probably well aware that when Swift uttered them, he was referring not to himself but to Gay. He affected, however, to believe that Swift was referring to himself, and was mean enough to circulate a report that the Dean had been apologizing; in other words, had been currying favour with him. It is just possible, of course, that Walpole may for the moment have misinterpreted Swift's meaning. If he did so, he was soon undeceived. At the end of April, Swift had a second interview. It had been granted at the request of Peterborough, and it was granted that Swift might have an opportunity of discussing the affairs of Ireland. What passed on this occasion is partly a matter of certainty, and partly a matter of conjecture, almost as conclusive as certainty. That Walpole frankly communicated his views with regard to the relations between England and Ireland; that these views were diametrically opposed to Swift's; that Swift, seeing that debate was useless, said very much less than he designed to say; and that the two men parted, if not exactly in enmity, at least with no friendly feelings, we know definitely from Swift's correspondence. What seems to us to place it beyond doubt that Walpole sought in the course of the interview to deal with Swift as he was in the habit of dealing with men whom it was his policy to conciliate, are two passages in Swift's correspondence. 'I have had,' he writes to Sheridan, 'the fairest offer made me of a settlement here that one can imagine, within twelve miles of London, and in the midst of my friends; but I am too old for new schemes, and especially such as would bridle me in my freedom.' Again, he says in a letter to Stopford, referring to the See of Cloyne, that it was not offered him, and would not have been accepted by him 'except under conditions which would never have been granted.' The inference is obvious. Walpole, well aware of Swift's wish to settle in England, was disposed

disposed to turn that wish to account. In all probability he offered what Swift mentions to Sheridan without imposing conditions other than those implied conditions which men who accept favours from others spontaneously hold to be binding. It was no doubt hinted at the same time, vaguely but intelligibly, that higher preferment was in reserve, if higher preferment should be earned, and to this Swift probably refers when he speaks of conditions which would never have been granted. But whatever interpretation may be placed on Swift's words, whatever obscurity may still cloud this much-discussed passage in his life, one thing is clear, he never for a moment allowed self-interest to weigh against duty and principle.

Meanwhile he was putting the finishing touches to that immortal satire, the fame of which has thrown all his other writings into the shade. At what precise time he commenced the composition of 'Gulliver' is not known. It was originally designed to form a portion of the work projected by the Scriblerus Club in 1714; and we are inclined to think that, if it was not commenced then, it was commenced shortly afterwards. He had certainly made some progress in it as early as the winter of 1721, for we find allusion to it in a letter of Bolingbroke's, dated January 1st, 1721; and in a letter of Miss Vanhomrigh's, undated, but written probably about the same time. There can be little doubt, therefore, that the work was far advanced before his visit to Quilca at the end of 1724, and we know from his correspondence that during that visit—a visit which extended over the greater part of a year—the manuscript was seldom out of his hands. Between that date and the date of publication it appears to have undergone repeated revisions. Many passages, for example, must almost certainly have been inserted during his residence in England. Indeed, we are inclined to suspect that it was to his residence in England that the satire owed much of its local colouring. Nor is it at all surprising that 'Gulliver' should have occupied Swift's thoughts for many years, and should have been the result of patient and protracted labour. It would be easy to point to fictions which in wealth of imagination and fancy, in humour, in wit, in originality, would suffer nothing from comparison with Swift's masterpiece. Such in ancient times would be the 'Birds,' and 'The true art of writing History'; such, in later times, would be the romances of Rabelais and Cervantes. But what distinguishes Swift's satire from all other works of the same class, is not merely its comprehensiveness and intensity, but its exact and elaborate propriety. The skill with which every incident, nay, almost every allusion in a narrative as rich in incident as the 'Travels' of Pinto, and

as minutely particular as the 'Adventures of Crusoe,' is invested with satirical significance, is little short of marvellous. From the commencement to the end there is nothing superfluous, and there is nothing irrelevant. The merest trifle has its point. Where the satire is not general, it is personal and local. Where the analogies are not to be found in the vices and follies common to all ages, they are to be found in the social and political history of Swift's own time. But the fiction has been framed with such nice ingenuity, that the allegory blends what is ephemeral with what is universal; and a satire which is on the one hand as wide as humanity, is on the other hand as local and particular as the 'History of John Bull' or 'The Satyre Menippée.' Regarded simply as a romance, the work is not less finished. De Morgan has pointed out the scrupulous accuracy with which in the two first voyages the scale of proportions is adjusted and observed. So artfully, he observes, has Swift guarded against the possibility of discrepancy, that he has taken care to baffle mathematical scrutiny by avoiding any statement which would furnish a standard for exact calculation. And this minute diligence, this subtle skill, is manifest in the delineation of the hero Gulliver, who is not merely the ironical embodiment of Swift himself, but a portrait as true to life as Bowling or Trunnion; in the style which is at once a parody of the style of the old voyagers, and a style in itself of a high order of intrinsic excellence; in the fine and delicate touches which give to incidents, in themselves monstrously extravagant, so much verisimilitude, that as we follow the story we are almost cheated into believing it. In all works of a similar kind every incident is, as Scott well observes, a new demand upon the patience and credulity of the reader. In Swift's romance, as soon as the first shock of incredulity is over, the process of illusion is uninterrupted. If the premises of the fiction be once granted, if the existence of Lilliput and Brobdingnag, of Laputa and Balnibarbi, be postulated, we have before us a narrative as logical as it is consistent and plausible. Indeed, the skill with which Swift has by a thousand minute strokes contrived to invest the whole work with the semblance of authenticity, is inimitable. De Foe himself is not a greater master of the art of realistic effect.

That in the plot of his story Swift was largely indebted to preceding writers cannot, we think, be disputed. The resemblances which exist between passages in Gulliver, and passages in works with which Swift is known to have been conversant, are too close to be mere coincidences. There can be no doubt, for example, that the Academy of Lagado was suggested by the diversions of the courtiers of Queen Quintessence in the fifth book



book of *Pantagruel*; that the attack of the Lilliputians on Gulliver is the counterpart of the attack of the Pygmies on Hercules in the second book of the *'Imagines'* of Philostratus; that the scenes with the ghosts in *Glubbdubdrib* are modelled on Lucian; that in the *'Voyage to Laputa'* the romances of *Cyrano de Bergerac* were laid under contribution; and that in the *'Voyage to the Houyhnhnms,'* he drew both on the *'Arabian Nights'* and on Goodwin's *'Voyage of Domingo Gonsalez.'* We think it very likely that the Houyhnhnms were suggested by the forty-fifth chapter of *'Solinus,'* and that several strokes for the Yahoos were borrowed from the *'Travels'* of Sir Thomas Herbert. It is certain that Swift was, like Sterne, a diligent student of curious and recondite literature; and that, like Sterne, he was in the habit of turning that knowledge to account. Of this we have a remarkable illustration in the *Voyage to Brobdingnag.* Few readers who know anything of nautical science have not been surprised at the minuteness and accuracy of the technical knowledge displayed by Swift in his account of the manœuvres of Gulliver's crew in the storm off the Moluccas. Now the whole of this passage was taken nearly verbatim from a work then probably circulating only among naval students, and in our time almost unique. This was Samuel Sturmy's *'Mariner's Magazine,'* published at London in 1679, a copy of which may be found in the British Museum.\*

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*'Gulliver,'* pp. 108, 109.

*'Finding it was likely to overblow we took in our sprit sail, and stood by to hand the fore sail, but, making foul weather, we looked the guns were all fast and handed the mizen.'*

*'The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea than trying or hulling.'*

*'We reefed the fore-sail and set him and hauled aft the fore sheet; the helm was hard aweather.'*

*'We belayed the fore down haul, but the sail was split and we hauled down the yard and got the sail into the ship and unbound all the things clear of it.'*

*'It was a very fierce storm: the sea broke strange and dangerous.'*

*'We hauled off upon the lanyard of the whip staff and helped the man at the helm.'*

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But to suppose that these appropriations and reminiscences detract in any way from the essential originality of the work, would be as absurd as to tax Shakspeare with stealing 'Antony and Cleopatra' from Plutarch, or 'Macbeth' from Holinshed. What Swift borrowed was what Shakspeare borrowed, and what the creative artists of all ages have never scrupled to borrow—incidents and hints. The description from Sturmy is to the 'Voyage to Brobdingnag' precisely what the progress of Cleopatra, in North's 'Plutarch,' is to the drama of 'Antony and Cleopatra.' Indeed, the sum of Swift's obligations to the writers whom we have mentioned would, though considerable, be found on examination to be infinitely less than the obligations of the most original of poets to the novelists of Italy and to the works of contemporaries.

Much has been said about Swift's object in writing 'Gulliver.' That object he has himself explained. It was to vex the world. It was to embody in allegory the hatred and disdain with which he personally regarded all nations, all professions, all communities, and especially man, as man in essence is. It had no moral, no social, no philosophical purpose. It was the mere ebullition of cynicism and misanthropy. It was a savage *jeu d'esprit*: and as such wise men will regard it. But there have never been wanting—there probably never will be wanting—critics to place it on a much higher footing. In their eyes it is as a satire, as an estimate of humanity, and, as a criticism of life, as reasonable as it is just. 'Gulliver is,' says Hazlitt, 'an attempt to tear off the mask of imposture from the world, to strip empty pride and grandeur of the imposing air which external circumstances throw around them. And nothing,' he adds, 'but imposture has a right to complain of it.' The answer to this is obvious. Where satire has a moral purpose, it is discriminating. It is levelled, not at defects and in-

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firmities which are essential and in nature unremovable, but at defects and infirmities which are unessential, and therefore corrigible. If its immediate object is to punish, its ultimate object is to amend. But this is not the spirit of 'Gulliver.' Take the Yahoos. Nothing can be plainer than that these odious and repulsive creatures were designed to be types, not of man, as man when brutalized and degenerate may become, but of man, as man is naturally constituted. Take the Strulbrugs. What end could possibly be attained by so shocking an exposure of human infirmities? Juvenal has, it is true, left us a similar delineation; but Juvenal's object was, by teaching men to distinguish between what is desirable and what is not desirable, to guide them to a cheerful and elevated philosophy. Swift's design began and ended in cynical mockery. Again, in the 'Voyage to Laputa,' though the local satire—the satire, for example, on the projectors—is pointed and just, the general satire is in the highest degree extravagant and absurd. No one would dispute that intellectual energy may, like the passions, be abused and perverted, and no one would dispute that its abuse and perversion are fair game for the satirist. But the inutility of such energy, when misapplied, is no criterion of its utility when properly directed. By Swift the misapplication, and the misapplication only, is recognized. He thus contrives—and contrives most dishonestly—to represent the mathematical and mechanical sciences as despicable and ridiculous, medicine as mere charlatanry, and experimental philosophy as an idle and silly delusion—in a word, to pour contempt on those pursuits and faculties on which the intellectual supremacy of man is based. Not less sophistical and disingenuous is the device employed by him in the 'Voyage to the Houyhnhnms' for dethroning his kind from their moral supremacy. We here find him assigning to brutes the qualities characteristic of men, and assigning to men the qualities characteristic of brutes, that men may by comparison with brutes be degraded, and that brutes may by comparison with men be exalted. If the work be regarded merely as a satire, it is not perhaps too much to say that in condensed and sustained power it has neither equal nor second among human productions. But it is a satire the philosophy and morality of which will not for a moment bear serious examination.

The work appeared anonymously early in November 1726. It became instantly popular. Within a week the first edition was exhausted. A second edition speedily followed, but before the second edition was ready, pirated copies of the first were in circulation in Ireland, and the work was traversing Great Britain

Britain in all directions in the columns of a weekly journal. No one, so far as our knowledge goes, has noticed that 'Gulliver' was reprinted in successive instalments in a contemporary newspaper, called 'Parker's Penny Post,' between November 28th, 1726, and the following spring—a sufficient indication of the opinion formed of it by those who are best acquainted with the popular taste, and probably the first occasion on which the weekly press was applied to such a purpose. But though the work appealed to all, it appealed in different ways. By the multitude it was read, as it is read in the nurseries and play-rooms of our more enlightened age, with wondering credulity. But the avidity with which it was devoured by readers, to whom the allegory was nothing and the story everything, was equalled by the avidity with which it was devoured by readers to whom the allegory was supreme and the story purely subordinate. At Court, and in political circles, it was read and quoted as no satire since 'Hudibras' had been. There Flimnap and Sieve, Skyresk Bolgolam, and Redresal, the Tranecksan and Slamecksan, the Big-endians and Small-endians, the Sardrals and the Nardacks, the two Erelocks and Mully Ully Gue, were what the caricatures of Gilray were, fifty years later, to the Court of George III. The circumstances which led to the flight of Gulliver from Lilliput, and the account given of the natives of Tribnia, must have come home with peculiar force and pungency to readers who could remember the proceedings which led to the incarceration of Harley and the flight of Bolingbroke and Ormond, and in whose memories the trial of Atterbury was still fresh. To us the schemes propounded in the Academy of Lagado have no more point than the schemes which occupied the courtiers of Queen Entelechy; but how pregnant, how pertinent, how exquisite, must the satire have appeared to readers who were still smarting from the Bubblemania, who had been shareholders in the Society for Transmuting Quicksilver into Malleable Metal, or in the Society for Extracting Silver from Lead! Nor was the satire in its broader aspect less keenly relished. Aristotle has observed that the measure of a man's moral degradation may be held to be complete when he sees nothing derogatory in joining in the gibe against himself. And what is true of an individual is assuredly true of an age. At no period distinguished by generosity of sentiment, by magnanimity, by humanity, by any of the nobler and finer qualities of mankind, could such satire, as the satire of which the greater part of 'Gulliver' is the embodiment, have been universally applauded. Yet, so it was. The men and women of those times appear to have seen nothing

nothing objectionable in an apologue which would scarcely have passed without a protest in the Rome of Petronius or in the Paris of Dubois. One noble lady facetiously identified herself with the Yahoos; another declared that her whole life had been lost in caressing the worse part of mankind, and in treating the best as her foes. Here and there, indeed, a reader might be found who was of opinion that the satire was too strongly flavoured with misanthropy, but such readers were altogether in the minority. It is remarkable that even Arbuthnot, though he objected to Laputa, expressed no dissatisfaction with the 'Voyage to the Houyhnhnms.'

Nearly three months before the publication of 'Gulliver,' Swift had quitted London for Dublin. His departure had been hastened by the terrible news that the calamity, which of all calamities he dreaded most, was imminent. The health of Miss Johnson had long been failing, and had latterly afforded matter for grave anxiety. Shortly after Swift's arrival in England, alarming symptoms had begun to develop themselves. For a while, however, his friends in Dublin had mercifully concealed the worst, and for a while his fears were not unmingled with hope. At last he knew the worst. His grief was such as absolutely to unnerve and unman him. The letters written at this time to Stopford and Sheridan exhibit a state of mind pitiable to contemplate. But the blow was not to fall yet. Esther Johnson rallied, and Swift again visited England.

He arrived in London with impaired health, and with a mind ill at ease. Nor was the life on which he now entered at all calculated to remedy the mischief. His popularity and fame were at their height, and he soon found that he had to pay the full price for his position. Neither friends nor strangers allowed him any peace. At Twickenham, Pope teased him to death about the corrected edition of 'Gulliver,' and about the third volume of the 'Miscellanies.' Gay, busy with the 'Beggars' Opera,' sought anxiously to profit from his criticism; and, if tradition is to be trusted, the drama which owed its existence to Swift's suggestion, owes to his pen two of its most famous songs. In London, and at Dawley, he was submitted to persecutions of another kind. Peterborough and Harcourt were eager to negotiate an understanding with Walpole. Bolingbroke and Pulteney sought to engage him in active co-operation with the Opposition. The Opposition were now high in hope. The death of the King could be no remote event; and it was confidently believed that, with the accession of the Prince of Wales, the supremacy of Walpole would be at an end, and that the Ministry would be reconstructed. The person

person who was popularly supposed to direct the counsels of the Prince was Mrs. Howard, the declared enemy of Walpole, the staunch ally of the faction opposed to him. That Swift shared in some measure the hopes of his friends, is very likely. With Mrs. Howard he was on terms of close intimacy. Before his arrival in England he had regularly corresponded with her. During his residence in England he regularly visited her. At Leicester House he had been received with marked favour. Indeed, the Princess had gone out of her way to pay him attention. He had thus ample reason for supposing that, if affairs took the turn which his friends anticipated, the prize which had twice before eluded him would again be within his grasp. Suddenly, far more suddenly than was expected, occurred the event on which so much depended. On July 9th died George I. Swift remained in London during that period of intense excitement which intervened between the preferment of Sir Spencer Compton and the re-establishment of Walpole. He kissed the hands of the new King and the new Queen, saw in a few days that all was over, and then hurried off, sick and weary, to bury himself, first in Pope's study at Twickenham, and then at Lord Oxford's country seat at Wimpole. At the end of September he abruptly quitted England for ever.

Of his last days on this side of the Channel a singularly interesting record has recently come to light. On arriving at Holyhead he found himself too late for the Dublin packet. Unfavourable weather set in, and he was detained for upwards of a week in what was then the most comfortless of British seaports. During that week he amused himself with scribbling verses, and with keeping a journal. This journal Mr. Craik has now given to the world, and we have no hesitation in calling it the most remarkable contribution to the personal history of Swift which has appeared since the publication of the 'Letters to Stella.' In reading the journal it is impossible not to be struck with its resemblance to the diary kept by Byron at Ravenna. In both there is the same contrast between what appears on the surface and what is beneath. In both cases the same listless wretchedness takes refuge in the same laborious trifling. Both are the soliloquies of men who are as weary of themselves as they are weary of the world, and who clutch desperately at every expedient for escaping reflection and for killing time, sometimes by investing trifles with adventitious importance, sometimes by indulging half-ironically in a sort of humorous self-analysis, sometimes by dallying lazily with their own idle fancies.

The death of Esther Johnson, in January 1728, dissolved the



only tie which bound Swift to life. It had been long expected, but when the end came it must have come suddenly, for, though in Dublin, he was not with her. With pathetic particularity he has himself recorded the circumstances under which he heard of his irreparable loss. It was late in the evening of Sunday, the 28th of January. The guests who were in the habit of assembling weekly at the Deanery on that evening were round him, and it was nearly midnight before he could be alone with his sorrow. How that sad night was passed was known to none, until he had himself been laid in the grave. Then was found among his papers that most touching memorial of his grief and love—the ‘Memoir and Character of Esther Johnson.’ Firmly and calmly had the desolate old man met the calamity which a few months before he had described himself as not daring to contemplate. That night he commenced the narrative which tells the story of her in whose coffin was buried all that made existence tolerable to him. And regularly as each night came round he appears to have resumed his task. There is something almost ghastly in the contrast between the smooth and icy flow of the chronicle itself and the terribly pathetic significance of the parentheses which mark the stages in its composition. ‘This,’ he writes, on the night of the 30th, ‘is the night of the funeral, which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine o’clock, and I am removed into another compartment that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over the window of my bedchamber.’ Sorrow and despair have many voices, but seldom have they found expression so affecting as in those calm and simple words.

‘Se non piangi, di che pianger suoli?’

It is said that her name was never afterwards known to pass his lips.

The biography of Swift from the death of Esther Johnson to the hour in which his own eyes closed on the world, is the catastrophe of a tragedy sadder and more awful than any of those pathetic fictions which appal and melt us on the stage of Sophocles and Shakspeare. The distressing malady under which he laboured never for long relaxed its grasp, and when the paroxysms were not actually on him, the daily and hourly dread of their return was scarcely less agonizing. In that malady he discerned the gradual but inevitable approach of a calamity, which is of all the calamities incident to man the most fearful to contemplate. Over his spirits hung the cloud of profound and settled melancholy. His wretchedness was without respite and without alloy. When he was not under the spell of dull, dumb misery, he was on the rack of furious passions.

‘Sense

'Sense of intolerable wrong,  
And whom he scorned, those only strong;  
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will  
Still baffled and yet burning still,  
For aye entempesting anew,  
The unfathomable hell within.'

His writings and correspondence exhibit a mind perpetually oscillating between unutterable despair and demoniac rage, between a misanthropy bitterer and more savage than that which tore the heart of Timon, and a sympathy with suffering humanity as acute and sensitive as that which vibrated in Rousseau and Shelley.

It was not until the accession of George II. that Swift fully realized the hopelessness of effecting any reform in Ireland. His second interview with Walpole had convinced him that so long as that Minister was at the head of affairs the policy of England would remain unchanged, that a deaf ear would be turned to all appeals, all protests, all suggestions. The new reign would, he had hoped, have placed the reins of Government in new hands. It had, on the contrary, confirmed the supremacy of Walpole, and the fate of Ireland was sealed. But what enraged him most was the consciousness that his efforts to awaken in the Irish themselves the spirit of resistance and reform had wholly failed. None of his proposals had been carried out, none of his warnings had been heeded. All was as all had been before. An ignoble rabble of sycophants and slaves still grovelled at the feet of Power. Corruption and iniquity still sat unabashed on the tribunal; the two Houses still swarmed with the tools of oppression; and the country, which his genius and energy had for a moment galvanized into life, had again sunk torpid and inert into the degradation in which he had found her. In the provinces was raging one of the most frightful famines ever known in the annals of the peasantry. Never, perhaps, in the whole course of her melancholy history was the condition of Ireland more deplorable than at the beginning of 1729. All this worked like poison in Swift's blood, and, like the cleaving mischief of the fable, tortured him without intermission till torture ceased to be possible. But the savage indignation, which the spectacle of English misgovernment excited in him, was now fully equalled by the disdain and loathing with which he regarded the sufferers themselves. Towards the aborigines his feelings had never been other than those of repulsion and contempt, mingled with the sort of pity which the humane feel for the sufferings of the inferior animals. As a politician, he looked upon them pretty

much as Prospero looked upon Caliban, or as a Spartan legislator looked upon the Helots. On the regeneration of the Englishry depended in his opinion the regeneration of the whole island. It was in their interests that he had laboured, it was on their co-operation that he had relied. It was to them that he had appealed. And he had found them as frivolous, as impracticable, as despicable, as their compatriots. The hatred, with which Swift in his latter years regarded Ireland and its inhabitants, recalls in its intensity and bitterness the hatred with which Juvenal appears to have regarded the people of Egypt, and Dante the people of Pisa. It resembled a consuming passion. It overflowed, we are told, in his conversation, it glows at white heat in his writings, it flames out in his correspondence. 'It is time for me,' he says, in one place, 'to have done with the world, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.' He is surrounded 'by slaves, and knaves, and fools,' in a country which is 'a wretched dirty dog-hole; a prison, but good enough to die in.' He is 'worn out with years and sickness and rage against all public proceedings.' 'My flesh and bones,' he furiously exclaims in another letter, 'are to be carried to Holyhead, for I will not lie in a country of slaves.'

Meanwhile, his literary activity was incessant. The mere enumeration of the pieces produced by Swift between 1727 and 1737 would occupy several pages. In that list would be found some of the best of his poems, and some of the best of his minor prose satires. Foremost among the first would stand the 'Rhapsody on Poetry,' the 'Poem to a Lady who had asked him to write on her in the heroic style,' 'The Grand Question Debated,' the 'Beast's Confession,' the 'Day of Judgment,' the 'Verses on his own Death'; foremost among the second would be the 'Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of the Poor from becoming a Burden,' the 'Treatise on Polite Conversation,' and the 'Directions to Servants.' But the number of these works bears no proportion to the number of those in which he dealt with the questions of the hour, and which have with the hour ceased to be generally interesting; the pamphlets, for example, on the grievances of Ireland; the pamphlets evoked by the proposal to repeal the Test Act; by the Bills for imposing restrictions on the liberty of the clergy, and for subdividing large benefices, and by the 'Modus Bill' of 1733. But the writings most truly characteristic of Swift's state of mind during these years are his poems. In them his misanthropy, his hatred of individuals, his rage, his pessimism, found full vent. Of some of these poems it would be no exaggeration to say, that nothing so purely diabolical had ever before,

or has ever since, emanated from man. There are passages in the satirists of antiquity which are—in mere indecency, perhaps—as shameless and brutal. A misanthropy almost as bitter flavours the satire in which Juvenal depicts the feud between the Ombites and the Tentyrites. The invectives of Junius, and the libels of Pope, not unfrequently exhibit a malignity scarcely human; and if the Mephistopheles of fable could be clothed in flesh, his mockery would probably be the mockery of Voltaire and Heine. But the later satire of Swift stands alone. It is the very alcohol of hatred and contempt. Its intensity is the intensity of monomania, whether its object be an individual, a sect, or mankind. To find any parallel to such pieces as the ‘Ladies’ Dressing Room,’ the ‘Place of the Damned,’ and the ‘Legion Club,’ we must go to the speeches in which the depraved and diseased mind of Lear runs riot in obscenity and rage. But it was when his satire was directed against particular individuals, that it became most inhuman, and most noisome. Such, for example, would be the attack on Walpole in the ‘Epistle to Gay,’ the attack on Allen in ‘Traulus,’ and such pre-eminently would be the libels on Tighe. To provoke the hostility of Swift was, in truth, like rousing the energies of a skunk and a pole-cat. It was to engage in a contest, the issue of which was certain, to be compelled to beat an ignominious retreat, cruelly lacerated, and half suffocated with filth.

But there was another side to his life during these years, and we gladly turn to it. No city ever owed more to a private man than Dublin owed to Swift. In 1720 he defeated, or at least contributed to defeat, a scheme which would in all probability have involved hundreds of her citizens in ruin. With the two most formidable pests which infest civilized communities, mendicancy and bandittism, he grappled with eminent success. The first nuisance was greatly abated by his plan for providing beggars with badges, and thus confining them to the parishes to which they severally belonged; and it was, as we have seen, owing to his vigilance and ingenuity that Dublin enjoyed, for a time at least, almost complete immunity from street marauders. His care indeed extended to every department of municipal economy, from the direction of parliamentary elections to the regulation of the coal traffic. It may be said of Dr. Swift, writes one who knew him well, that he literally followed the example of his Master, and went about doing good. His private charity, though judicious, was boundless. He never, we are told, went abroad without a pocket full of coins which he distributed among the indigent and sick,

sick, whom he regularly visited. Nothing is more certain than that his severe frugality in domestic life, which fools mistook for avarice, arose solely from his determination to devote his money to the noblest uses to which money can be applied. If he denied himself and his guests superfluities, it was that he might provide the needy with necessities, and posterity with St. Patrick's Hospital. He was the idol of the multitude, he was the terror of the Government. 'I know by experience,' wrote Carteret, just after he resigned the Lord Lieutenancy, 'how much the city of Dublin thinks itself under your protection, and how strictly they used to obey all orders fulminated from the sovereignty of St. Patrick's.' In his war with England, and with that party in Dublin which was in the English interest, he was not unfrequently threatened with violence; but the mere rumour that the Dean was in danger was sufficient to rally round him a body-guard so formidable, that he had little to fear either from the law or from private malice.

But to Swift all this was nothing. Sick of himself, sick of the world, fully aware of the awful fate which was impending over him—he saw it, says Lyon, as plainly as men foresee a coming shower—he longed only, he prayed only, for death. It was his constant habit to take leave of one of the few friends whom he admitted to his intimacy, and who was accustomed to visit him two or three times a week, with the words, 'Well, God bless you, good night to you, but I hope I shall never see you again.'

At the end of 1737 it became apparent to his friends, and it becomes painfully apparent in his correspondence, that his mind was rapidly failing. The deafness and giddiness, which had before visited him intermittently, now rarely left him. His memory was so impaired that he was scarcely able to converse. It was only with the greatest difficulty that he could express himself on paper. As his intellect decayed, his irritability and ferocity increased. On the slightest provocation he would break out into paroxysms of frantic rage. At last his reason gave way, and he ceased to be responsible for his actions. In March, 1742, it became necessary to place his estate in the hands of trustees.

Into a particular narrative of Swift's last days we really cannot enter. Nothing in the recorded history of humanity, nothing that the imagination of man has conceived, can transcend in horror and pathos the accounts which have come down to us of the closing scenes of his life. His memory was gone, his reason was gone; he recognized no friend: he was below his own Struldbrugs. Day after day he paced his chamber, as a wild  
beast.

beast paces its cage, taking his food as he walked, and occasionally muttering expressions which plainly showed that he was fully conscious of the degradation into which he had fallen. At times it was dangerous to approach him, for the mere sight of his kind would, when in his wilder moods, throw him into convulsions of impotent fury. During the autumn of 1742 his state was horrible and pitiable beyond expression. At last, after suffering unspeakable tortures from one of the most agonizing maladies known to surgery, he sank into the torpor of imbecility. In this deplorable condition he continued, with short intervals of a sort of semi-consciousness, till death released him from calamity. He expired at three o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, the 19th of October, 1745. Three days afterwards, his coffin was laid at midnight beside the coffin of Esther Johnson, in the south nave of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

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#### NOTE ON SWIFT'S DISEASE.

The history of Swift's case is briefly this. In his twenty-third year he became subject to fits of giddiness; in his twenty-eighth year, or, according to another account, before he had completed his twentieth year, he was attacked by fits of deafness. The first disorder he attributed primarily to a surfeit of green fruit; the origin of the second he ascribed to a common cold. The giddiness was occasionally attended with sickness, the deafness with ringing in the ears, and both with extreme depression. The attacks were periodic and paroxysmal, increasing in frequency and severity as life advanced. As old age drew on, his giddiness and deafness became more constant and intense; he grew morbidly irritable; he lost all control over his temper, his intellect became abnormally enfeebled, his memory at times almost totally failed him. But it was not until he had completed his seventy-fourth year that he became unequivocally insane. In 1742 what appeared to be an attack of acute mania—though it was mania without delusion, and may perhaps have been merely the frenzied expression of excruciating physical pain, occasioned by a tumour in the eye,—was succeeded by absolute fatuity. In this state, broken, however, by occasional gleams of sensibility and reason, he remained till death. The autopsy revealed water on the brain, the common result of cerebral atrophy.

That a disease presenting such symptoms as these should have originated from a surfeit of fruit and a common cold, was a theory that may have passed unchallenged in the infancy of medical science, but was not likely to find much favour in more enlightened times. Accordingly, at the beginning of this century, an eminent physician, Dr. Beddoes, came forward with another hypothesis. He entertained no doubt that the disease was homogeneous and progressive; and, connecting

connecting its primary symptoms with other peculiarities of Swift's conduct and writings, he ascribed their origin to a cause very derogatory to the moral character of the sufferer. Scott, justly indignant that such an aspersion should have been cast on the Dean's memory, took occasion in his 'Life of Swift' to comment very severely on Beddoes' remarks. But Scott, unfortunately, had no means of refuting them. Medical science was silent; and Swift, ludicrous to relate, has been held up in more than one publication as an appalling illustration of the effects of profligate indulgence. At last, in 1846, Sir William Wilde came to the rescue. In an essay in the 'Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science,' afterwards published in a volume entitled 'The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life,' he re-investigated with the minutest care the whole case. In the first place, he made the important discovery that the Dean had undoubtedly had a stroke of paralysis. This was a circumstance which had not been recorded by any of the biographers, but which a plaster cast, taken from the mask applied to the face after death, placed beyond doubt. Wilde boldly contended that there was no proof at all that Swift was ever insane, in the sense in which the word is usually understood, nay, that previous to 1742 he showed no symptoms whatever of mental disease 'beyond the ordinary decay of nature.' The deplorable condition into which he subsequently sank, Wilde attributed not to insanity, or to imbecility, but to paralysis of the muscles by which the mechanism of speech is produced, and to loss of memory, the result in all probability of subarachnoid effusion. But what Wilde failed to understand was the nature of the original disease, in other words, the cause of the giddiness and deafness which, whatever may have been their connection with the graver symptoms of the case, undoubtedly ushered them in. And it is here that Dr. Bucknill comes to our assistance. In his opinion, the life-long malady of Swift is to be identified with a malady which medical science has only recently recognized, 'Labyrinthine Vertigo,' or, as it is sometimes called in honour of the eminent pathologist who discovered it, 'La Maladie de Ménière.' To this are to be attributed all the symptoms which were supposed by Swift himself to have originated from a surfeit of fruit or a chill, which Beddoes attributed to profligate habits, and which Sir William Wilde was unable satisfactorily to account for. It was a purely physical and local disorder, which in no way either impaired or perverted his mental powers, and which, had it run its course uncomplicated, would probably have ended merely in complete deafness. But on this disorder supervened, between 1738 and 1742, dementia, with hemiplegia and aphasia; the dementia arising from general decay of the brain occasioned by age and disease, the aphasia and paralysis resulting from disease of one particular part of the brain, probably the third left frontal convolution. Thus the insanity, or, to speak more accurately, the fatuity of Swift, was not, as he himself and his biographers after him have supposed, the gradual development of years, but was partly the effect of senile decay, and partly the effect of a local lesion.



- ART. II.—1. *A Dictionary of Medicine*. By various writers.  
 Edited by Richard Quain, M.D., F.R.S. London, 1882.
2. *Lehrbuch der Geschichte der Medicin und der epidemischen Krankheiten*. Von Heinrich Haeser. Dritte Bearbeitung.  
 3 vols. Jena, 1875–1882.

THE medical profession has often been accounted fortunate in its opportunities, both intellectual and practical. No one has ever summed up the scientific scope of medicine better than Sir James Paget, in his opening address from the Presidential Chair of the great International Congress of the profession, which met in London in 1881. 'It is not only,' he said, 'that the pure science of human life may match with the largest of the natural sciences in the complexity of its subject-matter; not only that the living human body is, in both its material and its indwelling forces, the most complex thing yet known; but that in our practical duties this most complex thing is presented to us in an almost infinite multiformity. For in practice we are occupied, not with a type and pattern of the human nature, but with all its varieties in all classes of men, of every age and every occupation, in all climates and all social states; we have to study men singly and in multitudes, in poverty and in wealth, in wise and unwise living, in health and all the varieties of disease; and we have to learn, or at least to try to learn, the results of all these conditions of life, while, in successive generations and in the mingling of families, they are heaped together, confused, and always changing. In every one of all these conditions man, in mind and body, must be studied by us; and every one of them offers some different problems for enquiry and solution. Wherever our duty, or our scientific curiosity, or, in happy combination, both, may lead us, there are the materials and there the opportunities for separate original research.' While these are the more intellectual or scientific opportunities of the medical calling, it has, according to the same exponent, correspondingly great privileges in the sphere of conduct and practice. 'I dare to claim for it,' says Sir James again, 'that among all the sciences, ours, in the pursuit and use of truth, offers the most complete and constant union of those three qualities which have the greatest charm for pure and active minds—novelty, utility, and charity.'

Sir James Paget has claimed for medicine no more than its inalienable rights; the occasion of the greatest gathering of doctors that the world has ever seen was a fitting opportunity for advancing those claims; and the words of the orator were  
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adequate to the occasion. It is right that we should know the opportunities of medicine; it is all the more necessary that we should have a clear and ample statement of them, since most of us will have formed our own opinion of its achievements. 'This man's art, and that man's scope,' may be viewed with equal justice by a great mind; but the world in general will concern itself chiefly with the art, and little with the scope. A signal historical instance of a high appreciation of the opportunities of medicine by one outside the profession is to be found in the writings and life of Descartes; while the ordinary estimate of medicine may be found exemplified in the indifference of Descartes' commentators towards that chapter in his philosophy and in his career. The climax which the '*Discours de la Méthode*' leads up to, in its sixth section, is not usually exalted to that place in the Cartesian philosophy which it was plainly meant by the philosopher himself to occupy. After a general conclusion, that barren speculation is to be avoided, and only the knowledge that is useful sought for, comes the specific application, to seek principally the knowledge how to preserve health, which is without doubt the first element in well-being and the foundation of all other well-being; 'for even the spirit depends so much upon the temperament and the state of the bodily organs, that, if there be any way of making mankind more wise and capable than they are now, I believe it is in medicine we must search for it.' If the conclusion seems a lame one, Descartes held it at least as a serious conviction. Men were to become 'as it were the masters and possessors of nature,' and the first step was to cultivate medical science. The last paragraph of the '*Discourse*' affords sufficient evidence that Descartes meant what he said: 'For the rest, I would rather not say anything here of the progress in the sciences that I hope to make, nor shall I give any pledge before the public, that I am not sure of being able to redeem; I will merely say that I am resolved to spend the rest of the time that I have to live in trying to get some knowledge of nature, so as to derive rules for medicine ("*règles pour la médecine*") more trustworthy than those now in use.' Notwithstanding the simplicity and profound seriousness of this, it cannot but seem, and it has in fact usually seemed, a poor consummation of a life devoted to thinking, and an anti-climax to a masterpiece of philosophical writing. Descartes was, however, as good as his word, and, in the remaining thirteen years of his life, he made many experiments—as many, he says, as there are lines in his writings—and he even wrote a treatise on anatomy which went through four editions, and was then completely forgotten. Indeed Descartes' direct hold upon  
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the subject-matter of medicine must have been all but inappreciable, and we must think of him as one who saw the boundless possibilities of medicine, and who realized the immense difficulty of their attainment.

Nor did his disciples make any systematic or scientific attempt to discover those 'better rules for medicine' which appeared to him to be the nearest or most pressing object of intellectual endeavour. Madame de Sévigné, who is described as 'une Cartésienne fervente' (although she had an unconquerable dislike of the Cartesian notion that an animal is a machine), this Cartesian lady showed her appreciation of medical science by abusing the professional body, and by deluging her numerous friends with infallible nostrums of her own decoction. Locke, whose Oxford studies were much influenced by Descartes, turned his attention to the study of medicine, and even practised it; but it is only from private records, and not from his philosophical writings, that his connection with medicine is discoverable. Locke's friend Sydenham, the most successful practitioner of his day, and the inventor of the phrase 'the natural history of disease,' having been asked by a young physician, Blackmore, what books he would advise to read, told him to read 'Don Quixote.'\*

Even in our own day, when mankind have become 'the masters and possessors of nature' to a degree that the author of the phrase could hardly have imagined, there have been many able men bred to medicine, who have turned aside not only from its routine of practice, but even from its scientific problems. Sir William Hamilton, who had in Cullen, Gregory, and Alison, good examples among his fellow-citizens of the intellectual power of the profession, wrote an essay in the 'Edinburgh Review' (1832) with the object of showing that the practice of medicine had made no progress since the time of Hippocrates. In reprinting his essay some twenty years later, he quoted an opinion from within the profession, which will arrest attention by its strangeness, if not by its justness. 'I think it more than probable,' wrote Dr. Gregory, 'that in fifty or a hundred years, the business of a physician will not be regarded in England as either a learned or a liberal profession.' We may indeed admit that there are peculiar difficulties inherent in medicine, and that those difficulties have been met

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\* Dr. Johnson, in his biography of Sir Richard Blackmore ('Lives of the Poets'), comes down with a heavy hand on Sydenham for this pleasantry: 'The perverseness of mankind makes it often mischievous in men of eminence to give way to merriment; the idle and the illiterate will long shelter themselves under this foolish apophthegm.'

with commonplace endeavours, and in the ordinary way of the world's business. The combination in medicine of 'novelty, utility, and charity,' may have 'the greatest charm for pure and active minds;' but the fact remains, that the average mind of the profession does not seem to have been either exceptionally pure or especially active. It is all the more necessary that the world should know how vast the inalienable rights and duties of medicine are, so as to judge fairly of its achievements, of the conditions under which its achievements have been won, and of the likelihood of greater success in the future.

The utility, which Descartes set up in his grand conception of progress, was the freeing of the reason from everything that comes between it and its innate power of discerning the truth. That utility is somewhat too remote to judge the progress of medicine by; and, indeed, in our day it has been sought to accomplish the same end by quite other means. Descartes thought more of the need for keeping the mind fair and clear, than of presenting fresh knowledge to it; better rules for medicine, he thought, would help to give free play to that capacity for perceiving the truth which every man had in him, just as he had in him the breath of life, breathed into his nostrils by Almighty God. But the useful power of medicine must clearly be measured by more proximate gains—by the general lengthening of life, by the decrease of pain and suffering, and by the increase of working power. These are the three points enumerated by Sir James Paget on the recent occasion of the international gathering of doctors, and Sir James thought that the advance within his own memory 'had been amazing, whether reckoned in the wonders and precision of the science not yet applied,' or in practical results. Let us consider first some of the greater practical results, and afterwards the minor improvements in practice, together with the wonders and precision of medical science not yet applied.

The attempt to estimate the successes of medicine on the grand scale, is met at the outset by a source of fallacy which cannot well be eliminated. Medicine has certainly a share, and it may be a very large share, in the general lengthening of life, in the decrease of pain and suffering, and in the increase of working power; but other influences, besides the thought and endeavour of the medical profession, have helped to bring about those results. A brief consideration of malarial fever (including simple ague and the more deadly tropical forms), of the causes that have made it less common at home, and more amenable to treatment everywhere, and of the views entertained about it, will serve to show how various are the forces that make

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for improved well-being, and how chequered the medical record has been. No single cause of premature death, of life-long misery, and of loss of working power, has ever equalled malaria. To revert once more to Descartes, there is some reason to think that it was from personal experience of the ague, and the hepatic derangements consequent on it, that the philosopher got his profound conviction of ill-health being the greatest of all hindrances to the wisdom and capability of the individual. There can, at least, be hardly any question that malaria is, and always has been, the largest single element in the miseries of mankind. Fortunately malarial fever has almost disappeared from Great Britain, and it has hardly existed in some of our colonies, particularly the Australasian; it has decreased considerably in many parts of Northern Europe and the United States. Again, there is a drug, cinchona bark, with its products, which has a great power over the course of the fever. The cultivation of the cinchona-tree is now a great industry both in the Eastern and Western hemispheres, and whatever quinine or other products of the bark can do for malarious sickness will be, at no distant time, a benefit that may be shared by all but the very poorest and the races least accessible to civilization. Lastly, the symptoms, course, and complications, of the intermittent and remittent fevers which malaria causes, are known with all the precision that can be wished. What share, then, has medicine had in dealing with this destroyer of human happiness in the past, and what is the attitude of medicine towards malaria at present?

The almost total extinction of malaria at home, and its decrease abroad, have been brought about in the ordinary course of draining and cultivating the soil, and by a wise attention to the planting or conservation of trees. There is a characteristic passage at the end of Kingsley's novel 'Hereward,' in which he commemorates his hero as the first of the new English 'who, by the inspiration of God, began to drain the fens.' The draining of the fens, and all such achievements throughout the world, have brought better health with them, but neither the doctors nor even the sanitarians have been the primary moving forces. Again, the medicinal uses of cinchona bark were known first to the indigenous inhabitants of the Peruvian Andes, where the trees are native and where the ague is common; and it was the Jesuits who introduced it widely into Europe (1630) and the East. The story of the reception of this remedy by the medical profession has its unpleasant side. The arch-stupidities of the Paris faculty, who still live for the amusement of the world in Molière's comedies, opposed it with their united weight.

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Court physicians in other European capitals than Paris assailed it with abuse, and no one wrote more nonsense about it than Gideon Harvey, the physician of Charles II. The new remedy, apart from its merits, fell in with the views of the Paracelsists and disagreed with the views of the Galenists, and was recommended or condemned accordingly. Even the great Stahl, nearly a century after cinchona was first brought to Spain, would have none of it, and, in his servitude to his theories, he even went so far as to make use of Gideon Harvey's ignorant tirade against the drug by reprinting it in German. As late as 1729, an excellent physician of Breslau, Kanold, whose writings on epidemics are still valuable for their comprehensive grasp, declared in his last illness (a 'pernicious quartan') that he would sooner die than make use of a remedy which went so direct against his principles. The world, of course, gave little heed to these inane disputations; the value of cinchona was beyond the power of the faculty either to discover or to obscure. But, on behalf of the faculty, it remains to add that cinchona found powerful advocates within it from the first; and it will not surprise any one to be told that these were generally the men whom medical history, on other grounds as well, has extolled or at any rate saved from oblivion. Such were Sydenham and Morton in London, Albertini in Bologna, Peyer in Schaffhausen, and Werlhof in Hanover. The therapeutic position of cinchona was firmly established by Torti's treatise on the treatment of periodical fevers, published at Modena in 1709.

The next step in the relief of malarious sickness on the grand scale was the extraction of the alkaloid quinine from the cinchona bark. The powdered bark was not only very unpalatable, but it was cumbrous to carry and dispense, and, although the principle of the remedy remained the same, it has proved of infinitely greater service in the form of quinine, and in the form of the cheap alkaloidal mixture known in Bengal as 'quinetum.' The first extraction of an alkaloid was in the case of morphia, from opium, in 1805; the discoverer was an apothecary of Hameln, who was rewarded rather better than the celebrated piper of that town, for the French Academy of Sciences voted him 2000 francs. Quinine was discovered in 1820 by the French chemists, Pelletier and Caventou. The sciences and arts of botany and practical forestry, of chemistry and practical pharmacy, are now all concerned in the production of this most invaluable of remedies. The commerce of the world has taken cinchona in hand, and there are now plantations of the trees not unworthy to be named beside those of coffee and tea.

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The value of the crude bark imported into England alone in 1882 was nearly two millions sterling. The original and native cinchona region on the damp eastern slopes of the Andes in Peru is still a source of wealth, and a still greater source of wealth are the new plantations on the Andes in Bolivia. The Indian Government has successfully cultivated the bark on a large scale in the Nilghiri Hills in Madras, and more recently at Darjiling in the Himalayas; while a crowd of private planters have followed in the same enterprise in Coorg, Travancore, and Ceylon. The Dutch Government, who were the pioneers of cinchona cultivation, have found the climate and soil of Java well adapted for the species and varieties of trees most rich in quinine. Jamaica is the latest field to which this new and ever-increasing industry has extended.

How does quinine control, modify, or cut short an attack of ague? This is a question with which the commerce of the world cannot grapple, but only the medical profession; and the truth requires it to be said, that the medical profession knows little of the *modus operandi* of quinine in ague. Sydenham, two hundred years ago, laid down the two great rules for the administration of bark: to give it after the first paroxysm and in the subsequent intervals, and to continue its use as a precaution against the recurrence of the fever. Little remained to be added to these practical indications; they were empirical, indeed—and they are empirical still. The profession is not even sure whether quinine acts by breaking the recurrent habit of ague (as an anti-periodic), or otherwise. There are also the most conflicting statements as to whether the taking of quinine will ward off the attack of ague in passing through a malarious locality; there are a good many reasons for believing that quinine has no preventive or anticipatory action against the first onset of a remittent or intermittent fever, but the professional advice will probably be that quinine taken as a preventive can at least do no harm.

But it is when we leave the sphere of empirical experience, and enter the physiological and pathological workshops of the profession, that we realize most acutely how great is the disproportion, in this matter of malaria, between the opportunities of medicine and its achievements. Take, for example, the following sufficiently eclectic statement on the physiological actions of quinine:—

‘Quinia,  $C_{20}H_{24}N_2O_{23}$ , one of the alkaloids of Cinchona, in small doses accelerates the heart’s action in the warm-blooded animal; in moderate doses it slows it; and in large doses it may arrest it, and cause convulsions and death. Research shows that its action is essentially



tially upon the central nervous system. It destroys all microscopic animal organisms, apparently killing vibrios, bacteria, and amebæ; but it seems to be without action on humble organisms belonging to the vegetable kingdom. It arrests the movements of all kinds of protoplasm, including those of the colourless corpuscles of the blood. It arrests fermentive processes which depend on the presence of animal or vegetable organisms, but it does not interfere with the action of digestive fluids.'—Quain's 'Dictionary of Medicine,' p. 35.

There is here something for everybody; and if we now go to the pathological workshop, we shall discover the beautiful adaptation of these varied actions of quinine to the various opinions that are entertained of the malarious fevers over which the drug has so powerful an influence. Is malarial fever a fermentive process, depending on the presence of animal or vegetable organisms? then quinine arrests such processes. Is malarial fever caused by a profound disturbance of the nervous mechanism which regulates the animal heat? then the action of quinine is 'essentially upon the central nervous system.' Nothing could be more accommodating, and nothing more unsatisfactory.

The theoretical notions about malaria form an instructive page of medical history. Until about 1823 it was always thought to be associated with marshes and swamps, but in that year Dr. William Fergusson brought to England numerous proofs that it occurred abundantly in elevated and rocky regions. Such evidences have gone on accumulating, and it is now well known that malaria has no necessary connection with the marsh. But the profession is still profoundly impressed with the belief that malaria is an actual or material poisonous substance. To Homer it was the arrows of Apollo in anger, to the medieval folk-lore it was the mischief of elves and sprites; and if scientific medicine does not now permit us to personify the malaria, it teaches us at least to materialize it. Although the fevers which malaria produces are quite unlike the fevers that are contagious or communicable, the present scientific guides of the profession are resolved to find a material virus or poison as the cause of them. The malarial poison was sought for, in the early days of chemistry, among the various gases of the marsh, but the chemical search proved fruitless. When the microscope came in, the miasm was diligently looked for in the soil of malarious localities, and in the vapours overhanging them. From 1849 to the present year, some twenty different vegetable organisms or their spores, of very various degrees of complexity, have been described each in its turn as the malarious miasm and as the specific cause of remittent and intermittent fevers; and

and the quest for a material substance assumed to be the cause of malarial fever is regarded with much favour in the best scientific circles. Meanwhile a body of opinion, which takes due account of all the manifold associated circumstances of malaria throughout the world, has been forming, and yearly growing in volume, that there is no malarious miasm at all; that 'malaria,' indeed, is a profound disorganization of the nervous mechanism that presides over the temperature of the body; and that this upsetting of the heat-regulating centre is likely to happen when the body has been exposed during the day to extreme solar heat and to fatigue, and exposed at sundown and in the night to the tropical or sub-tropical chill, which will be severe in proportion to the rapid cooling of the ground and the amount of vapour condensed in the lowest stratum of the air. There is no more beautiful mechanism in nature than that which keeps man's internal heat always about  $98^{\circ}$  day and night, summer and winter, in the arctic regions or in the tropics; but even that most wonderful of all self-adapting pieces of mechanism, if it be taxed too much, as by extremes of day and night temperature, will get out of gear; and a fever, still retaining something of the diurnal periodicity, will be the result. No one can read the powerful criticism\* of Surgeon-Major Oldham, of the Indian Medical Service, without discovering this rational explanation of malaria to have the best of the facts and the best of the logic on its side.

The decision of this point of theory one way or another has the most momentous issues, not so much for the treatment of malarious fever as for its prevention. It is, in short, a question, on the one hand, of common prudence in warm countries, more often moist than arid, and more often level than mountainous, against exposure of the body to the direct action of the sun's rays and to the nightly chill that follows; or, on the other hand, of a fatalist doctrine of vegetable spores or organisms of the lowest grade making ceaseless war upon mankind. The world has a way of finding out the truth by its experiences on the large scale. It settled the inane theoretical objections to the value of cinchona bark, and it will probably form its own opinion on the relative merits of the vegetable-spore theory of malaria and the theory of exposure and climatic vicissitudes. It will be a regrettable circumstance if in this matter the profession has to follow public opinion instead of leading it.

Another instance on the grand scale, in which other than professional influences have had to do with the prevention of disease

\* 'What is Malaria? and Why is it most intense in Hot Climates?' London, 1871, 8vo. pp. 186.

and the mitigation of suffering, is the sickness of camps and campaigns. The historian of the Napoleonic wars has many threads to weave into his narrative, and the thread of sickness is apt to show perhaps less conspicuously than its importance deserves. But the historian of medicine and of epidemic diseases supplies his omissions; and it is indeed a ghastly narrative that he gives. The horrors of typhus and dysentery in the Russian campaign of 1812, and in such sieges as that of Torgau in the year following, are beyond all description. Nothing in the modern world, for which the will of an individual can be held accountable, ever came so near to realizing the monstrous imagination of Macbeth:—

‘ Though the treasure  
Of Nature’s germens tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken—’

Of the army numbering half a million that crossed the Vistula in the spring of 1812, only some bands of stragglers found their way back, without arms, their clothes in rags, and spreading typhus as they went. The third army corps, commanded by Ney, was 43,000 strong when it set out, and when it re-entered Poland, all that remained of it was a ragged group of some twenty persons surrounding the Marshal. One of these was the surgeon De Kerckhove, who afterwards wrote the medical history of the campaign. In Vilna, out of a total of 30,000 French prisoners, 25,000 died of typhus, and the disease carried off 8000 of the poor Jews living in the town. In the hospital of St. Ignatius an eye-witness is said to have seen one of the wards filled three times over with fifty typhus patients, and three times emptied of fifty dead bodies.

As a contrast to these unmitigated horrors, let us take the proportions of sickness and mortality among the German troops in the Franco-German war. The Germans crossed the Rhine in the summer and autumn of 1870 to the number of 913,967. Of these there perished, from one cause or another, 44,890; including 17,572 who were killed in battle, 10,710 who died in hospital of their wounds, and 12,253 who died of sickness and pestilence. The relatively small amount of sickness in the campaign is referred to with just pride by Professor Virchow, in an address\* from which we take the figures, and which we shall notice further. It will be better appreciated by comparing the figures for the Crimean War and for the American Civil War. In the former the French lost in all 95,615 men; of these only 10,240 fell

\* Reprinted in his ‘*Gesammelte Abhandlungen aus dem Gebiete der Oeffentlichen Medicin und der Seuchenlehre.*’ 2 vols., Berlin, 1879; II. p. 170.

before the enemy, about the same number died of their wounds, and the enormous residue of 75,000 fell victims to camp sickness and pestilence. In the American Civil War it is estimated that 97,000 deaths occurred in battle or subsequently from wounds received, and that 184,000 died of sickness. 'What immeasurable suffering and pain!' exclaims Virchow. 'What a sea of blood and tears is contained in these figures! How much, too, of defective practice, of prejudice, of erroneous opinion!' The lesson of these calamities, he shows, was not thrown away upon the citizens of the United States; their gigantic medical history of the war has been a mine of scientific information and of practical experience for the military surgery and hygiene of later times. When the Germans entered on the war with France, says Professor Virchow, they had the well-digested experience of two recent campaigns of their own; they had also the inestimable experiences of the Americans, and, finally, they had German science—'wir hatten die deutsche Wissenschaft.'

Here, then, we appear to come upon a tangible result of science in diminishing sickness in war; and, if we follow the Professor in his remarks immediately following these words, we shall see what he means by German science. The address from that point onwards is devoted to an exposition of the part played by minute parasitic organisms in producing, and more especially in intensifying, the various forms of camp sickness. But an impartial judgment obliges one to say that this interesting and varied field of knowledge belongs for the most part to Sir James Paget's second category of 'the wonders and precision of the science not yet applied.' The real utilities that led to so much amelioration in the condition of the troops in that war lie in another direction; and Professor Virchow himself shall be our guide in discovering them, in writings of his of four years' earlier date. Inspired no less by a high patriotism and a humane feeling than by a life-long scientific enthusiasm, the Professor took an active part in caring for the welfare of his countrymen in the field. He drew up a brief code of rules for personal hygiene, of which some two hundred thousand copies were distributed. They were issued, it appears, rather late in the day, and when the pressure of events made it difficult to give much heed to them; and Professor Virchow did not himself attribute much success to them. But they prove, none the less, the idea that animated his practical endeavours. It was simply to arouse the spirit of 'self-help against sickness;' and he relied for the success of his plan on the intelligence and education that were unusually well represented among all ranks of the German army. The rules were brief, with a few pointed details;

they were carefully compiled from the works of our countrymen Pringle and Monro, and the German Baldinger—all belonging to the pre-scientific era—and from Mr. Francis Galton's entirely unprofessional 'Art of Travel.' They related to moderation in drinking while heated, to the filtering of water, to the choice of beverages, to the danger of unripe fruit and mouldy bread, to the value of potatoes, to cooking in camp, to cleanliness of the person, to the care of the feet, and, above all, to the avoidance of the various causes of chill. Several very sarcastic letters were sent from the army to Berlin concerning these rules. They were evidently drawn up, it was said, by some one seated comfortably at home behind the stove. 'What was the use of advising that the water should be filtered, when there were no filters? They would certainly prefer sound beer, not too new, to other alcoholic beverages; but where was the beer? Dry stockings and flannel against chill, and a clean shirt at decent intervals, they would all welcome; but their sapient adviser had better then send his washerwoman from Berlin along with his counsel, or did he suppose that they carried the military clothing depot on their backs? Any cow-herd can preach, and so could I. Hearty greetings and our warmest thanks for your instructions.' But although there must have been cases in which the hygienic advice seemed a mockery, the Red Cross Societies did more to supply necessities and comforts than had ever been done in any former war. Between two and three million pounds sterling—some estimates make it less—were collected in Germany and expended on commodities of all kinds, including medicines and surgical appliances, and this service was administered by a small army of volunteer non-combatants.

In trying to arrive at the real causes of the relatively small mortality from sickness among the German troops, it is clear that we must take account of other than strictly medical services. And in the medical service itself, the greater efficiency is only in part due to advances in the subject-matter of medicine and surgery. Every war-office in Europe now finds it necessary to give a more influential position to the Army Medical Department than in former times; although the recent campaign in Egypt has proved that the status of the medical officers is not yet free from anomalies. Centuries of experience have at length made it clear that, where the sword slays its thousands, pestilence slays its ten thousands. There was sanitary wisdom enough in Sir John Pringle's time, but there was not the same disposition among combatant officers to listen to it. The growth of humane sentiment has probably made any repetition  
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of Napoleon's Russian campaign impossible, for the present at least. But if we can imagine the same reckless sacrifice of humanity to military considerations repeated, would modern medical science have the more power to prevent or mitigate the sickness incidental to it? We may be sure that if hunger and cold, misery and despair, should ever again have the same opportunity, there will be the same cohort of fevers in their train. Typhus patients would not, indeed, be bled; but the rational treatment of typhus would depend upon the abundance of stores other than drugs, and upon the most ample hospital accommodation. If the state of affairs at Vilna in 1812 were to recur in the present state of medical science, the chief practical difference would be that the surgeon would withhold his lancet.

It will appear from these two examples, of malarial sickness and the diseases of a campaign, that modern progress on the grand scale has been in the direction of preventive medicine; and that in preventive medicine various elements, both professional and unprofessional, are concerned. One more example, involving both malarial and camp sickness, may be briefly stated. The mean annual death-rate among British troops in India has fallen within twenty years from 69 per 1000 to 17·62 per 1000. 'Were there no other result than this,' says Sir Joseph Fayrer,\* 'it is a triumph such as has been achieved by no other department of knowledge.' During the same period, the annual death-rate among the British troops at home and in the Mediterranean garrisons has fallen from 17·9 to 8·56 per 1000. The credit for these inestimable benefits has to be apportioned to various agencies. We have to recognize the better position accorded to the Army Medical Department, the admirable efficiency of the Army Medical School at Netley, and above all, the beneficent influence of an individual—the late Professor Parkes, of that school—who has disseminated the fertile ideas of preventive medicine by means of many enthusiastic and attached pupils, and by means of his great work on 'Practical Hygiene.'

All such results, on the grand scale, which can be correctly appraised in figures, are part of the progress of medical science, but they are not strictly or exclusively an affair of medicine. On its own strict lines, medicine can indeed point to many modern improvements of great value; but those successes are more difficult to estimate, and they do not present themselves to our notice on the grand scale. So long as the old opprobria

\* Presidential Address at the Epidemiological Society, November 5th, 1879. Surgeon-General De Renzy has lately argued that the improvement has not been at all so great as these figures show.

of the medical art remain, the cancers and consumptions and loathsome infections, it cannot be said that the strictly professional triumphs of medicine have been of the first order. The successes of modern medicine on its own strict lines are numerous and important, and in the aggregate they represent a large increase of well-being and of working power. No one would wish to extenuate them, or to detract from the spirit and intelligence of the medical profession because they are not greater. But if the sum total of disease be kept in view, and a sense of proportion fairly and candidly observed, it will be difficult to claim for the medical and surgical science of the present time any greater practical successes than of the second order. As regards promise for the not distant future, it may be permissible to use more liberal words: it must needs be that great ideas, of practical value, are even now being forged, amidst the din of scientific labours ten times more systematic and more varied than the world has ever before seen.

It is the unanimous opinion of those who have lived through forty years or more of medical practice, that a great and beneficial change has taken place in the art of recognizing, treating, and preventing disease. No one was able to give a more balanced and temperate judgment on this matter than the late Dr. Parkes; and he has put his deliberate judgment on record. In an address delivered in London in 1873, he set himself to trace the progress of medicine (excluding surgery), as estimated by the test of utility, during the forty years covered by his own recollections. He spoke of the 'wonderful change' in the diagnosis and prognosis of fevers, in the ability to discriminate one kind of fever from another, and to foresee and provide for the successive stages and events in any given case. But there were especially two discoveries that stood 'high above all that followed; nor is it likely that equal advances will be made in this century.' What then are those two discoveries which, in the deliberate opinion of Dr. Parkes, are the measure of our nineteenth-century progress in practical medicine? The one is the application of the stethoscope to detect the condition of the heart and lungs, and the other is the use of the urinary test-tube and chemicals, to find out certain irregularities in the structure and function of the kidney, which are of the utmost significance for the state of the system generally. Both of these additions to the means of diagnosis belong to the first or second quarters of the century; they were coming into general use when Dr. Parkes began his studies; and, in looking back over the forty years from his student-days, he could think of no improvements more valuable than those. Not only so, but in looking forward from the point of view of



1873, he did not anticipate that there would be any single step forward equally great during the rest of the century. The estimate, both retrospective and prospective, may be thought too modest, but it cannot be doubted that this sagacious observer has indicated the two salient medical discoveries of the age. Every doctor carries a stethoscope with him, and every doctor has a small stand of test-tubes, a spirit lamp, and two or three phials of chemicals, on a shelf in his consulting-room or surgery. Except in those two matters, the equipment of one practitioner differs from that of another. 'Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus,' is a good indication of the value of a discovery.

But if the stethoscope and the test-tube stand for the two chief medical discoveries of the time, they are still only two out of many useful improvements in practice of the same kind. Laennec and his contemporaries were early in the field, and they reaped the first harvest. But it was the changed point of view in medicine towards the seats and causes of disease—the anatomical direction given to practice by Morgagni, and the physiological direction given to it by Bichat—that made precision of diagnosis possible, as we shall see presently; and that memorable change in medicine has been followed by an immense scientific activity in all its departments. Again, the modern progress of medical science and practice has been greatly dependent on facilities which are in themselves more technical or mechanical than scientific in the scholarly sense. Chloroform, the ophthalmoscope, cheap and handy microscopes; the laryngoscope, improved cutlery, new disinfectants, neat and elegant pharmacy, and a hundred other things, have been added successively to the resources of the practitioner, until the face of practical medicine and surgery has been entirely changed. The practitioner of to-day, conscious of his abundant mechanical privileges and of the inventive skill at his command, is apt to look down as from a lofty height upon the practice of an earlier generation. The history of the science, however, makes it abundantly clear, that the superiority has lain in all ages more with the powerful head than with the dexterous fingers, and that philosophical grasp is the quality that mankind not only most admires, but also finds most useful in the long run.

Although it is not unfair to ascribe much that is dominant in contemporary medical and surgical practice to the abundant technical facilities with which we are surrounded, rather than to an intellectual revival, in the strict sense of the term; yet the same mechanical opportunities have given an important impetus to all branches of physiological, pathological and therapeutical research,

research, the results of which are for the most part included in Sir James Paget's category of 'the wonders and precision of the science not yet applied.' In turning to consider the progress of medicine in many points hardly of the first order of importance, it is impossible to keep what has been achieved in practice separate from the promise not yet realized. The quality of precision, more especially, pervades the whole of modern medicine, whether we regard its science or its practice, and gives to it its distinctively nineteenth-century character. A convenient embodiment and reflex of these characteristics is provided for us in the newly-published '*Dictionary of Medicine*,' the title of which stands at the head of this article.

This work, which has engaged the editorial labours of Dr. Quain for several years, is a single octavo volume of some eighteen hundred pages. No dictionary of medicine so compendious, and at the same time so authoritative, has yet appeared in any language. One hundred and sixty writers contribute an immense number of articles, varying in length from a column or less to thirty pages. Each contributor 'volunteered or was invited to write on a subject with which he was specially familiar'; and the list of authors is as representative of the best literature of the profession in England, Ireland, and Scotland, as any that could have been framed. If the name of a distinguished authority is missed here and there, this is only the inevitable result of there being other, and sometimes younger men, equally qualified and more conveniently situated for the particular purpose. Dr. Quain's editorial resources have been, indeed, of the amplest kind; he has marshalled an array of professional talent, which is not only creditable to the position of the editor among his colleagues, but creditable likewise to the profession as a whole. Those who know nothing of dictionary-editing will hardly appreciate the editorial labour that this work represents. A sense of proportion in assigning the space to the several subjects in a vast field of knowledge must be constantly and watchfully observed, along with a due consideration for the value of everything that a distinguished contributor would wish to write on his favourite theme. It is given only to a firm hand and a delicate tact to achieve success in such an enterprise; and the measure of Dr. Quain's success must be, on the one hand, the compact form and size of his *Dictionary*, and, on the other, the endless variety of the articles and the value of the signatures that they bear. An encyclopædic undertaking of this compass and quality brings to light both the wealth of our home resources in the particular learned profession, as well as the distinctively English

English characteristics of brevity and point. The new Dictionary of Medicine will take rank with the corresponding works in other departments of knowledge, for which the English press has acquired a certain distinction abroad; and it does not surprise one to hear that steps are being taken to have it translated into more than one continental language.

The work is primarily a Dictionary of Practical Medicine for the use of practitioners. It includes naturally all the diseases that come more particularly within the province of the physician as distinguished from that of the surgeon; but in the numerous articles on general pathology, general therapeutics, hygiene, medical jurisprudence, diseases peculiar to women and children, and subjects on the borderland of medicine and surgery, it includes all but the most technical parts of surgery also. It is therefore a work in which the general practitioner of medicine will find articles, in alphabetical order, on all the subjects that are likely to come under his notice in the course of his every-day work. The direct interest of it for the laity—the interest of the subject-matter, if not of the volume itself—is proved by the liberal allowance of space given to many matters that are a concern to all educated persons. Chief among the articles of this class are those on Nursing the Sick, and the Training of Nurses (Miss Nightingale), Administration of Hospitals, and Construction of Hospitals (Captain Douglas Galton), Public Health (the late Dr. Parkes), Vaccination (the late Dr. Seaton), Contagion (Mr. Simon), Personal Health (Dr. Southey), and Predisposition to Disease (Dr. W. B. Carpenter). Shorter signed articles of general interest are those on Diet, Climate, Health Resorts, Mineral Waters, Sea Air, Sea Baths, Sea Voyages, Sea Sickness, Baths, Douche, Hydrotherapeutics, Exercise, Fatigue, Effects of Extreme Cold and Extreme Heat, Sunstroke, Malaria, Periodicity in Disease, Epidemics, Plague, Quarantine, Disinfection, Mortality, Alcohol and Alcoholism, Criminal Irresponsibility, Civil Incapacity, and many more.

Many of the subjects of that class were, of course, ably handled by the older writers; and, more particularly, diet, climate, sea-voyages, and the like, were matters familiar to the contemporaries of Hippocrates and Galen. But there are not a few articles in this Dictionary of which even the headings would have been looked for in vain in a similar work as recently as fifty or sixty years ago. Anæsthetics, Ophthalmoscope, Laryngoscope, Microscope in Medicine, Clinical Thermometry, Physical Examination—how great an increase in the useful power of medicine and surgery do these new titles represent!

present! Addison's Disease, Lymphadenoma, Leucocythemia, Pernicious Anæmia, Myxœdema, Locomotor Ataxy, Pseudo-hypertrophic Muscular Paralysis, Diseases of the Spinal Cord, Pneumogastric Nerve, Sympathetic Nervous System,—how much is there here that is quite new and curious, and may one day be even useful! Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Malignant Pustule, Micrococci, Bacilli, Parasitic Skin Diseases, Chyluria, Thrombosis and Embolism, Fatty Degeneration—how much of progressive theory, better discrimination, and rational suggestion is contained in those! The headings, Antiseptic Treatment, and Diseases of the Ovaries, will call to mind a degree of success in formidable surgical undertakings which no previous generation has known. It would be an endless task, and much too technical, to enter into details about these numerous additions to the catalogue of diseases, to the stock of pathological ideas, and to the resources of treatment. The enumeration will serve to show that the alleged progress of medical science can be substantiated, if need be, by full particulars. It may be more generally interesting to give some account of the modern position of medical science,—of its precision, and of what its precision depends upon.

Medical practice in what may be called the pre-scientific era was by no means unsuccessful in its results; it was more successful indeed than we should be inclined to believe possible, when we think how much it wanted of that which seems to the present generation to be indispensable. One of the most remarkable things in medicine is the sufficiency of its empiricism. Hippocrates, in the following passage, once for all lays down the principle that should determine our judgment of an antecedent period of medicine:—

‘To reach the highest degree of precision is certainly difficult, owing to the indefiniteness that characterizes the subjects of our art. And yet many cases in medical practice demand such precision. But I am by no means of opinion that we should discard the medicine of former times as untenable or impracticable, because it is not always precise. For it is, *by reflection alone*, as I take it, that one can come near the truth; and it is indeed astonishing to what fine and valuable knowledge men have attained by that means, and by not trusting to casual suggestion.’—*De prisca medicina*, § 12.

But it is precisely ‘the indefiniteness characterizing the subjects of our art’ that modern medicine has to a great extent got rid of, so far at least as concerns diagnostics. In his estimate of forty years’ progress, from which we have already quoted, Dr. Parkes applied a strong expression to the *prisca medicina*; he spoke of the light which the discovery of renal and auscultatory signs had

had thrown upon the 'chaotic practice of earlier times.' It is only necessary to take a few familiar instances to see how chaotic the old practice must have been. Dropsy to an earlier generation was practically one generic thing, explained arbitrarily, and treated, not perhaps unsuccessfully, but still unintelligently. The practitioner of to-day distinguishes between dropsy from kidney disease, dropsy from heart disease, dropsy from liver disease, ovarian dropsy, and the dropsy of general debility, and he distinguishes mechanical dropsies from inflammatory exudations. Consumption was by them apt to be undetected, except in cases in which there was early hæmorrhage, until it was a consumption visible to every one: now a physician will often recognize the early physical signs of the malady; he will be able in any case to measure the amount of mischief done, and the precision of his diagnosis will often prove of great service in deciding on remedial measures. Apoplexy used to include a very vague form called 'serous apoplexy;' but we now know that such cases, which even Dr. Abercrombie placed among diseases of the brain, are for the most part due to the accumulation in the blood of those waste products which the kidney would have removed but for the failure of its function. Paralysis in the older writers stood for a much less complex group of maladies than at the present date, when we have arrived at an exceedingly minute subdivision of the morbid conditions of the brain and spinal cord. Jaundice, to a modern physician, has several possible causes, each with its appropriate indication for treatment; whereas in former times it was a symptom not intelligently discriminated. The various internal causes of failure of sight can often be precisely determined by means of the ophthalmoscope. Hoarseness, or total loss of voice, did not formerly suggest so many possible causes as it now does. The continued fevers were difficult to detect and distinguish specifically from each other, but now the thermometer, the value of which was known, indeed, long ago to Cleghorn and Currie, is an invaluable aid, within every one's reach, both to diagnosis and foresight. Measles was more or less confused with small-pox for centuries, and scarlet fever with measles. Erroneous opinions as to the way in which small-pox spread, continued, even within the profession, to the time of Boerhaave. In the veterinary profession, the nature of contagion was by no means generally understood until a comparatively recent period. The prevention and stamping-out of contagious sickness, in man or brute, is still a remote prospect, but it has only recently begun to be a prospect at all.

With all these disadvantages, the medicine of former times

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was not without profound intuitions and philosophical generalizations, which have entered into the very tissue of scientific medical doctrine. Hippocrates knew little or nothing of the exact anatomy, on which modern medicine takes its stand; Paracelsus, with characteristic violence, pronounced it a useless study; Sydenham troubled himself little about it; Boerhaave and Cullen derived no help from microscopic anatomy. But it would be a radical error not to recognize in these great observers an unequalled power of arriving at truths of scientific and practical value.\* The region of the 'infinitely little,' as M. Pasteur calls it, was indeed an unknown country to them; but they at least escaped the danger of having their mental horizon bounded by the tube of their microscope. We go back to the pre-microscopic time for the habitual application of philosophic grasp and broad principles, for 'the large utterance of the early gods.' With all that medicine has gained, it seems necessary to admit that it has lost something, for the moment at least, by attaining the scientific basis and by getting into the grooves of precision. If the practice of earlier times was 'chaotic,' it appears as if the setting in order of that chaos by the methods and appliances of technical science had entailed a good deal of intellectual confusion, uncertainty, and even what we may venture to call nihilism in practice. Many candid persons cannot but admit that medicine has lost somewhat as a creed and a rule of practice, whatever be its prospective gains. The infinite complexity of new facts, precisely weighed and measured, makes it difficult to arrive at generalizations on the grand scale and in the old manner. Furthermore, the excessive addiction to scientific technicalities cannot but seem to us sometimes to have its drawbacks and dangers; we shall probably reflect that the Chinese type of intellect and morals is its natural issue. The reply to all this is that such are the inevitable accompaniments of the scientific method, that the confusion is only temporary, and that a Chinese destiny may haply be prevented if we should learn how to reconcile originality with the academical qualities. The hopefulness of scientific medicine lies in the truth stated by Bacon nearly 200 years before medicine began to be strictly scientific: '*Quæ in naturâ fundata sunt, crescunt et augentur; quæ autem in opinione, variantur, non augentur.*'

\* Modern historical criticism has completely rehabilitated the character of Paracelsus. The work that has contributed most to restore his fame is an essay by Professor Marx, of Göttingen, '*Zur Würdigung des Theophrastus*,' 4to. 1842. It is interesting to us in England to note that Mr. Browning's profoundly analytical poem, in which he develops 'his own view of the character of Paracelsus,' bears the date of 1835.

It is usual to date the present scientific era of medicine from the publication of Morgagni's great work on 'Pathological Anatomy' (Venice, 1761). This work, said Professor Virchow in an Address delivered in St. James's Hall two years ago before the International Medical Congress, 'was the point of departure of a movement which in a few decades has changed the whole face of medical science.' All the precision of modern medicine, and more particularly the application to diagnosis of such instruments as the stethoscope, depends upon the working out of that anatomy of diseased organs in which Morgagni was the great pioneer. The anatomy of the body in disease was nearly two hundred years longer in being systematically taken up than the normal anatomy, which had been written once for all in its more obvious parts by Vesalius and Fallopius. Morgagni's success in describing the elementary morbid anatomy of the organs and parts was less complete than that of his great predecessors of the sixteenth century in the anatomical chair at Padua, in proportion as the anatomy of disease is much more complex than the anatomy of the body in health. But Morgagni was the first to realize on the grand scale (he was the second to attempt) that view of the connection between definite states of the organs and parts and definite sets of symptoms, which empirical medicine had discovered to exist in individual diseases. No one stated the anatomical basis of symptoms more clearly in general terms than the great English physician, Francis Glisson, who was Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge (practising in Norwich, and later in London) from 1636 to 1677; and Glisson himself showed in a special instance how the morbid anatomy ought to be worked out, by his treatise on rickets. After Morgagni's systematic and comprehensive work, pathological anatomy began to be a recognized subject in medical study and discipline, and there commenced that movement which, as Professor Virchow says, has changed the whole face of medical science. The symptoms of disordered health and of definite diseases, which used to be interpreted in a somewhat conventional way, came to be associated in the mind of the physician with certain ascertained morbid states of the organs and textures of the body. As Professor Charcot has well said: 'Symptoms were henceforth only the cry of the suffering organs.' Whenever a patient presented himself, it became the physician's first object to realize in his own mind, and for his guidance towards rational treatment, where the disease was seated. This localization of disease has, indeed, made wonderful progress in the present century; it has had the effect of relegating many vague and unsatisfactory judgments about 'the blood,'



blood,' 'the nerves,' and such like generalities, to a certain class of practitioners, who find the language of the older medicine more compatible with an ignorance of anatomy, and who find the public still willing to have their ill-health described in language which the profession has to a great extent outgrown. But even this most salutary change in the position of medicine has had its disadvantages. There do occur certain states of disease, which cannot be localized except by a mind of wide and philosophical grasp, and these are, perhaps, less correctly apprehended now-a-days, and less studied than they used to be in the earlier times, when symptoms were all in all. Although 'the blood' and 'the nerves' have been dethroned from their old pre-eminence, the most observant and most thoughtful practitioners cannot but invoke such generalities to explain maladies of a certain class. The article 'Symmetrical Diseases' in the 'Dictionary' already noticed, from Sir James Paget's pen, contains one resolute statement which no one will venture to call reactionary:—

'There thus appear to be among the symmetrical diseases some which may be ascribed to morbid states of blood, and some due to morbid states of nerve-force. But it is probable that in yet more, if not in all, both blood and nerve-force are at fault, the latter chiefly determining the localities, the former chiefly the method and obvious characters, of each disease. The phenomena of many of the diseases may be thus explained better than by referring them to only one disturbing force. There are, indeed, few diseases in which the respective shares taken by blood and by nerve-force in morbid processes can be better studied; few, from the study of which we may more justly hope to attain the means of reconciling the often antagonistic doctrines of a humoral and a neural pathology.'

With such just but limited reservations in favour of the ancient doctrine of the blood and the eighteenth-century doctrine of the nerves, each of which was thought to be all-sufficient in its day, modern medicine tends to locate disease within definite limits of the organs and textures. How the study of morbid anatomy came to be followed by precision of diagnosis has now to be briefly told.

In the very year (1761) that Morgagni brought out his work on 'The Seats and Causes of Disease,' Dr. Auenbrugger, one of the leading physicians of Vienna, attached to the Spanish Hospital, then the largest in the Austrian capital, published a small octavo volume of ninety-five pages, on a new way of detecting by signs the existence of deep-seated disease within the chest. His means of discovering the state of the thoracic organs was to elicit resonance by percussion of the walls of the chest

chest at various situations, using the bent finger as a hammer. This method presupposed, naturally, an accurate knowledge of where the various organs and their several parts were situated behind the ribs, and it presupposed also a certain acquaintance with their physical characters in health, and with the changes in form, consistence, and environment, most commonly met with after death from disease. The changes in the rarefied lung-substance were usually in the way of consolidation throughout more or less of its extent, often uniformly in the lower lobe, as in pneumonia, in the upper lobe often as a condensed surface-area covering an inner excavation, as in consumption; or there might be an extreme degree of rarefaction at the margins; or, again, a collection of fluid between the lung and the ribs. For the heart, enlargement either on one side or uniformly, displacement, accumulation of fluid about it, and dilatation of the main artery, were the more obvious conditions that dissection revealed. The whole area of the chest wall, corresponding to the pair of lungs (with allowances for the overlapping of abdominal organs), gives out in health a clear resonance on percussion, depending on the vesicular and air-filled structure underneath; if the clear sound should not be emitted, some less resonant condition of the parts at once suggests itself, either consolidation or fluid interposed. The heart, again, gives in health the resonance due to a practically solid substance, over a small triangular area somewhat to the left of the middle line, and bounded on each side by the clearer note of the lung. Any displacement of the area of dulness or encroachment of it upon the absolute area of resonance has accordingly to be interpreted by anatomical knowledge; the possibility of fluid collected about the heart, or of enlargement of the heart itself, and dilatation of the main artery, being severally kept in view.

Although Dr. Auenbrugger's '*Inventum Novum*' for detecting deep-seated disease during life was given to the world in the same year as Morgagni's work on '*The Seats and Causes of Disease*,' the sequel showed that the medical profession required some time to become familiar with the latter before it could appreciate the former. The Vienna physician spent eight years over his work, and took every pains to make it accurate by practising his method among the patients in the Spanish Hospital, but the book may be said to have fallen dead from the press, and fifty years later the work was certainly rare, if not altogether unknown. In 1808, Dr. Corvisart, of Paris, accidentally came upon a review of it in an old journal, and he at once translated the original work, with additions and comments from his

his own experience of percussion during twenty years. The fact that Corvisart had been practising Auenbrugger's discovery for a long time without knowing anything of the discoverer, probably means that the new method had become diffused to some extent among the pupils of the Vienna school and had been passed on to other cities.

The anatomy of diseased organs and parts had meanwhile come to be better known, in a great measure through the labours of John and William Hunter, and of their kinsman Matthew Baillie, whose treatise on morbid anatomy (with an Atlas) dates from 1793. But the practical utility of the study of morbid anatomy did not become generally obvious to the profession until after 1819, when Dr. Laennec, of Paris, published his treatise on exploring the state of the heart and lungs by still another 'new method.' His method was to listen for the sounds or murmurs due to the movement of the blood and the respired air, by applying the ear to the chest, not directly, but through the medium of a slender hollow cylinder about six inches long. This was the stethoscope, an instrument which has been an illustration of precision in everything but its own name; for while the termination 'scope' is used literally in microscope, spectroscope, ophthalmoscope, and the like, in stethoscope it is used only figuratively. Laennec related to one of his friends the story of his discovery. Walking through the court of the Louvre, he observed some children amusing themselves by holding a cylindrical piece of wood to the ear and scratching with a pin on the further end of it, whereby they produced a noise louder than the scratching of a pin produces under ordinary circumstances. Next morning, visiting his patients in the Hôpital Necker, he extemporized a hollow cylinder out of a roll of paper, and applied it over the heart of one of the patients. This was his first stethoscope, which he used for some time, afterwards superseding it by one made of cedar-wood. His treatise on mediate auscultation was published in 1819. After a short period of indifference, the method began to be warmly taken up, notably by Dr. John Forbes, and Dr. Stokes of Dublin, and in a thoroughly scientific spirit by Dr. C. J. B. Williams, who published his 'Rational Exposition of the physical signs of the Diseases of the Lungs and Pleura' in 1830, and other researches on the sounds of the heart and lungs in the years following, and who still lives to connect the generation of Laennec with the present. The title of Forbes's first work on the subject brings out the connection between morbid anatomy and physical exploration: 'Original Cases, &c., illustrating the Stethoscope and Percussion in the diagnosis of the Diseases

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of the Chest,' London, 1824. The original work by Laennec is still as valuable for its morbid anatomy as it is for its rules and illustrations of physical diagnosis; his name is indeed associated with the pathological doctrine of consumption, which, after various alterations of opinion, is again most widely accepted. He is said to have been a man of much sincerity and of a retiring disposition, combining a love of field sports and riding, with an addiction to flute-playing and the turning-lathe. He died in 1826 of consumption, at the age of forty-five, having seen his immortal work just entering on its second edition.

Laennec left little to be done in that particular field by those who came after him. Dr. Parkes is emphatic, not only in pointing to the discovery of Laennec as one of the two unsurpassed medical achievements of the century, but also in extolling the completeness or exhaustiveness of his treatise as it came from his own hands. Skill in physical diagnosis is now a common accomplishment; the generation which contained some practitioners unacquainted with the stethoscope and its lessons has died out. A cultivated ear for the sounds of the chest has become more and more the distinction of the well-trained physician of to-day, just as the cultivated sense of touch for the pulse at the wrist was a distinction in former times. There is indeed some reason to think that refinement in auscultation has sometimes been permitted to outrun the common knowledge of morbid anatomy, and even to transcend its facts. To take an example, a dilated state of the bronchial tubes has been discovered by means of the stethoscope much more often than it is known to exist as an anatomical condition. Physical diagnosis is dependent upon morbid anatomy for the general and conventional rules of interpretation; but there will always be a strong tendency to import a fanciful element into the interpretation of signs, unless the practitioner be also an observant and thoughtful pathologist. The anatomical basis of his method was illustrated in every page of Laennec's book, and in the works of Forbes and others immediately following: in short, the first auscultators began at the right end of the problem. But the present universal practice of auscultation, and the perception of its direct utility, has produced a certain type of practitioner, who essays the use of the stethoscope and cultivates his ear, without troubling himself much about the anatomical conditions upon which the sounds that he listens for depends. Separated from its rational basis of morbid anatomy, there is nothing essentially modern or advanced in auscultation even by a refined ear; under such circumstances, the signs elicited by physical diagnosis are merely invested with a con-

ventional value, just as the older class of symptoms used to be, before pathological anatomy and the study of diseased processes began. The intelligent use of percussion and the stethoscope implies a train of reasoning; the imagination of the physician is called upon to body forth the hidden anatomical condition and the changes going on within, and it will fail to do so unless there be an extensive and varied pathological experience at its service. Even the best pathologists are often at fault in the anatomical interpretation that they put upon physical signs; but those who do not cultivate a knowledge of pathological anatomy at all—the subject has been much neglected in the systematic curriculum of the London schools—are the mere slaves of convention. Even the impossible endoscope, and the long-promised but never perfected diaphanoscope, which was to reveal the organs of the body by a powerful light thrown upon its surface,—even such mechanical aids would not supersede the necessity for going back constantly to the trains of reasoning from which the methods of physical diagnosis derive their whole value. The conventionally-minded are a class that have existed in all ages, and it does not appear that even the age of science has quite succeeded in educating them out of their vicious habit.

‘How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,  
The body’s harmony, the beaming soul,  
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,  
When man’s whole frame is obvious to a flea.’

The accurate study and delineation of morbid conditions made great strides both in the Paris school and elsewhere, in the years following Laennec’s discovery. The Atlas of Dr. Cruveilhier was begun in 1829, that of Sir Robert Carswell followed in 1838, the exhaustive text-book of Professor Rokitansky of Vienna was issued from 1842 to 1846. The rational interpretation of symptoms by means of the anatomical knowledge of disease extended its range beyond the chest. The influence of a large acquaintance with morbid anatomy on skilful diagnosis in general was nowhere better illustrated than in the writings of Dr. Richard Bright, physician to Guy’s Hospital, in his ‘Reports of Medical Cases selected with a reference to Morbid Anatomy,’ 2 vols. 4to, with 16 plates, London, 1827–1831, and in his ‘Clinical Memoirs on Abdominal Tumours and Intumescence,’ which the New Sydenham Society collected into a volume in 1860. The discovery with which Bright’s name is more especially associated—the second of the two great medical discoveries of the century  
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in the estimation of Dr. Parkes—was effected by making use of a previously known chemical test for the urine, and by carefully noting those anatomical states of the kidney in which albuminous urine had occurred during life. The pathology of Bright's Disease has seen many developments since that large region of disease was first laid open; it has been the subject of a very characteristic series of latter-day refinements. An able observer and judicious critic, Professor Senator of Berlin, has lately reviewed the whole of this interesting chapter of scientific progress. Three conditions have at one time or another been emphasized: the state of the kidney structure (the epithelium in particular), the state of the blood, and the degree of pressure in the arterial circulation. The earlier writers dwelt upon the structural changes of the organ, and the state of the blood; the later writers have for the most part harped upon the single string of arterial blood pressure. The later enquiries have been by far the most technically elaborate; but the unfortunate fact remains, that those whose lot it is to live in the days of physiological machinery, have been found wanting in the sense of proportion, and in the sense for historical continuity.

The earliest form of localization, based upon such morbid anatomical conditions as were discoverable by the naked eye, has been left far behind by the truly marvellous extension of minute anatomy and of physiology in the last quarter of a century. A more fruitful idea even than the localization of disease has gradually introduced itself, or perhaps re-introduced itself, into theory and practice—the idea, namely, that disease and health are not antagonistic entities, but that disease is an aberration from the physiological path, or a perturbation of the normal processes of life. Coincidentally with this addition to or enlargement of the localization principle, morbid anatomy has extended its range to the study of pathological processes, just as anatomy has given rise to physiological anatomy, and the latter to physiology.

As Morgagni gave the impulse to precision of diagnosis, it was Dr. Bichat of Paris who was the pioneer of those physiological views of disease that are now the most precious possession, and the best hope of medicine. Professor Virchow has said that Morgagni's book '*On the Seats and Causes of Disease displayed by Anatomy*' was the starting-point of a movement which in a few decades changed the whole face of medicine; Professor Häser, the historian of medicine, has said that 'the founding of general anatomy by Bichat is the most important of the causes that have in our day led to an almost complete transformation of medicine; no step forward since the discovery

of the circulation of the blood has entailed consequences so great.' Bichat's work was the natural sequel to Morgagni's; he was born (in 1771) just twenty-five days before Morgagni died. Bichat was an ardent morbid anatomist; in a single winter at the Hôtel Dieu he made personally upwards of six hundred *post-mortem* examinations, or as many as Morgagni records in his whole work; and there was a short period when he lived practically in the dead-house. He survived less than two years of that kind of work, dying at the age of thirty-one of a malignant attack of putrid fever. The fine bronze statue in the court of the École de Médecine is the evidence of posterity's appreciation of this youthful enthusiast. Bichat's habit of close inspection and philosophical generalization—he made hardly any use of the microscope, and in fact underrated it—carried him beyond Morgagni's point of view in searching for the seats of disease. He resolved the organs and parts of the body into their component textures. He described especially the membranes—the mucous membranes, the serous membranes (of the joints in particular), and the fibrous layers; and he further generalized upon the cartilaginous textures, the glandular, and the like. For him the seats of disease were not so much precisely located in the several organs and regions, as in the several tissues; the same tissue might be in several organs, and the tissue was liable to the same kind of morbid changes concurrently in all the organs into which it entered; symptoms were referable in the last resort to morbid changes in the tissues; the 'sympathies' of a disease depended less upon the functional relation of organs one to another, than upon the common distribution of tissues. Underlying these views of the life of the tissues, were his very decided opinions about life as a whole. Bichat's memorable aphorism was: '*La vie est l'ensemble des fonctions qui résistent à la mort.*' Dead matter, he held, was the affair of molecular physics; living matter was *sui generis*. There was a certain spontaneity in living substances or textures, the *vis insita* of muscle as foreshadowed by Haller, and the *nisus formativus* of development as foreshadowed by Blumenbach; and beyond that spontaneity analysis could not carry us. Bichat's so-called vitalism is now judged by many physiologists to have been short-sighted. But as late as half a century after his death, it appeared, for a time at least, to have been fully warranted, when the discovery was made that the cell was the unit of things with life, as the molecule was the unit of things without life. The cellular composition of living things is still the convenient resting-place of biology. In the processes of disease we are even more frequently reminded of  
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the cellular conditions to which life is made subject. At the lowest estimate, the vitalism of Bichat has the value which logic assigns to an empirical generalization.

The cellular doctrine of life and diseased life, which has been the great and fruitful idea of modern medicine, remained hidden until certain technical, rather than intellectual, improvements were effected; and, in that respect, the discovery of the cellular structure of the body is a good example of all modern physiological discovery. It was the combination of crown and flint-glass in the lenses of microscopes, introduced by the English optician Dollond, about the middle of last century, that prepared the way for the modern addiction to microscopic research. The present era of cheap and handy, but powerful compound microscopes, dates from 1824, when the Paris optician Charles Chevalier began to construct object-glasses with several lenses. Paris was for many years the great market of microscopes intended for other than amateur uses. English and German students, who went there forty or fifty years ago for hospital practice, brought a Paris microscope back with them, and the microscope began to be used in practical medicine, just as it now is, as a means of diagnosis, and without much reference to the high cellular doctrines which were coming into vogue. The parasitic fungi concerned in some skin diseases were among the first objects of microscopic examination by practitioners. More important, perhaps, for pathological doctrine, although still independent of the cellular theory, was the study of degenerations, a subject which still forms the first chapter of microscopic pathology. One of the most signal successes of that kind was the clear elucidation of the nature of 'fatty degeneration,' especially of muscle, and the discrimination of it from the excessive formation of physiological fat between the fibres. This discovery, which was of much practical importance in so far as it connected the treatment of a certain form of heart disease with imperfect nutrition of the organ, was a direct result of the introduction of the modern working practitioner's microscope, and it fell mainly to the lot of Dr. Quain, the editor of the 'Dictionary' under review, to settle the matter once for all in a Memoir communicated to the Medical and Chirurgical Society some thirty-five years ago. The English profession took a most creditable share in applying the new method to physiology; among the notable results being the various microscopic labours of Mr. Bowman, which date as far back as 1842, of Mr. Wharton Jones, of Dr. Carpenter, and of the late Professor Goodsir of Edinburgh.

The general statement of the cell-doctrine, by the lately deceased

deceased Schwann, was published in 1839, and its general application to the processes of disease was made by Professor Virchow, in a course of lectures delivered before an audience of Berlin medical practitioners in 1858. These lectures were published the same year under the title of 'Cellular Pathology, based upon a Physiological and Pathological knowledge of the Tissues,' and had an immense success. The enunciation of the cellular pathology was the signal for a great outburst of microscopic activity. The new facts, new technicalities, and in a measure also the new ideas, that have been published during the past five-and-twenty years, would take longer to tell than the corresponding work of whole centuries before. Much of this activity has been in the way of collecting bricks and mortar for future building; recent medical science, especially microscopic, has been chiefly objective. Any intellectual grasp of all the facts discovered has been somewhat ostentatiously disclaimed by contemporary workers, and left over to a future day. But there are already signs that the inevitable reaction towards rampant and crude speculation has again set in.

The notion that disease is after all only a perturbed form of life, a deviation from the beaten path of health, is, in its detailed applications, almost necessarily bound up for us with the cellular view of the structure of the body. The physiological analogies of diseased processes are one of the leading themes of the cellular pathology. 'No function different from the physiological,' says Virchow, 'resides in any element of the body, even amidst the greatest pathological disturbances.' But the physiological medicine is older than the cellular pathology; it is in a sense as old as Hippocrates. And although this is a somewhat antiquarian point, it is full of interest to consider in what sense the Greeks understood the meaning of φύσις or 'nature' and the connection of nature with disease. *Νούσων φύσις ιητροί*—'Nature herself finds out the way to cure our diseases'—is one of the Hippocratic sayings. It was especially in acute diseases, such as fevers and pestilence, that the healing power of nature was manifested; the fever itself was the healing effort of nature, an effort to get rid of a hypothetical noxious material from the blood and humours. The more chronic the disease, or the less urgent the symptoms, the less was any effort of nature predicated. Sydenham held precisely the same view of the *vis medicatrix naturæ*. The acute diseases, especially the fevers and pestilences, filled a large place in the medicine of the ancients, who had a true sense of proportion, and in that of Sydenham, who was a just-minded man of the classical type.

When the physiological medicine came formally on the scene in

in modern times, under the tutelage of Dr. Broussais, fevers were again exalted to considerable prominence; at all events there was no attempt made to exclude them from the rational scheme of disease. Broussais was a son of the Revolution—his father perished in it—and he brought a truly revolutionary spirit into medical theory. Even typhus and typhoid fevers and cholera, according to him, were but forms of local inflammation (gastro-enteritis). The rationalism of Dr. Broussais, enforced by his enormous vigour and eloquence, proved for a time an irresistible attraction in the Paris school. At the outset of his career, the students used to assemble in crowds for his lecture hours before the time, so that all the other arrangements of the school were thrown into confusion. The enthusiasm gradually abated—the system was based on too narrow a conception of physiological processes—and in his later years, Dr. Broussais was to be found lecturing to a small and casual audience on phrenology, a subject which he resorted to in a vain endeavour to maintain the popularity that was dear to him. It is noteworthy that this first attempt at a physiological scheme of medicine was met by the opposition of Laennec and all the other Parisians who worked upon a basis of accurate pathological anatomy.

The second attempt at physiological medicine may be most conveniently, and perhaps also most justly, referred to the year 1842, and to the University of Tübingen. It left entirely out of account the fevers and all diseases of the infective kind, which had helped to shipwreck the scheme of Broussais, and it applies, therefore, to the smaller and easier half of disease only; but for the ordinary functional and structural maladies it enunciated with great force and clearness, and with a fine enthusiasm, those rational or physiological views, which now pass current everywhere within the medical profession, and largely among the laity. These views were, of course, in the air; but the publication of the new '*Archiv für die physiologische Heilkunde*,' in 1842, by Drs. Wunderlich, Griesinger, and others, was the formal means taken to express them. They claimed to make medicine an exact science, and pointed out its dependence at every step upon a comprehensive and accurate physiology. The earlier numbers of the '*Archives of Physiological Medicine*' contained numerous vigorous criticisms, recalling the manner of Dr. John Forbes in the '*British and Foreign Review*.' The Programme of medicine was represented to be physiological, but not in the too easy manner of Broussais; the harvest of physiological research was, in their view, a long way off. After several years the word 'physiological' was dropped from

from the title, and the journal ceased altogether in 1876. Physiology was started on its own legs, so to speak, by the textbook of Johannes Müller; it had already been enriched by Sir Charles Bell's discovery of the sensory and motor function of the spinal nerves, and it was soon enriched by the brilliant researches of Dr. Marshall Hall on reflex action, and of Dr. Claude Bernard on an unsuspected function of the liver, on animal heat, and many other subjects. Although the master-minds in physiology are probably not more numerous now than they were in those early days, yet the number of those who aspire to distinction in physiological research is legion.

The 'Archiv für die physiologische Heilkunde' was followed in 1847 by Professor Virchow's well-known 'Archives of Pathological Anatomy and Clinical Medicine.' When the small group at Tübingen launched their venture in 1842, Virchow was still a student at Berlin, the pupil of Johannes Müller in physiology and pathology, and an assistant in the 'Latin clinic' of the remarkable Schönlein; five years later he was himself a leader in medical science, with a Programme not indeed antagonistic to that of the physiological medicine, but still different from it. The distinctive character of Virchow's 'Archiv' is sufficiently expressed in its title; it was at once anatomical and precise in its methods and practical in its objects, and its combination of precision and practicality has kept it always a true representative organ of the progress of medical science. In its ninety volumes we may follow with closeness the various developments that scientific medicine has undergone in a generation, the enlarged area of research, the new methods, the limited interest of technicalities *per se*, the endless charm of the old but ever fresh philosophical problems of life and disease. Few men have exemplified, as Virchow has done, the skill to mediate between the old and the new—the scholar's appreciation of the artless manner of the ancients, joined to a high sense of the value of methodical inductive science. Standing, as it were, between the dead and the living, he has restrained the overweening confidence of those who are privileged to work with microscopes and physiological machines; and if he has not always indoctrinated his immediate pupils with his own sense of depth and proportion, his diffusive influence has been powerful and salutary.

The physiological view of disease (fevers and infective diseases being omitted) is well expressed in the article 'Treatment of Disease' by the editor of the 'Dictionary,' which has given occasion to our remarks.

'Bearing

' Bearing in mind that disease is a deviation from health in the functions or component materials of the body, it must be remembered that there is in organized bodies a tendency to maintain their healthy function and structure, and in case of disease or injury to recur to it. This is especially manifest in the lower types of animals, which when mutilated are capable of resuming more or less completely their original form, to the extent even of the restoration of parts that have been lost. In man and the higher animals this power of complete restoration is confined to the elementary cells and least complex structures of which the body consists; the more complex tissues are not reproduced, nor are lost parts restored. There is, however, in man, as in all organized beings, a tendency to rectify deviations from health, and to restore the organization to its normal condition. To remove or subdue the causes of disease, and to aid this restorative power in the establishment of healthy function and structure, is for the cure of diseases the most philosophical indication that can be adopted. But our knowledge of disease and of remedial agents is not sufficient to enable us always to carry out these principles.'

This philosophical indication is the inspiring idea of all useful and honest practice. With the intelligent co-operation of the laity, it is calculated to discredit nostrums and the exercise of occult skill, and to banish entirely that sordid element which has been apt to obtrude itself into the practice of a noble calling. The blessings of the physiological idea are far from being completely realized. On the one hand, the public must learn the true aims and opportunities of medicine; and on the other hand, the rank and file of the medical profession must learn them. Towards the former end many influences have been working, and one is almost entitled to exclaim, 'O doctors, be great, for the people are becoming great.' Nothing is more hopeful for the future than the spectacle of the spirit and power which have never been wanting in the body of English practitioners. The readjustment of medical education and examination on a liberal basis, uniform for the whole country, and therewith the closing of side doors, if not back doors, into the profession, is the most urgent need—long demanded, and now, at length, likely to be granted. There have hitherto been too many opportunities of 'spoiling the market,' both in the granting of diplomas and in the daily business of medicine. The character and ability which the profession has shown, as a whole, have been depreciated by the downward competition which the tolerance of the State has made possible. Nothing can ever divest medicine of its great opportunities, of its inherent power to call forth the pleasures and virtues of novelty, utility, and charity. But if these are the inalienable rights of medicine, there is also something peculiarly exacting in its duties.

ART.

ART. III.—*The Real Lord Byron: New Views of the Poet's Life.* By John Cordy Jeaffreson, Author of 'A Book about the Clergy,' 'A Book about Doctors,' 'A Book about Lawyers,' &c. &c. 2 vols. London, 1883.

PRIOR to the appearance of the work before us, we were under an impression that the world, especially the literary world, had definitively made up their minds about Lord Byron: that they fully recognized his genius and were disposed to make ample allowance for his faults. We fancied that his reputation had risen proudly superior to the passing clouds which veiled its brightness: that we had heard the last of the Beecher Stowe calumny and the spiteful detraction of Leigh Hunt: that any further defence or apology was superfluous: that the view taken of the noble poet's character in the best-accredited biographies might be confidently accepted as sound and true upon the whole. We are now assured that we have been all along under a complete delusion, in a fool's paradise, on this matter. According to Mr. Jeaffreson, with the exception of the select few who, like him, have evolved or constructed a Byron for themselves, 'the man is still almost as little known to the students of his poetry as he was to the people who, on the eve of his withdrawal from England, frowned at him in London drawing-rooms or murmured against him in the London streets. After all that has been written about him, readers have still to learn the qualities of his temper, the real failings of his nature, the peculiarities of his manner, and even the most conspicuous points of his personal appearance.'

Taking advantage of the prevailing ignorance, sundry ill-conditioned writers have succeeded in popularizing an image or conception of him, which is little better than a caricature; and foremost amongst the worst offenders in this line is Thomas Moore, whose 'Life, Letters, and Journals of Lord Byron' should be at once consigned to the flames, if a tithe of the charges now brought against him could be substantiated. So much turns on the merits and alleged demerits of this 'Life,' that we are tempted to quote the deliberate judgment formed of it by the most brilliant, and not the most indulgent, critic of the age:

'We have read this book with the greatest pleasure. Considered merely as a composition, it deserves to be classed among the best specimens of English prose which our age has produced. It contains, indeed, no single passage equal to two or three which we could select from the 'Life of Sheridan.' But, as a whole, it is immeasurably superior to that work. The style is agreeable, clear, and manly, and when

when it rises into eloquence, rises without effort or ostentation. Nor is the matter inferior to the manner. It would be difficult to name a book which exhibits more kindness, fairness, and modesty. It has evidently been written, not for the purpose of showing, which, however, it often shows, how well the author can write, but for the purpose of vindicating, as far as truth will permit, the memory of a celebrated man who can no longer vindicate himself. Mr. Moore never thrusts himself between Lord Byron and the public. With the strongest temptations to egotism, he has said no more about himself than the subject absolutely required. . . . It is impossible, on a general survey, to deny that the task has been executed with great judgment and great humanity.\*

Such, in Lord Macaulay's opinion, is the book which is now to be set aside as 'an execrably poor book,'—to be superseded (after being largely laid under contribution) by one, the bare title of which is a gratuitous assertion of superiority, with a touch of charlatanism. Strange to say, the author's startling pretensions have been admitted without challenge by an influential portion of the press, although there is nothing in or about his book to give them the semblance of plausibility. There is no preface or introduction. It is nowhere stated in so many words that he has had access to any peculiar sources of information. The only authorities he cites for the most important statements are what he describes as sealed-up papers which he has never seen and nobody is likely to see till the conclusion of the century. If occasionally he manages to throw doubt upon a received opinion, it is by dint of a fertile fancy, a vivacious flashy flow of language, and an imposing tone of confidence which dispenses with or makes light of facts. His 'New Views of the Poet's Life,' when they happen to be true, will be found on close examination to be marvellously like the old.

The mode of operating is decidedly unfavourable to the subject, who is taken to pieces and put together again so clumsily that every limb looks out of joint. Mr. Jeaffreson is like a bad picture-cleaner, who smears and defaces the portrait he has undertaken to restore. He dresses up a figure in ill-fitting unbecoming habiliments, and then takes credit for removing them; or he leaves them as they are, and dilates on their bad taste. The assailants and calumniators, the 'literary charlatans' as he calls them, with whom he wages war, resemble Tom Thumb's giants—'he made the giants first and then he killed them.' When a slander is killed already, this self-chosen champion of the poet's honour resuscitates it with a flourish of

\* Macaulay's 'Works,' vol. v. p. 388.



trumpets and kills it over again. If it is dead and buried, he rakes it up. In some passages we are reminded of the rhetorician who, at the conclusion of a laboured defence of Hercules, was asked which of the company had said anything against Hercules: in others, of Sir Peter Teazle's request to Mrs. Candour, 'When I tell you that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you will not undertake her defence.' Examples of these several modes of treatment will be given as we proceed.

If there was one thing more familiarly known and better understood than another about Lord Byron, it was his habit of self-accusation, his wish to be thought the original of some of his worst-conducted heroes of romance. In his Diary for March 10, 1814, he sets down:—

'Hobhouse told me an odd report,—that *I* am the actual Conrad, the veritable Corsair, and that part of my travels are supposed to have passed in piracy. Um!—people sometimes hit near the truth; but never the whole truth. H. don't know what I was about the year after he left the Levant; nor does any one—nor—nor—nor—however, it is a lie—but, "I doubt the equivocation of the fiend that lies like truth!"'

Dr. Elze says, 'He loved to speak continually of his faults, to exaggerate some, to charge himself falsely with others, and to hint at some secret crime which he feigned to have committed.' He was, as some one has excellently said, '*le fanfaron de ses vices.*' What some one excellently said was that he was '*le fanfaron des vices, qu'il n'avoit pas;*' or, according to another reading, '*des crimes dont il n'étoit pas capable.*' 'It seems,' says Moore, 'as if, with the power of painting fierce and gloomy personages, he had also the ambition to be himself the dark "sublime he drew," and that, in his fondness for the delineation of heroic crime, he endeavoured to fancy, where he could not find, in his own character, fit subjects for his pencil.' This was the tone uniformly taken by all who knew and wrote about him. People no more believed, or were taught to believe, that he had been a pirate, or had committed the murder dimly shadowed out in '*Lara*,' or was haunted by the memory of some terrible crime, like '*Manfred*,' than they were misled by the strange hallucination of George IV., when he called on the Duke of Wellington to bear witness that he (the King) had led the grand charge of cavalry at Waterloo. Yet Mr. Jeaffreson starts by telling us:—

'They [the public] have been taught to regard him as a man of mysteries, tortured by remorse for crimes too terrible for confession and

and guarding secrets too revolting for avowal; whilst in simple truth he went through life from first to last with his heart and all its frailties upon his sleeve, and lived from boyhood to his last hour under glass, that, whilst it magnified all his faults, put all his virtues in miniature. With all his perverse and baneful delight in mystifying people about trifles, this man of mystery could not, to save his life, or what was far dearer to him—his fame,—hold within his own breast a single secret that vexed it seriously. Inspired at times by vanity to make himself the enigma of his period, even in his most perplexing moods he was nothing more than a riddle to be solved by any one of ordinary shrewdness with a brain clear of romantic fancies.'

Why, then, was this riddle, so easy of solution, left to be solved by Mr. Jeaffreson? He continues:—

'What marvellous stuff has been written of the stern and cruel spirit of the misanthrope, who with the sensibility and impulsiveness of the gentler sex could not in his softer moments see misery without weeping over it and seeking to relieve it! Who has not been invited to ponder on the habitual melancholy of the man, who in his brighter time brimmed over with frolic, and even in the sadness of his closing years made the world ring with laughter, and delighted in practical jokes? Who has not heard of his gloomy brow, black locks, dark eyes, and club foot?'

The obvious retort is, Who *has* heard of them? In the flattering portrait of him by Moore, it is stated that his eyes were light grey: that 'the glossy dark-brown curls, clustering over his head, gave the finish to its beauty:' and that, as regards the malformation of the foot, 'it would be difficult to conceive a defect of this kind less obtruding itself as a deformity.' The result of Mr. Jeaffreson's enquiries and comparison of authorities is that both feet were more or less affected, although the right had suffered most from maltreatment:—

'It is therefore manifest that Byron's lameness was of a kind far more afflicting to the body and vexations to the spirits than the lameness of such an ordinary club-foot as disfigured Sir Walter Scott. With a club-foot to plant firmly on the ground, Byron could have taken all the bodily exercise needful for the natural correction of his morbid tendency to fatten. He would have moved about awkwardly, and to the derision of his least generous playmates; but he would not have been debarred from participation in all of their manlier sports. Instead of musing or moping for hours together on the famous tombstone, he would have distinguished himself in the Harrow playing-grounds at cricket and even at leap-bar. A few years later, instead of standing sadly in the corners of London ball-rooms, eyeing enviously the young men whirling round with fair partners, he would have fatigued himself in the gallopade and delighted in the waltz, which he affected to abhor, as unfit alike for men and women.'

Not

Not having the club-foot which would have enabled him to whirl round with fair partners in the waltz or 'gallopade,' Lord Byron was certainly ill-qualified to shine in a ball-room; but the exercises in which he delighted and excelled afford ample proof that Moore's description comes much nearer the truth than Mr. Jeaffreson's. Commenting on his supposed likeness to Rousseau, Lord Byron writes: 'He could never ride, nor swim, nor "was cunning of fence;" I am an excellent swimmer, a decent, though not at all a dashing, rider, (having staved in a rib at eighteen, in the course of scampering,) and was sufficient of fence, particularly of the Highland broadsword,—not a bad boxer, when I could keep my temper, which was difficult, but which I strove to do ever since I knocked down Mr. Purling, and put his knee-pan out (with the gloves on), in Angelo's and Jackson's rooms in 1806, during the sparring,—and I was, besides, a very fair cricketer,—one of the Harrow eleven, when we played against Eton in 1805.'

In February, 1812, he writes to a young friend: 'As an Etonian, you will look down upon a Harrow man; but I never, even in my boyish days, disputed your superiority, which I once experienced in a cricket match, where I had the honour of making one of the eleven, who were beaten to their hearts' content by your college in *one innings*.'

Mr. Jeaffreson sneers at this as an idle boast and, referring to biographers who, like Moore and Dr. Elze, believe that Lord Byron really did compete in manly games and athletic contests with his schoolfellows, the author of the 'Real Lord Byron' remarks:—

'There is something pathetic in the commendations thus poured on the poor boy whose lameness debarred him from even participating in some of the games of his comrades. The passages of the poet's journals that speak of his "cricketing," and the line of the "Hours of Idleness" that refers to "cricket's manly toil" as though he had himself "joined in" it with pleasure, are mere "bits of bounce," to be read betwixt laughter and tears, and ticketed together with the similar passages relating to the poet's pedestrian exploits.\*

It was and is the common belief that Lord Byron was proud of his birth and rank, and that he was not devoid of the weakness betrayed by Congreve, who, when Voltaire called on him as a man of letters, told his distinguished visitor that he wished to be visited as a gentleman. This belief, stated in the most exaggerated form, is attributed by Mr. Jeaffreson to the tuft-hunting spirit of readers, misled by tuft-hunting biographers:—

\* According to the best surgical authorities, Lord Byron's was technically a case of club-foot. See the 'Lancet' of June 2, 1883.

'One of the *fictions* is that, valuing himself inordinately on his birth, he was less proud of the genius that gave us 'Childe Harold' and 'Don Juan,' than of the accidents that made him a Lord of the Upper House. Due in some measure to the biographers who, like Leigh Hunt and Tom Moore, could never lose sight of his patrician quality, this misconception of a nature, innocent of all such miserable weakness, is referable chiefly and in an equal degree to the simplicity and obsequiousness of the many readers, who would have honoured him for being an insignificant peer, even if they had not revered him for being a great poet.'

Not content with treating Lord Byron's pride of birth, notorious as the sun at noonday, as a fiction, Mr. Jeaffreson contends that it was utterly incompatible with his way of life and choice of associates:—

'Though they were gentlemen by birth, culture, taste, and purpose, Hobhouse, Hodgson, Scrope Davies, Charles Skinner Matthews, and the other members of his particular set at Trinity, were not the persons to whom he would have attached himself, had he rated his descent at more than its proper worth. The pleasant terms on which he lived during his Cambridge vacations with the Bechers, the Pigots, and the other modest gentry of a small provincial town, are evidence that the youthful peer was not so largely animated by a sense of his patrician magnificence, as some of his biographers would have us believe. In later time this aristocrat with all his overweening arrogance took for his peculiar intimate the son of a Dublin tradesman.'

From the unassuming account given by this son of a Dublin tradesman of the growth of their intimacy, it would not be collected that there was any condescension on the one side or any undue deference on the other. Mr. Jeaffreson, however, insists that Moore, the familiar associate of the Hollands, the Jerseys, the Cowpers, and the Greys, could never shake off the feeling of social inequality with his noble friend, and was prone to the last to sin against the conventionalities of Mayfair:—

'Tom Moore certainly "noble lords" and "noble friends" him through six rather tedious volumes, in a fashion that to readers of the present day is not a little laughable and offensive. But in fairness to the biographer it should be remembered that what offends us in this matter was less due to the writer's idolatry of rank than to the etiquette of the period in which he figured as a man of fashion, and first warbler of aristocratic drawing-rooms. In the first twenty years of the present century, when rank was honoured at least verbally in a degree not easily imagined in these last twenty years of the same epoch, it was the mode of our grandfathers to seize every occasion to remind lords of their nobility. The Irish ballad-writer was not singular in this respect. Himself the heir of an ancient and dignified family, and a man whose way of living and thinking had altogether

altogether disqualified him for courtly service, Shelley—absolutely devoid of respect for mere conventional nobility—was no less careful to give Byron his title in the written page, and like the author of 'Lalla Rookh' refers to him in letters as his "noble friend." Had the author of 'The Cenci' employed himself at Pisa in writing six small octavo volumes about his "noble friend's" life and adventures, the performance would have contained almost as many "lords" and "noble lords" and "my noble friends" as may be counted in Moore's occasionally dishonest pages.

Then if so, why should what was quite proper and natural in the well-born Shelley be attributed to sycophancy in the low-born 'Irish ballad-writer'?—that is, assuming that he does 'noble lord' and 'noble friend' the poet in a laughable and offensive manner, which we deny. Far more offensive to our minds is Mr. Jeaffreson's habit of writing about 'Tom Moore,' 'Sam Rogers,' 'Tom Medwin,' and 'Augusta,' (why not 'Bella'?) as if the writer had been a familiar member of their society. The bad taste of the epithets applied to Moore is too obvious to require comment.

It is a curious characteristic of this book, that what is confidently maintained in one place is frequently contradicted or materially qualified in another. Thus, close upon the argument to show that Lord Byron attached no extraordinary importance to his rank, we come upon a statement that 'this wholesome pride in his domestic annals peeps forth now and then in all his writings, from his earliest boyish verses to his last dying song.' Two aspects of a topic are not enough for Mr. Jeaffreson: he must fain try a third. After distinctly asserting that 'the sentiment (pride of birth) in him was not a peculiar and distinguishing characteristic,' and then stating that it permeated the whole of his writings, Mr. Jeaffreson devotes an entire chapter to proving that Lord Byron had little to be proud of in the way of ancestry after all. Granted in 1643 as a reward for gallant conduct in the field, the Byron peerage was 'only' one hundred and fifty-six years old when it devolved on the poet; and more than three hundred years since the Byron pedigree (like that of the Norman Kings of England at its source) was 'tainted with the defilement of bastardy.' The son of Sir John the Little, the first possessor of Newstead under a grant from Henry VIII., was not born in wedlock, and the consciousness of this fact, we are told, should and would have checked the complacency with which his descendant was wont to recur to his Norman blood. Attention is called to this hitch in the pedigree because 'so much arrant nonsense has been written about the poet and his forefathers by literary charlatans,'

charlatans,' who have been speculating to what extent his genius is to be referred to his Norman extraction, and 'it is well for readers to be assured how little countenance is lent to such fanciful theories by the history of his progenitors:—

'Till Byron's genius broke suddenly upon the world, and captivated it almost in a single hour, no one ever thought of looking to his peculiar people for any signal exhibition of intellectual power. In the whole peerage no family appeared less likely to produce a poet who would make a new period in the history of English literature. Not that the family was exceptionally wanting in refinement and taste. On the contrary, from Charles the Second's restoration the Newstead Byrons had taken an interest in letters and the fine arts.'

As usual, one-half of this passage is in opposition to the other. Why, if the family was not exceptionally wanting in refinement and taste, was it less likely than any other to produce the poet? No other noble family, with the exception of the Spensers,\* has produced a great poet; and the distinction, it would seem, is not an enviable one. The conjunction of genius with nobility is fatal to a race:—

'The poet killed the family of which he was abundantly proud. There is still a Lord Byron; for generations to come there will doubtless be gentlemen and gentlewomen of the name figuring in the peerage, and playing minor parts on the social stage: but for all practical purposes the family perished, territorially and historically, with the man who made it famous.'

One of Mr. Jeaffreson's claims to originality rests on the view he takes of the poet's early loves. The earliest of these was the fancy or passion of which he speaks in a diary written in 1813. 'I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl, at an age' (eight) 'when I could neither feel passion, nor know the meaning of the word. And the effect! My mother used always to rally me about this childish amour; and, at last, many years after, when I was sixteen, she told me one day, "Oh, Byron, I have had a letter from Edinburgh, from Miss Abercromby, and your old sweetheart Mary Duff is married to a Mr. Co." And what was my answer? I really cannot explain or account for my feelings at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions, and

\* Nor less praiseworthy are the ladies three,  
The honour of that noble familie  
Of which I meanest boast myself to be.'

SPENSER, *Colin Clout.*

'I exhort them to consider the 'Fairy Queen' as the most precious jewel of their coronet.'—*Gibbon.*

alarmed my mother so much, that after I grew better she generally avoided the subject—to *me*—and contented herself with telling it to all her acquaintance.'

Instances of similar precocity in men of genius are by no means rare. Dante, so we learn from the '*Vita Nuova*,' was only nine years old when he first saw the 'glorious lady,' who, he says 'from that time forth held sovereign empire over my soul.' Alfieri, who had been a lover at the same age, considers such early sensibility to be an unerring sign of a soul formed for the fine arts. Canova used to say that he perfectly well remembered having been in love when but five years old; and Kotzebue states in his *Autobiography* that he was but seven when he fell in love with a lady, who afterwards became his aunt.

Another of Lord Byron's boyish passions is thus described in his *Diary*: 'My first dash into poetry was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker (daughter and grand-daughter of the two Admirals Parker), one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verses, but it would be difficult for me to forget her—her dark eyes—her long eye-lashes—her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve—she rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards, in consequence of a fall, which injured her spine, and induced consumption. . . . I knew nothing of her illness, being at Harrow and in the country, till she was gone. Some years afterwards I made an attempt at an elegy—a very dull one.' We shall presently have occasion to refer to it.

'It was in the year 1803,' says Moore, 'that his heart, already twice, as we have seen, possessed with the childish notion that it loved, conceived an attachment which—young as he was, even then, for such a feeling—sunk so deep into his mind as to give a colour to all his future life.' Newstead Abbey was then let to Lord Grey de Ruthyn, and Mrs. Byron was living in lodgings at Nottingham; but Lord Byron, during his Harrow vacations, was a constant guest both at Newstead and Annesley, at each of which houses he had a bed. He was in daily intercourse with the heiress of Annesley, two years older than himself—a fatal disparity, which was painfully brought home to him by over-hearing (or being told of) her saying to her maid, 'Do you think I could care anything for that lame boy?' This speech, he says, went like a shot through his heart. Though late at night when he heard it, he instantly darted out of the house, and, scarcely knowing whither he ran, never stopped till he found himself at Newstead. Goethe was similarly affected on hearing, at the same age, that his first love, the Gretchen of '*Faust*,'



'Faust,' had spoken of him as a child whom she had never regarded otherwise than as a younger brother.

Whatever hopes Lord Byron may have cherished still, were crushed by Miss Chaworth's engagement to Mr. Musters, who, it was announced, was to take her family name. Her youthful admirer's parting address to her on leaving Annesley for Harrow in the autumn of 1804 was: 'The next time I see you I suppose you will be Mrs. Chaworth?' 'I hope so,' was the reply. The marriage took place in the following year, and Moore states distinctly that a person who was present when the first intelligence of the event was communicated to Lord Byron, thus describes the manner in which it was received: 'His mother said, "Byron, I have some news for you."—"Well, what is it?"—"Take out your handkerchief first, for you will want it."—"Nonsense!"—"Take out your handkerchief, I say." He did so, to humour her. "Miss Chaworth is married." An expression very peculiar, impossible to describe, passed over his pale face, and he hurried his handkerchief into his pocket, saying, with an affected air of coldness and nonchalance, "Is that all?"—"Why, I expected you would have been plunged in grief."—He made no reply, and soon began to talk about something else.'

There is nothing improbable in this story; but Mr. Jeaffreson, after asking whether it is credible that a mother could have behaved so cruelly to her son—a mother who seldom missed an opportunity of fretting him—or that he could have been so affected by the announcement of an anticipated event, indignantly exclaims:—

'In the name of whatever little common sense may be found in this mad world, outside lunatic asylums, is it conceivable that under all these circumstances Byron can have first heard of the wedding in the alleged manner? The whole story is nothing more than a clumsy reproduction (with variations) of the story of the way in which Byron was suddenly informed of Mary Duff's marriage,—which took place in the year before Miss Chaworth's marriage. Either the narrator who was present at the scene "mixed the two Maries," so as to substitute the wrong one for the right one: or Moore was himself the maker of the mistake. It is quite conceivable that Moore muddled the story, which "the narrator" told correctly.'

The first time Lord Byron met Mrs. Chaworth after her marriage was at Annesley, where he dined shortly before his departure from England. He commemorates the interview in the well-known verses beginning 'Well—thou art happy.' According to his own account, he stood the trial tolerably well; but when her little daughter was brought into the room,

he gave an involuntary start, and suppressed his emotion with difficulty :—

‘ When late I saw thy favourite child,  
I thought my jealous heart would break ;  
But when the unconscious infant smiled,  
I kiss’d it for its mother’s sake.’

The verses ‘To a Lady on being asked my Reason for quitting England in the Spring,’ breathe the same feeling, which is heightened to intensity in : ‘Farewell! if ever fondest Prayer.’ In the verses ‘To a Lady’ of a later date, he brings a direct accusation of broken vows :—

‘ Oh! had my fate been join’d with thine,  
As once this pledge appear’d a token,  
These follies had not then been mine,  
For then my peace had not been broken.  
To thee these early faults I owe,  
To thee, the wise and old reproving :  
They know my sins, but do not know  
’Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.’

In his Diary of 1822 he gives a more prosaic account of the kind of encouragement he received. ‘Our meetings were stolen ones, and a gate leading from Mr. Chaworth’s grounds to those of my mother was the place of our interviews. But the ardour was all on my side. I was serious; she was volatile: she liked me as a younger brother, and treated and laughed at me as a boy; she, however, gave me her picture, and that was something to make verse upon. Had I married her, perhaps the whole tenour of my life would have been different.’

Amongst the ‘Stanzas to \* \* \* On Leaving England,’ we find :—

‘ I’ve tried another’s fetters, too,  
With charms, perchance, as fair to view;  
And I would fain have loved as well,  
But some unconquerable spell  
Forbade my bleeding breast to own  
A kindred care for aught but one.’

He tried the fetters of many others before his return. There were the Admiral’s daughter at Cadiz, who fastened on his imagination at the Opera, and his fair hostess at Seville, to whom he made love with the help of a dictionary, and ‘went on prosperously both as a linguist and a lover,’ till she took a fancy to a ring, and quarrelled with him for declining to transfer it from his own finger to hers. ‘Soon after this I sailed for Malta, and there parted with both my heart and ring.’

Their

Their new possessor was Mrs. Spencer Smith, the Florence of 'Childe Harold':—

'Sweet Florence! could another ever share  
This wayward loveless heart, it would be thine,  
But check'd by every tie, I may not dare  
To cast a worthless offering at the shrine,  
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.'

When fancy succeeds fancy, as the light clouds follow each other across the sky, it would be rash to say that any one of them exercised an enduring influence on conduct or character. Lord Byron might have taken for his motto: 'Je change d'objet, mais la passion reste;' but the one feeling which survives the storms of passion, and is constantly rising to the surface as they calm down, is that associated with the memory of Mary Chaworth. Thus, in the 'Epistle to a Friend,' Oct. 11, 1811, he is still reverting to his blighted hopes and the parting scene at Annesley:—

And I have acted well my part,  
And made my cheek belie my heart,  
Return'd the freezing glance she gave,  
Yet felt the while *that* woman's slave;—  
Have kiss'd, as if without design,  
The babe which ought to have been mine,  
And show'd, alas! in each caress  
Time had not made me love the less.'

Another striking example of the extent to which his mind was haunted by the same image is 'The Dream.' Yet Mr. Jeaffreson insists that the impression left by Mary Chaworth was faint and transitory in comparison with that which he retained of Margaret Parker; and we are asked to believe that his whole life was coloured by a childish passion for a girl who died when he was a schoolboy of thirteen: that, above all, she was the original of Thyrsa, to whom five of the Occasional Poems are addressed. This, too, in the teeth of his own avowal that she inspired only a very dull elegy, and of the palpable fact that he was less affected by her death than by Mary Duff's marriage. The coincidences on which Mr. Jeaffreson relies are light as dust in the balance when weighed against the internal evidence of the elegy and the Occasional Poems. The elegy, written when he was fourteen and published in 'Hours of Idleness,' begins:—

'Hush'd are the winds, and still the evening gloom,  
Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the grove,  
While I return, to view my Margaret's tomb,  
And scatter flowers on the dust I love.'

From

From the verses to Thyrsa it appears that her lover shrank from asking where she was buried, and trembled at the bare thought of gazing on her grave:—

‘Without a stone to mark the spot,  
And say, what Truth might well have said,  
By all, save one, perchance forgot,  
Ah! wherefore art thou lowly laid?’

And again in another poem:—

‘I will not ask where thou liest low,  
Nor gaze upon the spot;  
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,  
So I behold them not.’

Still more decisive is the fourth stanza of ‘One more Struggle<sup>1</sup> and I am Free,’ suggested by the story of the two lovers who agreed to gaze upon the moon at a given hour of the evening:—

‘On many a lone and lovely night  
It soothed to gaze upon the sky;  
For then I deem’d the heavenly light  
Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:  
And oft I thought at Cynthia’s noon,  
When sailing o’er the Ægean wave,  
“Now Thyrsa gazes on that moon—”  
Alas, it gleam’d upon her grave!’

Thyrsa, therefore, was living when he left England in 1809, seven years after the death of Margaret Parker. The first of the five poems on her death is dated Oct. 11, 1811, and in a letter of the same date he writes to Mr. Dallas: ‘I have been again shocked with a death, and have lost one very dear to me in happier times: but “I have almost forgot the taste of grief,” and “supped full of horrors,” till I have become callous; nor have I a tear left for an event which, five years ago, would have bowed my head to the earth.’

We have followed Mr. Jeaffreson in departing from the chronological order of events. After discussing the Thyrsa question, he takes us to Cambridge, where ‘Lord Byron of Trinity’ went into residence in October 1805. Here, we are told, he had a small circle of particular friends, whom he would never have conciliated so studiously and drawn so closely to his heart had he valued men chiefly for their hereditary distinctions:—

‘Let it not be inferred from what appears on a former page that, in associating himself so closely with the five other members of his particular “Trinity set,” the young peer can be credited with any sort of condescension, or that it could possibly have entered into the head of any one of those five gentlemen to think of himself, even for a moment,

a moment, as being honoured by the peer's regard, *because he was a peer.*'

Surely this might have been taken for granted when it is remembered that the 'set' included Charles Skinner Matthews, William Bankes, Hodgson, Scrope Davies, Robert Milnes (father of Lord Houghton), and Hobhouse (Lord Broughton), 'who, after holding firmly to his fellow-traveller through good report and evil report, stood forth the vindicator of his memory when twice ten years had passed over the poet's grave.' We are not aware to what particular vindication Mr. Jeaffreson alludes, but, according to him, it has been left lamentably incomplete:—

'Eighteen long years hence,—eighteen long years, during which so many of those who are now living will have gone from this life,—the world will have under its eye the book which will afford *the proofs*, that Byron's college friend was more than justified in saying what he said well nigh forty years since, in the poet's defence against the charges preferred against him in the House of Lords by the Bishop of London. If eighteen long years were no more than eighteen short months, *this book would not have been written*. But why should hundreds of thousands of people during the next eighteen years be required to live and die *under false, hideous, and depraving notions of what is possible in Christian human nature in this nineteenth century*,—and all because the evidence, left by Lord Broughton for a happier century, is withheld from them? The time must, however, be waited out; people in the meanwhile comforting themselves as they best can with Lord Broughton's assurance that, though "Lord Byron had failings—many failings certainly, he was untainted with the baser vices; and his virtues, his good qualities, were all of the higher order."

So evidence is still wanting to clear Lord Byron's memory from the most revolting charges brought against him; evidence which has been of set purpose withheld, till it will be next to valueless, by the professed guardian of his fame! It is difficult to imagine a statement more dishonouring to both, but fortunately it can be shown to have not the semblance of foundation, beyond the fact that Lord Broughton left some boxes of papers under seal, not to be opened till thirty years after his death. These are in the British Museum. The Byron Papers, kept perfectly distinct in separate boxes and unsealed, are in the possession of Lord Broughton's eldest daughter and representative, Lady Dorchester, with full power to dispose of them as she may think fit. He also left five volumes of *Memoirs* (printed in 1865), in which he speaks of his inclination to reply to 'Remarks,' touching the 'Separation,' published by Lady Byron in 1830. 'I consulted friends,

friends, and amongst them Lord Holland, who strongly recommended silence, and did not scruple to say that the lady would be more annoyed if she were left unnoticed than if, whether wrong or right, she had to figure in a controversy. I was far from wishing to annoy at all: my sole wish was to do my duty by my friend, and I hope I have done that sufficiently by leaving behind me, to be used if necessary, a full and scrupulously accurate account of the transaction in question. I shall content myself here with asserting that it was not fear on the part of Lord Byron, that persuaded him to separate from his wife. On the contrary, he was quite ready to "go into court," as they call it.'

This account is also in the possession of Lady Dorchester. Its purport is well known. It substantially confirms the account given by Moore. It distinctly alleges that Lord Byron refused to sign the deed of separation till all the current scandals were disclaimed, whether emanating from Lady Byron or not; and that they were one and all disclaimed in her name by Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Wilmot Horton. Now what are we to think of a writer who, obviously knowing nothing of the essential documents or facts, takes upon himself to assert that Lord Broughton adopted the most unjustifiable course that could be adopted, and that Lord Byron's memory lies under the most revolting stigma for want of proofs, deliberately withheld by the most trusted of his friends?\*

In a passage immediately preceding we are told that Lord Broughton was by no means blind to the serious nature of some of his friend's failings. 'He often had occasion to observe, and took occasion to deplore, the selfishness, which he regarded as the dark blot and doleful blemish of the poet's character.' This is contrary to the impression of all Lord Broughton's surviving relatives and friends who ever heard him talk of Lord Byron, of whom he writes: 'He was honourable and open in all his dealings, he was generous and he was kind. He was affected by the distress, and (rarer still) he was pleased with the prosperity of others.' How is this to be reconciled with selfishness, which implies disregard of the feelings of

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\* Although there are no sealed-up Byron papers, there is in the British Museum an open collection of Byron correspondence, including letters from Captain and Mrs. Byron, Lord and Lady Byron, Mrs. Leigh, Lord Broughton, Dr. Lushington, Mr. Wilmot Horton, the Rev. Frederic Robertson, &c. &c. Mr. Jeaffreson has largely used, without naming or specifying them; and owing to the entire omission of references, he has been unduly credited (so far as this correspondence is concerned) with peculiar sources of information not accessible to others. He has received no assistance from the Byron or Leigh family.

others?

others? 'Warm and helpful sympathy with the distress of others,' says Dr. Elze, 'accompanied him through life.' 'Misfortune,' says Lady Blessington, 'was sacred in his eyes, and seemed to be the last link of the chain which connected him with his fellow-men.' A striking instance of his impulsive generosity is given by Harness: 'At a time when Coleridge was in great embarrassment, Rogers, when calling on Byron, chanced to mention it. He immediately went to his writing-desk and brought back a cheque for a hundred pounds, and insisted on its being forwarded to Coleridge.' 'I did not like taking it,' said Rogers, who told me the story, 'for I knew that he was in want of it himself.' Harness adds that 'he was always a kind master to his servants, and, without exception, they loved and revered him.'

On the 26th of October, 1807, Lord Byron writes from Cambridge to Miss Pigot, his Southwell friend, a lady of cultivation and accomplishments:—'We have several parties here, and this evening a large assortment of jockeys, gamblers, boxers, authors, parsons, and poets, sup with me,—a precious mixture, but they go on well together; and for me, I am a *spice* of everything except a jockey.' In his 'Detached Thoughts,' he says that he was at one time fond of hazard, but 'left off in time without being much a winner or loser.' On this, Mr. Jeaffreson remarks:—

'When a gamester prates of having "left off in time, without being much a winner or a loser," it may be taken for certain that he did not leave off in time, or without losing much more than he won. A youngster,—continually posting in his own carriage to and fro between Cambridge and London and between London and Southwell, keeping two riding horses, a groom and a valet, and spending money on two editions of poems printed for circulation amongst his friends, and another collection of poems for public sale,—could not be expected to live within an allowance of *perhaps* a thousand a-year. But to account for the 10,000*l.* of debt contracted in three years, one must suppose that Lord Byron of Trinity lost more at hazard than he cared to confess in a journal *made up for his biographer's convenience*.'

It strikes us that a minor living on borrowed money, at usurious interest, might easily run up a larger amount of debt without gambling, and Lord Byron was more likely to exaggerate his losses at play than to diminish them. His allowance at Cambridge was 500*l.* a year. His letters (in the British Museum) to Mr. Hanson, his solicitor, betray a normal state of pecuniary embarrassment. On February 8, 1809, he writes: 'I am dunned from morning to night.' He was on the point  
of



of giving up his proposed expedition to the East for want of funds, when Mr. Hanson contrived to raise 6000*l.* on mortgage. One of his letters (Jan. 1807) pressing for money, begins: 'I *will* be much obliged,' a palpable Scotticism.

It suits Mr. Jeaffreson's purpose to represent Lord Byron, on his introduction to London society in 1812, as a novice, unacquainted with the ways of the great or fine world, and peculiarly liable to have his head turned by it. But the provincial society in which he had mixed was the best, and when, during his holidays or vacations he was not domesticated at Annesley or Newstead, he resided with his mother at Southwell, which he describes in a letter to Mr. Dallas, dated Newstead, Oct. 11, 1811: 'Now I know a large village, or small town, about twelve miles off, where your family would have the advantage of very genteel society, without the hazard of being annoyed by mercantile affluence; where *you* would meet with men of information and independence; and where I have friends to whom I should be proud to introduce you.' His rank was a sufficient recommendation in the principal places which he visited during his travels, particularly in the East; and it appears, from a letter to his mother, that he went amply provided with letters to governors, ambassadors, and persons in authority. At Constantinople, where the ambassador, Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Adair, offered him an apartment in the embassy, which he declined, he gave a striking proof of his tenacity of rank. Having arranged to form one of the train which was to attend the ambassador on an audience of the Sultan, he laid claim to a place in the procession consistent with his dignity. 'In vain had the Minister assured him that no particular station could be allotted to him; that the Turks, in their arrangements for the ceremonial, considered only the persons connected with the embassy, and neither attended to, nor acknowledged, the precedence which our forms assign to nobility. Seeing the young peer still unconvinced by these representations, Mr. Adair was at length obliged to refer him to an authority, considered infallible on such points of etiquette, the old Austrian Intermuncio;—on consulting whom, and finding his opinions agree fully with those of the English Minister, Lord Byron declared himself perfectly satisfied.' Most of his voyages were made in British ships of war. He was a guest of the captain of the 'Salsette' when he swam the Hellespont from Sestos to Abydos—

'As once, a feat on which ourselves we prided,  
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.'

He and Mr. Ekenhead were accompanied by a boat, and  
when

when they were halfway over they 'trode water' whilst a glass of brandy was handed to them. At dinner the same day, Lord Byron was boasting of having rivalled Leander, when the captain suggested that Leander had performed the exploit without brandy. Lord Byron was so annoyed at this suggestion that he soon afterwards retired to his own cabin, and did not reappear during the evening. He had not quite recovered his temper the day following, when a party was made to shoot snipes and explore classic spots on the plain of Troy. On their arrival upon the ground, Lord Byron left the rest, saying that he should go and read Homer in the original on the tomb of Patroclus. He had placed himself in a reclining posture on the mound which passes for the hero's tomb, when one of the party, suspecting the nature of his studies, and doubtful of his Greek, stole up behind him, snatched the book out of his hand, and found it to be a volume of '*Amours du Chevalier de Faublas*.'\*

In May, 1810, he writes to Mr. Henry Drury: 'Well, my dear sir, I have been with generals and admirals, princes and pashas, governors and ungovernables, but I have not time or paper to expatiate.' In the June following, to his mother: 'I have lived with the highest and the lowest. I have been for days in a pasha's palace, and have passed many a night in a cowhouse. I have also passed some time with the principal Greeks in the Morea and Livadia.' His experience of womankind comprised every imaginable variety, British and foreign, from Mary Chaworth to the Maid of Athens. Yet Mr. Jeaffreson describes him as one who, when he entered the London world at twenty-four years of age, 'knew no more of fashionable society and the high life than any son of an English parsonage, who, during his education at school and college, has spent his holidays in the parlour of a small provincial town,' and speaks of 'the mutual attachment of Lady Caroline Lamb and the young poet, who had learnt drawing-room manners at Southwell.' Mr. Jeaffreson is altogether wrong about this lady, who was never a leader of fashion or a 'Queen of Society,' although Lady Morgan mistook her for one. The 'mutual attachment' was shortlived. Lord Byron writes to Moore, November 17, 1816: 'By the way, I suppose you have seen "Glenarvon." Madame de Stäel lent it to me. As for the likeness, the picture can't be good. I did not sit long enough.' The date of the dagger scene at Lady Heathcote's was July 5, 1813; and the 'Remember Thee' verses were written about

\* Told the writer by Captain Markland, R.N., one of the officers present on both occasions—the swimming of the Hellespont and the expedition to the Plain of Troy.

the same time.\* Shortly afterwards he was absorbed in another passion, of which Lady Melbourne was the confidante; this lasted till we find him bursting with indignation at being thrown over for the Duke of Wellington. On July 13, 1813, a week after the scene at Lady Heathcote's, he writes to Moore:

'Do you know, Moore, I am amazingly inclined—remember I say but *inclined*—to be seriously enamoured of Lady A. F.' (Adelaide Forbes)—'but this \* \* has ruined all my prospects. However, you know her; is she *clever*, or sensible, or good-tempered? either *would* do—I scratch out the *will*. I don't ask as to her beauty—that I see; but my circumstances are mending, and were not my other prospects blackening, I would take a wife, and that should be the woman, had I a chance. I do not yet know her much, but better than I did.'

Again, August 22, 1813:—

'P.S.—I perceive I have written a flippant and rather cold-hearted letter! let it go, however. I have said nothing, either, of the brilliant sex; but the fact is, I am at this moment in a far more serious, and *entirely new*, scrape than any of the last twelve months,—and that is saying a good deal. It is unlucky we can neither live with nor without these women.'

August 28, 1813:—

'After all, we must end in marriage; and I can conceive nothing more delightful than such a state in the country, reading the county newspaper, &c. Seriously, I would incorporate with any woman of decent demeanour to-morrow—that is, I would a month ago, but, at present, \* \* \*'

He had broken as completely as he could break with Lady Caroline, when the first proposal (Oct. 1813) was made through Lady Melbourne to Miss Milbanke, and Lady Melbourne had nothing to do with the second. Mr. Jeaffreson, however, maintains that Lady Melbourne had determined to get him married offhand, to sever the connection with her daughter-in-law and secure an advantageous marriage for her niece.

'If he married the future Lord Melbourne's first cousin, his intimacy with the future Lady Melbourne would be so much a matter of course that no one would gossip about it maliciously. As a member of the Melbourne connection, indeed of the Melbourne family, *he would have a strong domestic interest in the social honour and credit of the Lambs.*'

A little further on we read: 'Being Lady Melbourne's niece, Miss Milbanke—a young woman of abundant intelligence—knew well enough why her aunt was so desirous of seeing her

\* The card and verses are given in the 'Quarterly Review' for January, 1878. Art. 'Lord Melbourne.'

Lady Byron.' In a subsequent page Lady Byron is represented as receiving her cousin, after the separation, with these words: 'I know all, Lady Caroline. *He* has told me all, and you could have saved me from all my misery.' We are then reminded of 'the abundant evidence that Byron's marriage was a love match,' and told that 'his journals show how steadily his tender concern for Miss Milbanke deepened and strengthened throughout the two years following her refusal of his first offer.' His journals and letters show the exact contrary:—

'November 30, 1813.—Yesterday, a very pretty letter from Annabella, which I answered. What an odd situation and friendship is ours!—without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which in general lead to coldness on one side and aversion on the other. She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress—a girl of twenty—a peeress that is to be, in her own right—an only child, and a *savante*, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess—a mathematician—a metaphysician, and yet, withal, very kind, generous, and gentle, with very little pretension. Any other head would be turned with half her acquisitions, and a tenth of her advantages.'

'Most readers (remarks Mr. Jeaffreson) will detect the working of love in this memorandum—and all the more clearly, on account of the writer's disclaimer of any spark of love.' Will most readers detect the workings of love for Miss Milbanke in the following entry for January 16, 1814?—

'I am getting rather into admiration of \*\*, the youngest sister of \*\*. A wife would be my salvation. I am sure the wives of my acquaintances have hitherto done me little good. \*\* is beautiful, but very young, and, I think, a fool. But I have not seen enough to judge; besides, I hate an *esprit* in petticoats. That she won't love me is very probable, nor shall I love her. But, on my system, and the modern system in general, that don't signify. The business (if it came to business) would probably be arranged between papa and me. She would have her own way; I am good-humoured to women, and docile; and, if I did not fall in love with her, which I should try to prevent, we should be a very comfortable couple.'

He says, in 'Beppo,' that although he had seen thousands of fair ladies in their prime—

'I never saw but one (the stars withdrawn)  
Whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn.  
The name of this Aurora I'll not mention.'

This Aurora was Miss Rawdon, afterwards Lady William Russell, one of the most cultivated and accomplished as well as beautiful women of her time. Lord Byron had an opportunity of

of verifying his observations of her bloom when (as he records in one of his journals) he sat next her at supper at the masqued ball given by White's Club to the Allied Sovereigns in the summer of 1814. He made an overture (for it was not quite a proposal) of marriage through her mother, who gave him no encouragement, and the feeling which prompted it cooled down, or was transferred to another object.

His marriage was brought about and marked by circumstances very unlike those which commonly distinguish a love-match. Writing from memory, Moore states that his own account of them, as given in his 'Memoirs' ran thus: 'A person who had for some time stood high in his affection and confidence, observing how cheerless and unsettled was the state both of his mind and prospects, advised him strenuously to marry; and, after much discussion, he consented. The next point for consideration was—who was to be the object of his choice; and while his friend mentioned one lady, he himself named Miss Milbanke. To this, however, his adviser strongly objected,—remarking to him, that Miss Milbanke had at present no fortune, and that his embarrassed affairs would not allow him to marry without one; that she was, moreover, a learned lady, which would not at all suit him. In consequence of these representations, he agreed that his friend should write a proposal for him to the other lady named, which was accordingly done;—and an answer, containing a refusal, arrived as they were, one morning, sitting together. "You see," said Lord Byron, "that after all, Miss Milbanke is to be the person;—I will write to her." He accordingly wrote on the moment, and, as soon as he had finished, his friend, remonstrating still strongly against his choice, took up the letter,—but, on reading it over, observed, "Well, really, this is a very pretty letter;—it is a pity it should not go. I never read a prettier one."—"Then it *shall* go," said Lord Byron; and in so saying, sealed and sent off, on the instant, this fiat of his fate.'

In a letter to Moore, Sept. 20, 1814, announcing the acceptance, he says: 'She is said to be an heiress, but of that I really know nothing certainly, and shall not enquire.' To Moore, 'Oct. 7; P.S.—By the way my wife elect is perfection, and I hear of nothing but her merits and her wonders, and that she is "very pretty." Her expectations, I am told, are great; but *what*, I have not asked. *I have not seen her these ten months.*' He seems to have been in no hurry to see her, for it was not till the end of December that he set out for Seaham to claim his bride. 'On his arrival in town,' says Moore, 'he had, upon enquiring into the state of his affairs, found them in so utterly embarrassed

embarrassed a condition as to fill him with some alarm, and even to suggest to his mind the prudence of deferring his marriage. The die was, however, cast, and he had now no alternative but to proceed.' He was so impressed with the state of his affairs that he made it known to the lady, and suggested the postponement of the marriage for a year or two, during which they should consider themselves as engaged. She declined this arrangement, and they were married on the 2nd of January, 1815. 'I was present,' wrote Lord Broughton, 'at the marriage of this lady with my friend, and handed her into the carriage which took the bride and bridegroom away. Shaking hands with Lady Byron, I wished her all happiness. Her answer was, 'If I am not happy, it will be my own fault.'

There is a beautiful passage in 'The Dream,' describing how, as the poet stood at the altar, his thoughts reverted to Annesley; and according to the account of the wedding in the 'Memoirs,' 'he knelt down, he repeated the words after the clergyman; but a mist was before his eyes,—his thoughts were elsewhere; and he was but awakened by the congratulations of the bystanders, to find that he was—married.'

Mr. Jeaffreson treats the 'Memoirs' as unworthy of credit, and 'The Dream' as a pure fiction of no autobiographical weight or value, written to annoy Lady Byron when she declined a proposal for reconciliation made at the suggestion of Madame de Staël. It is his opinion that 'if Margaret Parker had lived, the world would never have heard much of the poet's other cousin, Mary Chaworth, or been invited to sit in judgment on the domestic trials of the lady who, to every one's misfortune, became the poet's wife.' Moore thought that Lord Byron might have turned out a good husband if he had married a damsel whom Moore had in his eye for him. Lord Byron himself was convinced that he should have been happy with Mary Chaworth. It may well be doubted whether he would have got on smoothly for any length of time with any woman to whom he was legally bound for life. 'I have no conception,' he writes deliberately, 'of any existence that duration would not render tiresome.' He always speaks of marriage, in a tone of levity, as a matter of social arrangement, independent of the affections or the heart. His bachelor hours and habits, into which he speedily relapsed, were fatal to domestic comfort. In a letter to Mrs. Leigh, Feb. 3, 1816, Lady Byron writes: 'I will now only recal to Lord Byron's mind his avowed and insurmountable aversion to the married state, and the desire and determination he has expressed *ever since its commencement* to free himself from that bondage, as finding it quite insupportable,

insupportable, though candidly acknowledging that no effort of duty or affection has been wanting on my part.' This being so, the separation was only a question of time.

The few months of what he called their treaclemoon were but 'the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.' He always said that the causes of the separation lay too much on the surface to be accepted by the lovers of mystery. Their real character is placed beyond a doubt by Lady Byron's letters to Mrs. Leigh, published in this Review in October 1869 and January 1870. His pecuniary embarrassments had come upon him in the most humiliating shape. In less than a year after the marriage there were ten executions in his house. His books were in the custody of bailiffs. The matrimonial tie, which had no longer the gloss of novelty, galled and fretted him. He was in a wretched state of health, with nervous irritability increased by stimulants. Mr. Hodgson told Mr. Henry Greville that on going to Lord Byron at his request, after Lady Byron went away, he found him 'perfectly mad.' Both before and after her departure, the correspondence between her and her sister-in-law turns on his mental condition and the best mode of treating it. 'As for seeking a cure in worldly dissipation,' she writes, 'it is adding to the evil. . . . At the same time I would have his mind diverted from itself by every possible means that would not lead to accession of the disease, and so far from considering my own tastes, I would court Lady ——'s society for him, *or anything in this world*, to arrest its fatal course. I know in what it must end, if it increases.'

This does not sound as if the capital wrong was infidelity, and Mrs. Leigh could hardly have suspected Lady Byron of extreme sensitiveness on this point, when she reported a conversation with him on his return from the theatre one evening in February in which he owned to having 'flirted too openly with actresses'; or when she wrote, 'I hear he has been flirting, and something more, with Miss B——': or when she mentioned a letter from Lady F., received about the same time, inviting him to join her at Paris. Lady Byron had also heard of his imputed intimacy with a beautiful actress, Mrs. Mardyn, who narrowly missed being hissed off the stage on his account. If therefore a rumour of another questionable connection had reached her, she would hardly have regarded it as the unpardonable sin.

Lady Byron states that, in her uncertainty as to the alleged mental derangement, she told her parents that, if she were to consider his past conduct as that of a person of sound mind, nothing should induce her to return to him. In this state of things it was arranged that Lady Noel should go to London to consult



consult the ablest advisers, legal and medical. 'She was empowered by me to take legal opinions on a written statement of mine, though I *then* had reasons for reserving a part of the case from the knowledge even of my father and mother.' Lady Noel went to London on the 17th or 18th of January. About a fortnight afterwards Lady Byron followed, and told the whole case to her counsel, who then declared that they would be no parties to a reconciliation. This is confirmed in a published letter by Dr. Lushington. The reserved statement was also communicated to Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir Francis Doyle, and three or four others. What could it be? The authorized disclaimer to Lord Broughton proves that it was not either of the current scandals; and its general nature may be collected from Lady Byron's letter to her aunt, Lady Melbourne, April 17th, 1816, in which she declares: 'I did not admit from any person the slightest interference in regard to the separation until my own determination was irrevocably formed from my *personal experience and positive knowledge* (these words are interlined in the autograph) of the facts that necessitated that measure.'

The most plausible solution of the 'mystery' is that the offence was violent language affecting her parents (or one of them) and herself: the least tenable theory is the one now started or adopted by Mr. Jeaffreson: that the crowning offence was an intrigue with Jane Clermont, the mother of Allegra, discovered by Mrs. Clermont and communicated by her to Lady Byron whilst the separation was pending:—

'A beautiful brunette, with fine though irregular features, this girl of a wayward spirit and Italian aspect called on Byron, as a person of power in the Drury Lane Theatre, when he was in the midst of his domestic troubles. Claire's purpose in the visit was to ask the poet to introduce her as an actress to the stage. The girl's name caught the ear of the poet, whose pulse always quickened at the sound of his old schoolmate's name (Clare); and the brightness of her beauty charmed his fancy.'

This is mere conjecture: so is the date of the intimacy. It is admitted on all hands that it did not commence till some days after Lady Byron had left London for Kirby Mallory, and there is not the slightest evidence that she knew of it prior to its renewal at Geneva, some months after the deed of separation had been signed. If Mrs. Leigh had heard of it, there was no reason why she should not have been as frank about it as about the flirtation with the actresses or the letter from Lady F. Again, an affair of this kind was not an offence that could have been attributed to insanity: nor one that required to be concealed from Sir Ralph and Lady Noel: nor one that would

at once have convinced both Dr. Lushington and Sir Samuel Romilly that a reconciliation was an impossibility. There is another hitch or incongruity, which Mr. Jeaffreson labours hard and vainly to explain away. Lady Byron says that, when she drew up the written statement which her mother carried to London, she reserved a part of the case, the very part which had so ominous an effect on her counsel. She obviously had it in her mind on her arrival at Kirby Mallory (Jan. 15), and according to Mr. Jeaffreson, 'Circumstances point to some one of the earlier days of February 1816,—some day closely following on Sir Ralph Noel's announcement to Byron of his wife's desire for separation,—as the time at which the poet's brief association with William Godwin's step-daughter began.'

The grand offence therefore followed instead of preceding the resolution to separate. Mr. Jeaffreson meets the dilemma by stating that Lady Byron was under an illusion when (in 1830) she said that she reserved any portion of her case. 'The additional statement that had so great an effect on Dr. Lushington and Sir Samuel Romilly was either a false statement (which is in the highest degree improbable) or a statement of matters that came to Lady Byron after her first communication to her parents.' She states distinctly that it was not; and how, admitting that she is not to be believed on this point, are we to get rid of the confirmatory evidence of Dr. Lushington? Mr. Jeaffreson is convinced that his theory will be amply confirmed by the Byron papers when they see the light. We are in a position to state that there is no reference or allusion to Jane Clermont in Lord Broughton's account of the separation, nor in any of his correspondence regarding it. We infer also from a note in the 'Edinburgh Review,' by a writer with the Shelley papers before him, that there is no evidence in those papers that the connection between Lord Byron and Claire existed prior to Lady Byron's departure for Kirby Mallory.\*

Taking for granted, without a shadow of proof, that Lord Byron was devoted to Claire when the 'Fare Thee Well' verses were composed, and that this was known to Lady Byron, Mr. Jeaffreson contends that she naturally and rightly regarded them as adding insult to injury. Madame de Staël declared that she would gladly exchange places with Lady Byron

\* 'There is no evidence at all that this connection of Byron and Jane Clairmont existed before Lady Byron quitted her husband, but it is not impossible that it may have been one of the causes of that mysterious occurrence. Certainly the connection did exist immediately afterwards.'—'Edinburgh Review' for October 1882, p. 492, note.

to have had them addressed to her, and we do not see how any woman of sensibility could be otherwise than touched by them. In his agony on first hearing (from her father) of the meditated separation, he wrote her a letter expressing nearly similar feelings; and she says in her reply, February 7, 1816: 'It is unhappily your disposition to consider what you *have* as worthless, what you have *lost* as invaluable. But remember that you declared yourself *most miserable* when I was yours.' What she doubted was, not the genuineness of his feelings as they arose, but their durability.

Lord Broughton states distinctly that Lord Byron was ready to go into court. Mr. Jeaffreson asserts positively that he was not: and that by shrinking from this ordeal he 'gave up his last chance of checking the turbulent and seething flood of slander that was sweeping over his reputation, and carrying away all his just claims to sympathy.' A gallant attempt to stem the tide was made by Lady Jersey, who invited a party expressly to meet him; but it was not a success, and an amusing account was given in the 'Memoirs' of the various and characteristic ways in which the company behaved to him. He gratefully acknowledges the frank and fearless cordiality of his reception by Miss Mercer, afterwards Lady Keith, adding: 'I heard also of her having defended me in another large company, which at that time required more courage and firmness than most women possess.' It was at Lady Jersey's that a little red-haired girl came up to him as others shrank away, and said: 'Ah, Lord Byron, this would not have happened to you if you had married me.'

He left England on the 25th of April, three days after the deed of separation was signed, and, travelling by the Rhine route, arrived at Geneva towards the end of May or the beginning of June. At the Hotel Secheron, where he put up, he found Mr. and Mrs. Shelley and Claire. Mr. Jeaffreson expresses his strong belief that 'both parties started from England with the purpose of uniting in Switzerland, and that Byron went to Geneva with the object of meeting Claire.' But it is clear from the Shelley papers that this was not the case. It was the first time Byron and the Shelleys had ever met, and it was certainly not by any arrangement with him that they had come accompanied by their young relative, whom, indeed, he was rather anxious to avoid. When he quitted the hotel for a house at Diodati, Polidori was the sole inmate of his establishment. Shelley, with his two ladies, occupied a small villa within a short walk, and the occupiers of the two neighbouring houses were naturally a great deal together. There was nothing in their mode of life

to provoke censure, but this did not prevent them from becoming the victims of the calumny to which Lord Byron alludes in the 'Observations,' written in March 1820 :\*—

'One of "*these lofty-minded and virtuous men*," in the words of the "Edinburgh Magazine," made, I understand, about this time, or soon after, a tour in Switzerland. On his return to England, he circulated—and, for anything I know, invented—a report that the gentleman to whom I have alluded [Shelley] and myself were living in promiscuous intercourse with two sisters, and indulged himself on the natural comments upon such a conjunction, which are said to have been repeated publicly, with great complacency, by *another* of that poetical fraternity, of whom I shall say only, that even had the story been true, he should not have repeated it, as far as it regarded myself, except in sorrow. The tale itself requires but a word in answer—the ladies were *not* sisters, nor in any degree connected, except by the second marriage of their respective parents, a widower with a widow, both being the offspring of former marriages; neither of them were, in 1816, nineteen years old.'

Mr. Jeaffreson cites this as an example of the insincerity and disingenuousness with which Byron used to write and speak about his private affairs: the same, the Real, Lord Byron who, we are told at starting, 'went through life from first to last with his heart and all its frailties upon his sleeve.' The alleged disingenuousness consists in saying that sisters by affinity are not sisters, and in suggesting that Southey invented the report which he carried to England.

Mr. Jeaffreson has fallen into a strange misapprehension touching the consequences of this Genevese calumny, thus wantonly revived:† a misapprehension saying little for his familiarity with the circumstances of the separation, on which he was to enlighten the world. After dwelling on the manner in which he supposes Lady Byron, brooding over 'Cain' and 'Manfred,' to have worked herself into a belief in the calumny revived by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, he continues:—

'Originating in the Genevese tattle about Byron's intimacy with the two sisters-by-affinity on the banks of Lake Leman, this most hateful of all the poisonous calumnies grew out of unwholesome gossip that had no reference whatever to his own sister.'

\* 'Some Observations upon an Article in "Blackwood's Magazine," No. XXIX. August 1819.'

† Mr. Jeaffreson has raked up all the false and scandalous stories current at that time. There is not the slightest evidence for the preposterous and offensive suggestion, that Claire had another child some years afterwards, which she sent to a Foundling Hospital, still less for the atrocious invention, that Shelley was the father of this second offspring. Claire's conduct for the rest of her life seems to have been decent and respectable. She lived chiefly with the Shelleys till Shelley's death, and afterwards in several Italian families.

This most hateful of all the poisonous calumnies was one of the earliest that got into circulation after the pending separation became the talk of the town. It was foremost amongst those which Lord Broughton required to be disclaimed. It was the occasion of the letter, dated February 20, 1816, from Lady Byron to Mrs. Villiers, published in this Review in January 1870.

Scrope Davies was with Lord Byron one morning shortly after Lady Byron's departure, when Jackson came in, wearing a gloomy and constrained look. When asked what was the matter, he tried to evade the question, and was with difficulty induced to admit that he had heard something about his Lordship that he did not like. On further pressure, he made a clean breast of it. It was the calumny in question that troubled him. Lord Byron received the communication with a laugh. 'Is that all, Jack? I thought you had got hold of some fresh lie. Take the gloves.\*'

If Mr. Jeaffreson, when he undertook this work, really thought that he was about to elevate the character of Lord Byron, he must have a singularly constituted mind, or have changed his intention before he reached the second volume, throughout which the noble poet is bitterly assailed and the worst possible construction put upon all his words and actions. Thus, on the failure of the overture for reconciliation, made at the suggestion of Madame de Staël, he is represented as losing all self-control, and thinking only how he could annoy Lady Byron for her unforgiving treatment of 'so superlative a being as himself.' 'His first act of vengeance was "The Dream," a lovely and elaborate falsehood, written to persuade all mankind that he had never loved the woman, whose heart he was yearning to recover.' Then 'in a still more malignant mood he composed for her torture of heart and brain the awful, the diabolically cruel "Incantation," subsequently inserted into "Manfred." 'With unabated vindictiveness' he went to work at 'The Marriage of Belphegor,' the prose romance by which he meant to 'turn the whole universe against one woman.' . . . 'In wilder and more malicious frenzy, on hearing she was ill, this inspired maniac railed at her in the following style.'†

There is no portion of Moore's work in which his tact, taste, and literary skill are more remarkable, than that in which he deals with the delicate subject of Lord Byron's life at Venice; and it is in going over the same ground that Mr. Jeaffreson

\* Told the writer by Scrope Davies.

† 'Lines on Hearing that Lady Byron was ill. Sept. 1816,'—not meant for publication, and not published till after his death.

displays the opposite qualities of coarseness and exaggeration. After admitting that the noble poet's excesses had in no respect dimmed the brightness of his poetic fancy, he describes him as having become gross in form and visage, 'reassuming in the course of a few months the unwieldy corpulence and facial obesity which had caused him so much inconvenience and disgust at Cambridge.' This is a picture of him in February, 1819; and the Countess Guiccioli writes:—

'I became acquainted with Lord Byron in the April of 1819: he was introduced to me at Venice, by the Countess Benzoni, at one of that lady's parties . . . His noble and exquisitely beautiful countenance, the tone of his voice, his manners, the thousand enchantments that surrounded him, rendered him so different and so superior a being to any whom I had hitherto seen, that it was impossible he should not have left the most profound impression upon me. From that evening during the whole of my subsequent stay at Venice, we met every day.'

The date and nature of his illness are fixed by his letters to Mr. Murray:—

'*Venice, April 6, 1819.*—You ask about my health: about the beginning of the year I was in a state of great exhaustion, attended by such debility of stomach that nothing remained upon it, and I was obliged to reform my "way of life," which was conducting me from the "yellow leaf" to the ground, with all deliberate speed. I am better in health and morals, and very much yours, &c.'

Referring to this letter, Mr. Jeaffreson remarks:—

'Of the improvement of his health, sufficient evidence is afforded by his passion for Teresa Gamba Guiccioli, already in the first and sweetest of its tumultuous agitations. Of the improvement of his morals it is enough to say, that having survived his depraving *penchant* for the wives of Venetian tradesmen and mechanics, he was doing all in his power to make this Countess of sixteen years,—this bride of seven months' standing—a faithless wife.'

This is one way of putting it, but hardly the charitable or the true one. If, as Burke says, vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness, Lord Byron's morals had already undergone a marked improvement, when he exchanged a succession of loose amours for a refined passion in which the imagination was engaged. The Countess Guiccioli exercised an elevating influence over Lord Byron. He may once or twice have spoken of this attachment, as he occasionally spoke of everything, with mocking levity, but this would not invalidate the conclusion of Moore, 'that it lasted through his few remaining years, and that, undeniably wrong as it was, we can hardly perhaps—taking into account the far worse wrong from which

which it rescued and preserved him—consider it otherwise than as an event fortunate for his reputation and happiness.’

Mr. Jeaffreson, who systematically controverts whatever is advanced by Moore, goes the length of asserting, with Leigh Hunt, that “Byron had no real love for her, and that she had no real love for him.” A little further on he says: “That she conceived a vehement passion for Byron, and that on the subsidence of the passion, she nursed a strong affection for him, are matters scarcely to be questioned.” In the same page in which we are told that she had little or no influence over her illustrious friend, we read:—

‘Instead of being the good angel, who raised the poet from the mire of his Venetian depravity, she was the bad angel, who detained him in Italy when he was disposed to return to England, and, had it not been for her power over him, would probably have returned to his native land and proper place in its society.’

There is little worth noting in Mr. Jeaffreson’s account of Lord Byron in Greece, except the depreciating spirit in which it is composed. Thus, Lord Byron is described as ‘playing the sublime coxcomb’ when he wrote his last poem,\*—‘a stagey and curiously egotistical performance.’ With the exception of a single line, Mr. Jeaffreson sees nothing in it ‘to moderate the general distaste for its foppish egotism and melodramatic falseness.’

An entire chapter of thirty-seven pages of ‘The Real Lord Byron’ is devoted to ‘The Destruction of the Memoirs’: the apparent object being to show that Lord Broughton was mainly answerable for the act, and that a sound discretion was exercised in destroying them. The opening paragraph runs thus:

‘The many persons who hope that a copy of Byron’s autobiographic “Memoir” will be found amongst the Hobhouse MSS., lying under seal at the British Museum, may dismiss the hope. Lord Broughton’s papers will be found to comprise letters having reference to the “Memoirs” and their destruction. They will probably be found to contain correspondence that passed between Byron and Hobhouse respecting the “Memoirs.” They will probably give the world a statement by Hobhouse of the reasons for destroying the “Memoirs” and of his part in their destruction. But it is not likely that the man, who used to speak of the “Memoirs” as foolish documents, and was of opinion that their publication would be hurtful to the poet’s reputation, made a copy of the autobiography and took measures for its publication in the twentieth century to the injury of his friend’s fame. Moreover, John Cam Hobhouse was

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\* ‘On This Day I complete my Thirty-Sixth Year. Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824.’



more accountable than any other person concerned in the business for the destruction of the famous papers. Had it not been for him, it is more than probable that Byron's story of his own life would still be in existence, in his own handwriting. It is not too much to say that John Cam Hobhouse was himself the destroyer of the "Memoirs." It is therefore in the highest degree improbable that he took care to transmit to posterity a copy of the writings which he was at so much pains to destroy.'

As we have already stated, none of the Byron papers are lying under seal in the British Museum, and the many persons who hope that a copy of the 'Memoirs' will be found in the Hobhouse MSS. must be profoundly ignorant of everything connected with them, and have a strange notion of Lord Broughton's sense of honour. To discuss the probability of his having kept a copy under the circumstances, is like discussing the probability of his having been guilty of a forgery or a fraud. The bare supposition is preposterous. On the death of Lord Byron, the legal property in the 'Memoirs' became vested in the late Mr. Murray, and they were in his actual possession until they were burnt. Lord Broughton, in his capacity as executor, had no sort of control over them, nor any more right to insist on their destruction or to cancel the assignment, than he had to annul the sale of Newstead. There is decisive evidence that he had never read the 'Memoirs.'\* In a letter dated Venice, February 15, 1817, to Mr. Murray, Lord Byron writes: 'It is odd enough for people so intimate—but Mr. Hobhouse and I are very sparing of our literary confidences. For example, the other day he wished to have a MS. of the third canto to read over to his brother, &c., which was refused;—and I have never seen his journals, nor he mine—(I only kept the short one of the mountains for my sisters)—nor do I think that hardly ever he or I saw any of the other's productions previous to their publication.'

There was, we believe, no correspondence between Lord Byron and Lord Broughton on the subject of the 'Memoirs.' Lord Broughton, therefore, would hardly have denounced as foolish documents—a singularly inapplicable phrase—papers which he had never read, nor have taken upon himself the responsibility of asserting, what was far from clear, that Lord Byron would have destroyed them had he lived:—

'To nerve her to do what he would not have hesitated to do himself, could he have gained sole and lawful possession of the foolish documents, Hobhouse assured Mrs. Leigh that her brother had repented the composition of the "Memoirs," had determined they

\* 'I do not believe that Hobhouse ever saw the "Memoirs," much less read them.'—J. M.—*Elze*, p. 237, note.

should never see the light, had made up his mind to regain possession of them for the express purpose of destroying them. In burning the "Memoirs" she would only be doing for her brother what he had meant to do, and could no longer do for himself. This solemn assurance nerved Augusta to undertake the task assigned to her. On reflection she found courage to say she would take the manuscripts from Moore and be their destroyer.'

According to the same authority, if it can be called one, Lady Byron held steadily aloof whilst the transaction was pending:—

'The position she assumed was that, as from unfortunate circumstances she was not the guardian of her husband's honour in any matter, least of all in a matter affecting her feelings in so peculiar a manner, it devolved on the members of the Byron family to decide what should be done with the "Memoirs."

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'It is certain that Lady Byron is not fairly chargeable with either instigating or encouraging others to destroy the "Memoirs," whose publication would have been in the highest degree offensive to her. It was a matter of honour with the proud woman to act so as to guard herself from an imputation of compassing the destruction of the papers,—to guard herself against a suspicion of fearing the indignity with which she was menaced. Hobhouse determined to destroy the papers without consulting her on the matter; and it would be absurd to suggest that he was moved to the determination by tenderness for the feelings of the woman, whom he cordially disliked. Is it likely that, knowing Hobhouse's resolve to destroy the papers almost as soon as the resolve was communicated to Augusta, Lady Byron—the discreet, judicious, unimpulsive Lady Byron—made an offer of 2000*l.* for the MSS., which she was well aware would be destroyed by Hobhouse and Augusta?'

Likely or not, the discreet, judicious, Lady Byron did make the offer within twenty-four hours after hearing of the death.\* Lord Broughton's resolve went for nothing. Mrs. Leigh was equally powerless. The decision lay with Mr. Murray, who (two days after the burning), May 19, writes to Mr. Wilmot Horton:—

'Had I considered only my own interest as a tradesman, I would have announced the work for immediate publication, and I cannot doubt that under all the circumstances the public curiosity about these "Memoirs" would have given me a very considerable profit beyond the large sum I originally paid for them; but you yourself are, I think, able to do me the justice of bearing witness that I looked at the case with no such feelings, and that my regard for Lord Byron's memory, and my respect for his surviving family, made

\* See the Extracts from Moore's 'Journal,' *post*, p. 124

me more anxious that the 'Memoirs' should be immediately destroyed, since it was surmised that the publication might be injurious to the former and painful to the latter.

'As I myself scrupulously refrained from looking into the "Memoirs," I cannot, from my own knowledge, say whether such an opinion of the contents was correct or not. It was enough for me that the friends of Lord and Lady Byron united in wishing for their destruction.'

Lord Byron's life, when the assignment of the 'Memoirs' was made, was calculated at fourteen years' purchase; the price virtually given for them therefore was 2000 guineas with compound interest for fourteen years. He did not live three years: he might have lived thirty or forty. Mr. Murray was in the position of a man who, having drawn a prize in a lottery, is asked to give it up on receiving back what he paid for the ticket.

In a letter to the Editor of the 'Academy,' October 9, 1869, Mr. John Murray states:—

'To those who doubt the entire destruction of the MS. I may state that I was eye-witness to the burning of it, and of the only copy of it existing, in the drawing-room of 50, Albemarle Street.

'The following persons were previously consulted as a matter of courtesy, and were present at the burning: Mr. Hobhouse, as executor and friend of Lord Byron; Colonel Doyle, as a friend of Lady Byron (who had actually offered 2000*l.* for the MSS., which she did not pay); Mr. Wilmot Horton, as friend of the Hon. Mrs. Leigh; my father, and Mr. Moore, who alone for some time opposed the destruction. [To these names must be added that of Mr. Luttrell.]'

The persons who showed most eagerness for the destruction were Colonel Doyle and Mr. Wilmot Horton. These two gentlemen volunteered to act as executioners in bodily consigning the papers to the flames. They asked Lord Broughton to take part in the operation, and he declined.

There is a letter in the British Museum, from Mr. Wilmot Horton, dated May 17, 6 P.M., beginning: 'I send an express over to Lady Byron to announce the destruction of the Memoirs.' This looks as if he had all along been acting for her as well as her professed representative, Colonel Doyle; and our own impression is that (she being the person most interested in the destruction), if any one was to be singled out as the responsible destroyer, it was not Lord Broughton, but Lady Byron. This is the view taken by Dr. Elze. The pecuniary part of the transaction is clear enough, although Mr. Jeaffreson has done his best to misrepresent and mystify it. He states that, required by Mr. Murray, shortly before Lord Byron's death, to exercise the power

power of redemption or cancel the second deed, Moore declared that he would redeem the MS. with the assistance of 'persons in the City, who would make the advance on his insuring his life.' 'On his return to town a few days hence, he would call on Murray, insure his life, borrow the two thousand guineas, and settle the affair. But on his return to town, the Irish songster didn't go into the city, didn't insure his life, forgot to call on the publisher.' The Irish songster, however, came to the decisive meeting with the 2000 guineas in notes, which he paid to Mr. Murray after the act of destruction was complete. Mr. Jeaffreson proceeds:—

'The facility with which Moore raised the 2000*l.* (or guineas) from "friends in the City" for Mr. Murray's repayment must have struck the readers of this chapter as curious. "Friends in the City" are seldom so obliging to a not rich poet, as to lend him so large a sum. When they come to be unsealed, the Hobhouse papers will possibly explain *how* Moore was enabled to borrow the money so readily, and *why* he was so prompt in borrowing so large a sum merely to get possession of the documents, which he already knew would be destroyed the day after to-morrow.'

He did not know that they would be destroyed the day after to-morrow. On the contrary, he expected to be then the uncontrolled proprietor, at full liberty to transfer them at an enhanced price to the 'friends in the City,' by whom the money was advanced.

Lord Broughton left a 'Narrative' of the transaction, which Lord Russell, after reading it, described as agreeing in the leading facts with Moore's. It is not sealed up, but there is no occasion for referring to it, as Moore's journal places the leading facts beyond dispute. The friends in the City were his regular publishers, Messrs. Longman, who had given him 3000 guineas for 'Lalla Rookh.'

'1824. May 12th.—Dined early with Rees [managing partner of Messrs. Longman]. Rees asked me if I had called on Murray to get him to complete the arrangement entered into when I *was last in town* for the redemption of Byron's Memoirs?—said I had not. Told me the money was ready, and advised me not to lose any time about it.'

News of Lord Byron's illness had already reached London, and the next morning (May 13) \* Moore heard that he was dead. In the full but mistaken belief that the deed contained a clause giving him the right of redemption for three months after Lord Byron's death, he sets down—

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\* Mr. Jeaffreson states that the news did not reach London till the 14th. It was communicated to Moore by (amongst others) Lord Broughton on the 13th.

'May 15th.—Accordingly, on recollecting it now, I felt, of course, confident in my claim. Went to the Longmans, who promised to bring the two thousand guineas for me on Monday morning.'

The entry in the 'Journal' for the preceding day, May 14, ends thus:—

'Found a note on my return home from Douglas Kinnaird, anxiously inquiring in whose possession the Memoirs were; and saying that he was ready, on the part of Lord Byron's family, to advance the two thousand pounds for the MS., in order to give Lady Byron and the rest of the family an opportunity of deciding whether they wished them to be published or no.'

In the 'Journal' for May 15, we find—

'Went to D. Kinnaird's. Told him how matters stood between me and Murray, and of my claims on the MS. *He repeated his proposal that Lady Byron should advance the 2000 guineas for its redemption*; but this I would not hear of: it was I alone who ought to pay the money, and the money was ready for the purpose. I would then submit it, not to Lady Byron, but to a chosen number of persons; and if they, upon examination, pronounced it altogether unfit for publication, I would burn it.'

He afterwards expressed his readiness to place it at the disposition of Mrs. Leigh, but not on an understanding that it was to be burned offhand without more ado. He paid the 2000 guineas to Mr. Murray as soon as the burning was complete; and in a letter to a French lady (June 23, 1824), he writes: 'The family have since been very anxious to reimburse me, but I have declined.\* This is controverted by his inveterate assailant, who will allow him no sort of credit. 'There were several schemes for liberating Moore from the serious responsibility he had incurred for the sake of other people. But the business hung on hand till 1828, when the poet was at length repaid in a singular manner, to be set forth on an ensuing page.'

A very singular manner indeed! Mr. John Murray states that, under the agreement of 1828 with Moore for the 'Life, Letters, and Journals of Lord Byron,' Moore's bond, upon which he had raised the 2000 guineas or pounds, was discharged with interest, amounting to 3020*l.*, over and above 1600*l.* paid down, and making a sum total of 4620*l.* for the book. Mr. Jeaffreson

\* From the correspondence in the British Museum it appears that an arrangement was contemplated by which Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh were to contribute one thousand pounds or guineas each, but there is no proof of its having been carried out. In one of Mr. Wilmot Horton's letters it is stated that Lord Broughton and Colonel Doyle thought that no call should be made upon Mrs. Leigh.

takes upon himself to assert that this was merely a roundabout mode of compensating Moore after he had been kept waiting for four years:—

‘It is not, of course, to be supposed that the late Mr. Murray paid Moore the preposterous sum of 770*l.* for each of the six fudging little volumes of the “Life,”—an execrably poor book of excellently good materials. Most of the good materials—the vivid and piquant letters from the poet to his publisher, and the letters which the poet had authorised his publisher to seek and gather from his correspondents—were no part of Moore’s contribution to the noble stock of materials. With the aid of a hack, paid at the rate of four guineas a-week for a couple of years, Mr. Murray could have produced a much better book without Moore’s help. Murray had no strong liking for Moore, and was well aware he could have produced a good “Life” of the poet without Moore’s assistance. The notion that so shrewd a master of his affairs paid 4620*l.* for Moore’s co-operation is comical.’

What might be called comical, if it did not provoke a stronger epithet, is that the author of ‘A Book about the Clergy,’ ‘A Book about Doctors,’ and other publications of the same class, should venture to write in this fashion of a man of genius and a book of sterling value, which forms, in fact, the basis of his own. He continues—

‘It may be assumed that the present Mr. Murray, getting his information from insufficient records,’ [from his father and the account-books of the firm,] ‘unintentionally mixed up two separate and different pieces of business. The late Mr. Murray *did* (as his son alleges) discharge Moore’s bond with his creditors, together with the interest and costs; but he should be regarded as having done so with money placed in his hands for that purpose. The publisher was chosen as the agent for satisfying Moore’s claims on Byron’s relatives; and a better agent for the delicate and strictly confidential business could not have been found than the publisher, a man of nice honour, and so good a keeper of a secret that he went to the next world without imparting this particular secret even to his own son. Moore certainly came well out of the business—getting 2100*l.* for the destroyed “Memoirs” and 1600*l.* for writing the “Life:” in all, 3700*l.*!!’

The book appeared in two volumes quarto, and the purchase-money was 4620*l.* in all. But minor inaccuracies are immaterial, when the whole story is contrary to probability and fact. The most active parties in the destruction of the ‘Memoirs’ were the very last persons to suggest or encourage the publication of the ‘Life,’ in which they rightly guessed a good deal of the ‘Memoirs’ would be reproduced. None of them gave Moore the slightest assistance, and Lady Byron complained of him in print. Yet they are supposed to have induced him to undertake

undertake it, by authorizing Mr. Murray to give him three times as much as it was worth : keeping the real nature of the transaction from Moore, who believed to his dying day that he had received nothing directly or indirectly from Lady Byron or the family, and that the 3020*l.* paid in discharge of the bond (by Mr. Murray's cheque to Messrs. Longman) formed part of the purchase-money for his work. Why should Mr. Murray, who (we are told) had no strong liking for Moore and was certainly under no obligation to Lady Byron or the family, lend himself to such a transaction, and keep it secret from his son? Is this also to be explained by the sealed-up papers which never were sealed up?

It is quite intelligible why Lady Byron and her friends were anxious for the destruction of the 'Memoirs,' and why Mr. Murray, from the best of motives, consented to it; but we fail to see why it was sanctioned by those who, like Mrs. Leigh and Lord Broughton, professed to have Lord Byron's reputation exclusively at heart. The injury done to his fair fame by the suppression, by the creation of a new mystery to take the place of Dr. Lushington's, is shown by the reflection of Sir Walter Scott: 'It was a pity that nothing save the total destruction of Byron's 'Memoirs' would satisfy the executors. But there was a reason, *premat nox alta*.'

Moore lent a copy to the late Lady Westmoreland, who told the Countess Guiccioli: 'I assure you that I might have given them to my daughter of fifteen to read, so perfectly free are they from any stain of immorality.' Lord Russell and Lord Ranelagh, who had read them, were of opinion they contained passages unfit for publication; and so do 'Pepys' Diary' and Horace Walpole's 'Letters'; but no one ever thought of burning them on that account. The 'Memoirs' were made up of detached portions, and the improper passages must have been kept back from Lady Westmoreland. These might have been omitted by a discreet editor in the case of publication.

'Some parting words must be given with respect to Lady Byron and the Honourable Mrs. Leigh.' For some years after Lord Byron's death,—'to be precise, for something more than five years and eight months'—the relations of mutual sympathy and confidence between the sisters-in-law were all that could be wished:—

'But it was not in the nature of things that the wife, whose opportunities for reconciliation to the great master of song were in the grave, should persist for another five years in the spirit of sisterly affectionateness to the woman who seemed to have robbed her of the honour and glory that were hers by right of marriage. The last  
five-



five years had been years of unutterable trial, scorching humiliation, and gnawing remorse to Lady Byron, who in every indication of the change of sentiment for the poet, and every proof of the growing admiration of his genius, saw a sign of the increasing disrespect in which she was held—or at least felt herself to be held. It was small solace to her that the world forbore to upbraid her, and with utterances of condescending compassion for her sorrows veiled the opinion that the sorrows, though severe, were no undeserved punishment. She knew the world's judgment of herself from the tone in which it spoke of him. His words were on every one's lips, his fame had passed into his country's glory.

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'In charity and pity people were silent about her; and their silence was a whip of fire to her pride. And whilst mute tongues declared her condemnation, the lands resounded with the praises of her sister-in-law. It was ever in the widow's mind how the glory about Augusta's brow might have dwelt upon her own head.'

This is wild writing. If a reaction in Lord Byron's favour followed on his death, Lady Byron stood as high as ever in public opinion: she was the centre of an admiring circle of friends: she felt no gnawing remorse: she betrayed no consciousness of wrong: she was proud of his increasing fame, and her supposed envy of her sister-in-law's reflected glory is absurd. 'A rupture between Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh was inevitable, provided they survived Byron for a considerable period, and the rupture took place between the latter part of November, 1829, and the latter part of February, 1830.' It was a trivial matter, in which the offence, it is confidently stated, was given by Mrs. Leigh:—

'On seeing how much Lady Byron was incensed, Mrs. Leigh would fain have conciliated her. But Lady Byron would not consent to reconciliation. All these matters are given thus precisely, because of their obvious relation to the state of mind in which it was possible for Lady Byron to think and speak of her sister-in-law as she did think and speak of her in later time. It is a fact that in her anger against Mrs. Leigh for an excusable indiscretion, and a few warm words arising out of the dispute about that indiscretion, Lady Byron determined to withdraw both herself and Ada from her sister-in-law.'

This is not correct. It is clear from the Correspondence in the British Museum that the first offence was given by Lady Byron. The ground of quarrel was the appointment of a trustee in the place of Mr. Kinnaid, who had resigned. Lady Byron insisted on nominating, and did nominate, Dr. Lushington. Mrs. Leigh pleaded hard for a friend of her own, and at all events requested that her solicitors should be employed. This, too, was refused, and she then assumed the tone of an extremely ill-used

ill-used person. It was not Lady Byron who would not consent to reconciliation, but Mrs. Leigh. As we formerly stated, we have seen letters from Mrs. Villiers to Lady Byron, describing many fruitless efforts to bring 'poor dear Augusta' to reason, and making excuses for her on the ground of the trials to which her temper had been put by domestic troubles.

The 'Life' by Moore, we are told, added fuel to the fire, and the 'Lines on Hearing that Lady Byron was ill,' filled the cup of bitterness to over-flowing.

'What followed must be considered by the light of the fact that Lady Byron lived to detest and abominate her sister-in-law;—the Augusta towards whom Lady Byron is represented by simple, foolish Mrs. Stowe, as overflowing to the last with Christian charity. It is not suggested that Lady Byron deliberately set herself to work to frame and disseminate defamatory stories of her sister-in-law, knowing the stories to be false inventions at the moment of making and divulging them. Had she been guilty of even that wickedness, human charity would not be without excuses for the miserable woman, groaning under a burden of shame too heavy, writhing under torture too acute, for her powers of endurance.

'But it is far more probable—indeed, it may be taken for certain, in so far as such an hypothesis may be dealt with as a certainty—that Lady Byron (a rightly meaning, though often a very wrongly feeling woman, to the last; a woman sincerely set on being good and doing good) believed everything she said to her sister-in-law's discredit; believed the monstrous and absolutely false tale she told to Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and (with divers variations) to so many other people, that there is no ground for questioning the substantial accuracy of Mrs. Stowe's record of the communications made to her.'

Then if she believed a monstrous and absolutely false tale, she must have been under an illusion, or her reason must have been temporarily clouded. Not at all:—

'To the last she was a clear and precise observer, and expressed her thoughts with lucidity, coherence, and vigour. To the last she had a subtle and logical mind. By no definition of insanity, that would be entertained seriously by a Lunacy Commissioner, was she an insane person. How then did it come about that, being unquestionably sane, she could take so mad and absolutely wrong a view of her husband, whom she regarded affectionately after his death, and of the woman who had been her close and beloved friend for nearly fifteen years? It is not difficult to answer this question.'

The answer, or what is expected to pass for one, runs thus:—

'Lady Byron was one of the *very few* who could penetrate all the mysteries, solve all the riddles, and explain all the perplexities, of every "poetical disclosure:"—one of the *very few* who could seize the real Byron under any disguise, and never mistook for a piece of the

the real man anything of specious show which he had used for the sake of its misleading effectiveness on the uninitiated vulgar. Reading Byron's works in this way in the second year of her separation from him, Lady Byron continued to read them in the same spirit and with the same confidence in her sagacity, in the fifth year of her widowhood—and afterwards, when animosity against Augusta, *impairing her critical perceptivity and disturbing her judgment*, disposed her to believe any evil thing of her dead husband, provided her sister-in-law showed (*sic*) as the companion and sharer of his guilt. In these later stages of her career, the Byron, who rose to Lady Byron's view out of the misread and miserably mis-brooded-over pages of "Manfred" and "Cain," was indeed "an object of wonder and curiosity;" but instead of being the real Lord Byron, he was a fictitious monster, begotten of the reader's "dark and vague suspicions."

The peculiar construction of this paragraph somewhat obscures the meaning, but if it be that Lady Byron's 'critical perceptivity' was impaired and her judgment disturbed after the fifth year of her widowhood, how does this agree with the immediately preceding assertion that she had a subtle, logical, and thoroughly sane mind to the last? If this writer could be coherent through three consecutive pages, it would be a relief.

In the British Museum are letters from Lady Byron, showing that twenty years after the rupture (May, 1851), when she was residing at Brighton and Mrs. Leigh at St. James's Palace, a meeting was arranged between the two ladies at the request of Mrs. Leigh, who felt the end of her life drawing near. They met at Reigate, where Lady Byron came accompanied by the Rev. Frederic Robertson. The only authentic account of what took place is contained in a letter from him to Mrs. Leigh, dated May 21, 1851, in which he says:—

'In the meeting at Reigate Lady Byron expressed her conviction that your influence on Lord Byron's mind had been unfavourable to his coming to just conclusions respecting herself. This you denied strongly and distinctly.'

He adds that Mrs. Leigh repeated some expressions of Lord Broughton's which violently agitated Lady Byron. The upshot was that Lady Byron turned a deaf ear to all her sister-in-law's assurances, thereby confirming a general belief that she was already subject to illusions; for she herself had haughtily repelled every overture towards a reconciliation with Lord Byron; and she had the best proof of Mrs. Leigh's loyalty in the fact that all Lord Byron's letters to his sister were handed over to be copied by the wife. The copies (which we have seen) in

her handwriting are in the possession of her family. She would seem, however, to have undergone a sudden revulsion of feeling on hearing that Mrs. Leigh was dangerously ill, for she writes (October 4, 1851) to Miss Emily Leigh, the daughter: 'Whisper to her from me, "Dearest Augusta." I can't think these words would hurt her.' On hearing, after Mrs. Leigh's death, that they had acted as a restorative, she writes (October 4, 1851) to Miss Leigh to assure her that, despite of temporary estrangements, she had never ceased to regard 'dearest Augusta' with affection and esteem.\*

In a complacent summary of his performance, entitled 'A Parting Note,' the author sets forth the general result:—

'His (Lord Byron's) passions and pettinesses, his follies and foibles, his sins against himself and others, have been recorded. The evil of him has been told in every particular, told with emphasis; no ugly fact has been glossed; each dark matter has been brought out to the light of heaven. And this has been done, so that on closing these volumes the reader may be confident that he knows all the worst, *though by no means all the good*, of the poet's cruelly misrepresented life.'

In addition to what he knew already, the reader is told by this scrupulously candid biographer that the poet was 'an inspired maniac,' 'a sublime coxcomb,' 'a superlative person in his own esteem,' a coarse debauchee, a deliberate seducer, intensely selfish, habitually false, animated by 'unabated vindictiveness' and 'malicious phrenzy,' especially prone to lies of vanity, and capable of garbling a diary to mislead some future and unknown biographer. It is to be hoped that this mode of clearing a reputation will not become general, for the process is simple. Fling plenty of mud, and enough of it will stick to show that the object of your kind offices cannot be dirtier than you have made him, and that henceforth his enemies may be safely defied to do their worst. Then there is the consolatory, not very original, reflection that, 'if it could be shown that all the evil things said of Byron fell short of the truth, his writings would be no less delightful,' with the plea in mitigation that, 'if he was a libertine, it must be remembered that he lived in times when libertinism was general.'

'Of all the differences between the England of to-day and the England of seventy years since, none is more noteworthy than the present reprobation of certain kinds of domestic immorality that were regarded in Byron's day with a leniency which is remembered in this

\* The letters are in the British Museum.

year of grace with astonishment. The abolition of duelling is largely accountable for this remarkable change of social sentiment and manners. So long as every father, husband, brother, was free to avenge with the pistol the wrongs done him by libertinism, society troubled itself little about the offences of libertines.'

Granting what (space permitting) we might be tempted to dispute, that, in reliance on duelling, Lord Byron's contemporaries were comparatively tolerant of domestic immorality, this weakens his case instead of strengthening it. Why, the uncharitable may ask, did this lax generation drive him from England and exclude him from Westminster Abbey? People may reason like Mackintosh, who, on hearing that Madame — was not received in the Parisian society of 1802, exclaimed: 'I wonder what her offence could be.' There is a fatality about this author and his book, making white black, and turning honey into gall. He mistakes blame for praise, an accusation for a defence, a libel for a eulogy. He plays the part of the Devil's Advocate, forgetting that he is retained for the saint. He desecrates when he means to deify, and reverses the position of the Abbot in 'The Lord of the Isles,' who rises to curse and ends by blessing. As to the suppression of the good whilst all the evil has been told with emphasis—

'Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,  
But why did you kick me downstairs?'

All things considered, therefore, he must not be surprised if we decline to receive 'The Real Lord Byron' as the real Simon Pure: if, in the conscientious discharge of our critical duty, we recommend our readers to reject him as an impostor, and to fall back contentedly on the impressions of the illustrious poet's character which they have received from Elze and Moore.

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ART. IV.—1. *The Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.* London, 1882.

2. *Manuel de la Culture et de l'Ensilage des Maïs et autres fourrages verts.* Par Auguste Goffart. Paris, 1879.

3. *Silos for preserving British Fodder Crops in a Green State.* Compiled by the Sub-Editor of the 'Field.' London, 1883.

4. *Ensilage in America.* By James E. Thorold Rogers, M.P. London, 1883.

CAN farming be made to pay? or has it really ceased to be a profitable investment for capital? Questions such as these, provoked by a long course of agricultural depression, must surely appear, when thus plainly stated, the utterance of unreasoning despair. Agriculture remains, after all, the greatest single interest in the country; and the welfare of our whole people is quite as much concerned as that of the farmer, the labourer, and the landlord, in making the land yield its strength. We trust, therefore, to do a service to all our readers by putting before them the remarks of a practical agriculturist on the present state of farming in our own country.

In the good old days, when the price of corn was high and the wages of labour low, and the seasons for sowing and harvesting our corn-crops were very different from what they have been lately, there was a mania for ploughing up grass and putting it under tillage. It mattered not how unsuitable the land itself was to be treated as arable; whether it was stiff clay, so obdurate that it could only be worked at certain times of the year, and in some seasons could not be worked at all; or whether it was a thin stratum of earth covering the chalk subsoil: the cry was, 'Plough it up and grow corn.' This fashion, however, has had its day, and now the cry is, 'Sow down to grass.' Nor is it difficult to find a cause for the change. A ruling price for beef and mutton, for cattle and sheep, nearly, if not quite, double what it was fifty years ago; a great rise in all dairy produce; a low price for wheat; a largely-increased labour bill to pay on Saturday night; a bad seed-time; an ungenial summer for the growth of corn, such as we have had for several years past, and uncertain weather for harvesting it;—these causes have combined to make the British farmer think he will act wisely if, more or less, he gives up corn-growing, sows down his arable fields, and turns his attention to the dairy, or to the breeding, rearing, and fattening of sheep and cattle. He is wise, doubtless, so far as very heavy or very light lands are concerned; but whether he would be a gainer by sowing-down arable land which is kindly natured and easily worked, should be matter for the gravest consideration.

tion. That his doing so would be a national loss cannot be doubted, as more stock can unquestionably be kept on an acre of arable than on an acre of pasture, not forgetting the fact that every acre laid down in grass makes England more dependent on the foreigner for her daily bread. However much we must always lean on foreign nations for our corn supplies, the less we depend on them the better; and there is little doubt that, if we hesitate to sow down such arable lands as are of good quality and easily worked, we can, with a little alteration in our present system of culture, grow nearly if not quite as much corn as we do at present, and produce simultaneously a largely-increased quantity of food for stock.

Before the introduction of turnip-culture, the ordinary method of arable cultivation was the three-course system—first year, wheat; second year, barley or oats; third year, grass or fallow. This was necessarily a bad and exhausting method. On the introduction of turnip-husbandry, this useful crop was interposed between wheat and barley or oats, the course becoming one of four years instead of three: first year, wheat; second year, turnips or mangold; third year, barley or oats; fourth year, clover, hop, and rye, or any other green crop. The high farming and cleanly cultivation necessary for the production of good turnips led so naturally to the tilth and cleanliness of land which the barley-crop requires, that the four-course system at once commended itself both to landlords and tenants. At present almost all leases or agreements contain a proviso that the land let shall be cultivated on the four-course system. The question now, however, arises whether, under an altered state of things, the four-course system will best meet our present wants, or whether it may not be wise to revert, but under altered conditions, to its predecessor. The object of the old three-course system was to grow each year two-thirds of the arable land in corn, and on the remaining third little or no food for stock. The object of a new three-course system should be to grow each year one-third in corn and two-thirds in food for stock. The old system was, as we have said, 1st, wheat; 2nd, barley or oats; and 3rd, grass or fallow. A new three-course system should grow in the first year grass, clover, vetches, or any green crop suited to the soil; in the second, turnips, mangold, cabbage, or any other plant requiring the high culture and cleanly manipulation necessary to produce a heavy corn-crop; and in the third year, wheat, barley or oats, whichever is best suited to that particular soil. If the object of a farmer in sowing-down is to obtain a larger quantity of food for stock, he will find that by adopting this new three-course system, not only will he attain his end, but



but the land will have a much better chance of enjoying immunity from weeds, having rested from corn for two consecutive years. Having been kept during those two years in a high state of cultivation, an acre of land would in the third year, if top-dressed with nitrate of soda to thicken and strengthen the straw, produce a corn-crop nearly if not quite equal to the produce of two acres under the four-course system; the same acre would yield a largely-increased quantity of food for stock, and be most remunerative to the farmer. The rent, rates, tithe, taxes, and labour, on an acre of arable land, are the same whether it produces six sacks or twelve, and the great object of modern farming must be, not to have a large acreage under corn, making a small return per acre, but to make each acre yield its maximum.

It is a question whether the turnip, which has so long taken a conspicuous place in British Agriculture, is not, more or less, played out, and whether it will not soon have to give place to plants which, with less risk and expense of cultivation, are capable of yielding more food per acre. Among such plants we may, for example, name the thousand-headed cabbage. We have often wondered that this plant, which under high cultivation yields from thirty to sixty tons per acre, has not been more generally and extensively grown, as it affords good and succulent food either for sheep or cattle. Mr. Russel, on his large sheep-farm in Kent, has used it extensively for his flock. His land, being chalky, seems suited to its growth. In the Midlands, that is to say, on heavier land, it appears also to flourish, and is there used for dairy cows. Thus it does well either on light or heavy land, and nothing can be more simple than its cultivation. In August the seed is sown on a seed-bed, whence the young plants are pricked out at the end of October or early in November on to a sheltered plot. Twenty loads of dung per acre are carted on to the land in frosty weather and ploughed in, while 6 cwt. of mineral superphosphate are also added. At the end of April or any time in May, the ground is well rolled, and is next marked for setting with a drill, driven both laterally and longitudinally. The cabbage-plants, about 5000 to the acre, are then set 2 feet 6 inches to 3 feet apart each way, at the points where the drill-marks intersect each other; the plants stand in lines, and the horse-hoe can be freely used. In the more severe climate of the North, which is too cold for the drumhead-cabbage, it is said that the hardy thousand-headed kale or the sprouting broccoli will yield as much food per acre. Time will show whether our remarks on the evil of indiscriminately laying down arable land

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to grass will reach those for whose benefit they are written, and whether, if they do reach them, they will be heeded. If we succeed in making any British farmers think twice before they adopt the present popular cry, 'Sow down to grass,' we shall not be without our reward.

At the present moment all interest in the special culture of arable ground seems to have passed away, and the agricultural problem turns upon the question, 'How best can we store grass for the winter, in the form either of hay or Ensilage?' During the last half century the improvement in agricultural tools and implements has fairly kept pace with that of other trades, and can only be estimated by those who have lived over that period, and have also been personally engaged in farming pursuits. Half a century ago a man, armed with a flail, stood on a barn-floor from morn till eve and, throughout the winter, pounded away at the corn until the year's crop was thrashed out. Now the steam thrashing-machine in two or three days, or at most a week, does not only that work, but by the same operation winnows and sacks the corn. In those days men mowed the grass with a scythe, or reaped the corn with a sickle. The same result is now produced in a tenth of the time by the mowing or reaping-machine. Fifty years ago the newly-mown grass was either tossed about by women with hay-forks, or pulled to pieces by their hands to ensure no locks being left in it. As it dried, it was raked together by manual labour; all these processes being now much more rapidly, effectively, and economically performed by the haymaking-machine and the horse-rake. Strange to say, while all these means and appliances have been invented for the drying of grass in the field, no improvement has taken place in putting it together in the rick, and making it into hay. The same primitive process has gone on from time immemorial. When a farmer considers his grass fit to be carried, it is put on the carts or waggon, and is simply lumped together in a mass of ten, fifteen, or twenty tons, no provision being made to obtain a control over the fermentation of this huge collection of heating grass. If, in due course of time, it attains by good luck to a proper state of fermentation, and good hay is the result, the farmer thanks his stars. If it was carried a little damp, or did not heat enough, and consequently smelt a little musty, he consoled himself by thinking that it would do for the young stock. If it heated over-much and was mow-burnt, he argued that the cattle rather like it so; and, in fact, unless the rick seemed in actual danger of taking fire, very little trouble was taken about it. Of late, however, a change

change seems to have come over the agricultural mind. As the farmer is now, to a considerable extent, giving up the growth of corn, and taking to stock, it interests him to find out the best method by which grass can be stored as winter food. To assist him in arriving at this conclusion, Mr. Martin J. Sutton, of the well-known firm of Sutton and Sons, offered a prize of 100*l.*, to be competed for at the Royal Agricultural Society's Meeting at Reading in 1882. What he desired was, to ascertain the most efficient and economical method of drying hay or corn-crops artificially, either before or after being stacked. The trials took place in the Fobney Meadows, just outside the town. At their best these fields are flat and uninteresting, but on this occasion they certainly looked their worst. Conceive a considerable acreage of coarse succulent grass of bad quality, which had been cut by the mowing-machines early in the week for the purpose of the trials. There it lay, day after day, in pouring rain, some in swathe, and some tedded out, the machines ready in their places, and their damp and disconsolate owners standing about, waiting for finer weather. Mr. Neilson, through some defective arrangement about the entry or arrival of his exhaust-fan, was, much to the general regret, disqualified.

It would, however, have puzzled Mr. Neilson or any one else to make good hay in such weather, and with such grass. Whatever agricultural machine-makers may say to the contrary, there is in truth no Royal road to haymaking, by which a good stack can be secured under such circumstances. It is true that here and there an isolated case may be found in which, by some lucky chance, hay carried in uncertain weather will, whether it be treated by the exhaust-fan or by ventilation, attain a proper amount of fermentation and turn out well; but the most that can fairly be claimed by either system is that hay may be carried *at least* one day earlier, and all haymakers know what an inestimable boon that is in unsettled weather. Before the trials, the Judges thought it desirable that the different competitors should be consulted as to the management of the grass, and the time for stacking it. The Neilson exhibitors, notwithstanding their advertisements prior to the Show, setting forth the wonders performed by exhaust-fans on wet clover and corn, declared that they could not deal with wet grass. Mr. Champion, on behalf of Gibbs's hay-drying machine, said, 'Give me half-made hay, and I don't care about its being wet from rain.' Mr. Kite, on behalf of the ventilation system, does not seem to have offered any opinion on the subject. On the afternoon of Friday in the trial week the different competitors began to make their ricks.

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Three distinct principles were on trial: 1st, the hay-drying machine of Mr. Gibbs, which dries the grass by fire-heat; 2nd, the exhaust-fan system of Mr. Neilson, by which the fermentation is checked, and the heat lowered by drawing cold air through the body of the rick from the outside to the centre; and 3rd, the ventilation system of Mr. Kite, by which a continuous current of cold air is carried from the bottom of the rick to the top.

The importance of these haymaking experiments may be inferred from the fact, that the annual hay-crop (including permanent pasture, clovers, and grasses under rotation) is computed to be gathered from about 6,000,000 acres. Estimating the produce per acre at the very moderate average of one ton, and the value of the hay at 3*l.* per ton (also much underrated), the annual hay-crop amounts to 18,000,000*l.*, which is doubtless considerably under the mark.

Public attention being now thoroughly aroused on this subject, a short time given to the consideration of these different systems will not be thrown away. Gibbs's hay-drier was manufactured at Gilwell Park, Chingford, Essex. Its cost was 350*l.* A lengthened description of this machine appeared in the '*Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*,' and it will be sufficient to describe it as an ugly and unwieldy-looking article, which led to its being called '*Jumbo*,' while the furnace, equally ugly and unwieldy, was nicknamed '*Alice*.' From this furnace a continuous current of hot air is driven by the fan to the trough along which the grass is carried. This trough is about 27 feet long, and is furnished with revolving prongs, by which the grass is slowly carried through the hot air until it reaches the other end. It is then collected by labourers, and placed upon the rick. At the hay trials the Gibbs machine was worked by its owner, Mr. William W. Champion, the enterprising tenant of Whitley Manor, and manager of the Reading Sewage Farms. The five acres of grass allotted to Mr. Champion having been several times tedded, much water had been evaporated, but the grass was far from dry. The machine began its work at 9 A.M., and finished at 4 P.M. During the passage of the grass through the hot-air trough, which occupied from one and a-half to two minutes, the heat of the air-blast varied from 400° to 475°. It was remarked that the inequality of temperature at different parts of the drying trough was very considerable; some of the grass when it emerged being as dry as tinder, while some was cold and damp. This rick did not heat at all. The dried grass had a peculiar and far from pleasant smell, but Mr. Champion said his cattle preferred it to  
hay

hay made in the ordinary way. On September 11th this stack was cut open, and the Judges were surprised and disappointed to find its quality very inferior. All the sweet malt-like flavour had gone, and it had become a dead fuzzy substance, which a cutting-knife could with difficulty penetrate. As this system was especially adapted to grass from which much of the natural moisture had evaporated, and which was only wet from rain, it is hard to say why it so entirely broke down; Mr. Champion, living on the spot, being accustomed to deal with that kind of grass. It may fairly be doubted whether the one and a-half to two minutes allowed for the passage of the grass through the drier is sufficient, unless it is very nearly dry at the outset.

A second trial was given to this system on the Sewage Farm, but with no better result. The 'Report of the Royal Agricultural Society' says:—

'At the Sewage Farm there was plenty of evidence of strong faith in the power of Gibbs's machines. Several haystacks had been turned over once or twice, and heaps of stuff, which looked like the blackest of black tobacco, or half-dried sea-weed, lay about the premises. The air was filled with a pungent acrid odour, powerful enough to overcome the obnoxious gases of the sewage.'

Whatever may be the virtues or shortcomings of Gibbs's hay-drier, its price (350*l.*) will militate against its coming into general use. If the haymaking of the future is to be done by toasting our grass at a coal-fire, it may fairly be doubted whether the Gibbs hay-drier is best adapted to that end. A recent correspondent of the 'North British Agriculturist' gave an account of the way in which he had for some years dried his grass on the floor of an old malt-kiln. To this floor it was carried from the field, in which it had lain for two or three days to evaporate the greater part of its water, and, after being toasted for about an hour, was taken to the rick. This is a slow process, from eight to ten loads a day being dried; but it is a sure one, and, in our uncertain climate, not unworthy of consideration.

The second system on trial at Reading was the exhaust-fan of Mr. Neilson, who resides at Halewood Farm, near Liverpool. Its essential characteristics are these: by means of a fan communicating through an air-tight passage with a central cavity in the stack, the hot air is withdrawn from the inside, so that the cooler and drier air of the outer atmosphere rushes through the interstices of the hay or corn, cooling and drying it in its passage. Of this system Mr. Neilson doubtless believes himself to be the originator, and to perfecting it he has given untiring zeal and energy for the last twenty years; but it is one  
more

more illustration of the old adage, 'There is nothing new under the sun,' as a patent for a similar process was taken out in Ceylon nearly forty years ago for drying coffee. In September 1866, however, Mr. George Dyson, of Tudhoe, County Durham, took out letters patent for the invention of improvements in drying and ventilating corn and other agricultural produce, and in apparatus therefor. By this invention the corn, hay, or other produce, was removed from the field as soon as convenient after being cut, and built in stacks. In the centre of each stack is placed perpendicularly a hollow cylinder of light galvanized iron, which must be high enough to reach from the base to nearly the crown of the stack. The bottom of the cylinder is to be open, the top closed. A pipe leading from the open bottom of the cylinder communicates with an air-pump, a fan, a blowing-engine, or some other mechanical apparatus for compressing or exhausting air. This machine being set in motion, air is forced or drawn through every part of the stack by compression or exhaustion, and the grain and straw will thereby be dried and ventilated. The systems of Mr. Dyson and Mr. Neilson are one and the same.

Having made some comments on Gibbs's hay-drier (which ought more correctly to be described as a grass-drier), it may be well, before considering the Neilson and ventilation methods, to ask, What is hay? Dr. Johnson gives as a definition of the word, 'Grass dried to fodder cattle on in winter.' It may be questioned, however, whether this is true. It would probably be more correct to say that it is grass, partially dried by the sun, which becomes hay by a process of fermentation after it is placed in the rick. Is grass, dried artificially by fire-heat, either by the Gibbs plan or on a malt-house floor, and which subsequently undergoes no process of fermentation, hay or dried grass? Surely the latter. If a quantity of apple-juice is boiled, and by so doing all fermentation is stopped, will the apple-juice ever become cider? Certainly not. It will remain for ever boiled apple-juice. It would be very instructive to those interested in agriculture if Mr. F. Woodland Toms, who lately made clever and exhaustive analyses of ensilage from the silos of the Vicomte de Chezelles and Mr. A. Grant, as well as of hay dried by the Neilson process, would analyse samples of grass dried by fire-heat, and of hay which has gone through the usual process of fermentation in the rick. We should await with interest his decision, whether there is a difference, and if so, what difference, in their value as food for stock.

The hay-trials at Reading, so far as the Neilson system is concerned, resembled more a battle fought by the agricultural implement-makers

implement-makers as to who had produced the best exhaust-fan, than the calm exposition upon which Mr. Neilson himself should have entered. Speaking summarily, the results of the Reading trials, thanks to the incessant rain and the dampness of the grass, were all of them failures. The ricks, when opened, showed mouldy and inferior hay, and the conclusion forced upon the judges was, that the exhibitors were perfectly right when they said at starting that they could not deal with wet grass. This is undoubtedly true, but it does not follow that, because the exhaust-fan failed in exceptionally bad weather, and with the coarse succulent grass provided for experiment, therefore it is of no value. Much yet remains to be tested before we can pronounce decisively that such is the case. Of its power to control the heat caused by excessive fermentation there seems no reasonable doubt. The real question at issue is, whether the system is not only expensive in practice, but unsound in principle. The exhaust-fan, whether worked by hand, horse, or steam-power, must employ much labour at a period of the year when it can ill be spared; and it is important to ascertain whether, when a current of cold air is drawn through a heated rick, and the steam is condensed, and drawn out in a stream of hot water at the bottom, you are not in fact going through a process like that of making tea, and, having extracted the goodness, are leaving the tea-leaves behind. It may be said, in answer to this, that every rick, during the process of fermentation, throws off steam. This is true, but we may fairly suppose that the ordinary evaporation of the water from the heating crop, and its sudden condensation by drawing through the rick a powerful blast of cold air, must produce very different results, and an analysis might be made, with great advantage to the agricultural community, of the interior of a rick which has been much operated upon by an exhaust-fan, and a sample of hay made in the ordinary manner.

The third system was that of ventilation, as shown by Kite and Co. It consisted of a central shaft, terminated by an automatic ventilator rising above the roof. In connection with this shaft, pipes are laid horizontally near the bottom of the rick, extending to the outside of it; a slight draught of air causes the ventilator to increase the natural current of hot air. A rick treated in this fashion never fermented properly, and mouldy and bad hay was the result. The judges in their final report say, 'Mr. Kite's system of ventilation was not successful in its application, nor do we think it has any practical value.'

There is nothing new in the application to hayricks of the principle of ventilation. Thus we find Mr. Francis Francis  
quoting



quoting from an old book called 'A Compleat Body of Husbandry,' by Thomas Hale, the second edition of which was published in 1758. In this is 'a plan proposed for stacking hay to prevent its firing, though put up in a greener condition than ordinary, one stone of such hay having more nourishment in it than two or three of the common sort.' After giving the details for the ventilating flues, and making a chimney by drawing through the rick a sack tightly filled with straw, he goes on to say:—

'This greenish hay beginning to heat soon rarefies and expands the air in the perpendicular flue, which is continually expelled atop, and is succeeded by the indraft of the cool dense air from the gutters below, as long as the least heat remains in the cock, which will prevent firing, over-heating, and mow-burning over-much.'

In a book called 'The Grazier,' by Youatt and Burn, published in 1864, a plan is given of an improved hayrick, to prevent its taking fire. The plan is practically the same as that recommended in the 'Compleat Body of Husbandry' in 1758. Excellent and inexpensive as these plans undoubtedly are, no one seems to have carried them into practice, and, if tried, they have certainly not come into general use. The reason probably is, that in neither of them is any provision made for the exclusion of the outer air until such time as the heat of the rick makes the admission of it desirable. In haymaking it is just as great an evil to have too much air constantly blowing through a rick, thus checking the fermentation, as it is not to be able to admit it when it becomes necessary.

Mr. FitzGerald, a gentleman residing in North Wales, during the haymaking season of 1882, made a rick according to the plan advised in the old books, but with an important alteration which enabled him to let in, or exclude, the outer air. His plan was published in the 'Field,' and seems simplicity itself. Air-tubes, nine inches square, were placed on the floor of the rick, two tubes being carried from north to south, and two from east to west. The top and bottom of these tubes were made with inch-plank, and the sides of battens, inch square, and nailed four inches apart. An ordinary corn-sack, tightly stuffed with straw, was placed upright where the four tubes met in the centre. As the rick rose in height, the sack was drawn up about a foot at a time, thus forming a chimney from the bottom to the top. The mouths of the four air-tubes were stopped with small bags of straw, and the sack was left in the chimney. By these means all outer air was excluded. When the temperature rose to 116°, the sack was taken out of the chimney,

chimney, and the air-tubes were opened, until the thermometer showed 90°, when the sack, &c., were replaced. This plan was continued until the rick had gradually cooled down. The grass was carried quite a day sooner than it could have been by the usual manner of making a rick. The stack, when cut into from top to bottom, was sound and good. As Mr. FitzGerald states in his letters that the grass was cut on land much subject to high tides and mountain floods; that the lower part of the rick was carried damp from a shower; that the middle was more or less green, and the top part carried in a shower, it is much to be wondered at that it was well cured and in good condition; and we may add, that to carry grass in such a state is not, under any system of haymaking, an example worthy of imitation. As no expensive machinery and very little labour are required for this method, it will probably in the future find favour in the eyes of those to whom it seems more natural to let superabundant heat carry itself off by a chimney, instead of drawing it out, by the exhaust-fan system, through a hole at the bottom of the rick.

Another plan for stack ventilation is that advocated by Mr. Kent, of Felpham, Bognor, who was formerly trainer of the large stud of race-horses owned by Lord George Bentinck and the late Duke of Richmond, and who makes annually from one hundred to one hundred and fifty tons of hay. He says he has never been able to discover any better plan of making a rick than building it upon a considerable thickness of faggots or rough timber, as this not only ventilates the stack, but keeps the lower part from being spoilt by the damp arising from the ground. If he finds the heat excessive in any part, he uses a boring-machine to make holes from the top of the rick to the faggots underneath. He believes that by this plan, the hay having become more or less compressed before the holes are bored, the rick is not so likely to become mouldy round the ventilating chimney as is the case when it is made with a sack. This would no doubt be true if a current of cold air constantly passed through the stack, as in the method of Mr. Kite; but if the sack is not removed until the thermometer shows it to be necessary, and is replaced when the temperature is lowered, there will probably be little fear of mould; and if so, it is apparently more expedient to keep a rick, *ab initio*, under control.

The 100*l.* prize of Mr. Martin Sutton having been offered for 'the most efficient and economical method of drying hay or corn, either before or after being stacked,' the judges thought it desirable that the fans should be tried on some description of corn. As a large proportion of the material of a corn-stack is dead straw, which cannot heat, and as the air can pass more freely

freely through corn than through hay, there was every reason to think that in this trial the exhaust-fans would succeed. The result, however, proved that such was not the case. The barley-ricks were put together on or about the 9th of August, and by the 11th of September the judges came to the conclusion that it was useless to carry the experiment any further. The stacks were at once thrashed, and their condition was such as to show very clearly that the fans had no effect upon their lower portions. It is especially worthy of note that all the trials, whether of hay or corn, where the exhaust-fan was used, proved that the best hay and sweetest corn were in the upper part of the stacks, and consequently farthest away from its influence. There is an old-fashioned saying, 'Better to spoil in the field than in the stack.' Up to the present time, unless further experience shows that the stack ventilation of Mr. FitzGerald is to be depended on, we do not seem to have advanced much in preventing hay or corn-crops from spoiling in the stack.

There is, however, a system in general use in most northern and wet countries, which effectually prevents wheat and oat-crops spoiling in the field. When a crop of either of these cereals is cut, the ordinary plan in England is to take twelve sheaves, and place them six on a side, with the tops leaning against each other. This plan answers fairly well so long as the weather is fine, but when rain comes, not only do the ears get wet, but the sheaf is soaked under the band, and those who understand farming know well what this means, and the expense and trouble it entails. To prevent this evil, the farmer who lives in a wet climate disposes of his twelve sheaves in the following manner. With three of them he forms a tripod, the tops of the sheaves supporting each other. Seven more are placed round these so as to form a round clump; the two remaining are made into one large sheaf, which is tied as near the butt as possible. The sheaf is then opened out with the hand, inverted, and placed over the top of the clump. Once in its place, and secured by a spar on each side to prevent its being blown off by the wind, the crop is secure. A field so treated looks like a Lilliputian military encampment. This system is called 'Cap-sheafing.' The difference in the time occupied by it and the ordinary method is very little, and is far more than counterbalanced by the safety afforded. An instance is on record where one hundred acres of wheat, securely covered in this manner, were daily rained on for six weeks; at the expiration of that time fine weather came, the capsheaves were taken off, the ears underneath were as golden as when they were cut, and not even the corn in the capsheaves was damaged.

This

This system is of comparatively little use for barley, that grain having no outer husk to protect it. Its advantages to the wheat-crop extend far beyond protection from the rain. The skin of the grain, not being exposed for many days to a hot sun, is thinner, produces more flour and less bran, and the ears of corn, being protected from the dews at night and the sun by day, do not shed their contents when carried, as is constantly the case under the ordinary method, to the great loss of the farmer.

A review of modern farming must necessarily include a reference to Ensilage. The British farmer, who as a rule does not take kindly to foreign names or practices, is apparently becoming accustomed to the words 'Ensilage' and 'Silo.' 'Ensilage' means storing the crop in a 'Silo,' or underground granary, to preserve it, a practice well known to the ancients. Silo is only another form of the Greek *σειρός* and Latin *sirus*, which denotes a kind of pit or well sunk in the ground. An interesting account of the use of silos in antiquity is given by Mr. B. H. Cooper in the work on 'Silos for Preserving British Fodder Crops,' quoted at the head of this article. Pliny, in his 'Natural History,' says that corn is well preserved in pits (*scrobes*), called *siri*, as in Cappadocia, Thrace, and Spain; that they are made in a dry soil, with chaff or stubble placed underneath, care being taken to exclude the air and damp; and he states, on the authority of Varro, that wheat thus stored will keep for fifty years, and millet for a hundred. Columella speaks of *siri* constructed like wells (*puteorum in modum*), and this mode of preserving corn is also mentioned by Vitruvius, and by Quintus Curtius, who says that it was practised in the Caucasus.\* The practice is alluded to in the Old Testament,† and such underground barns were used not only as a method for the storage of corn convenient in a dry country, but as a safe means of hiding it from an enemy. They are still used extensively in the East. But the farmer in this country does not require a silo as a storehouse for his grain, which his enemies the rats would soon discover and destroy, but as a depository for his grass and surplus green crops, which are to be entombed in it as a winter food for his cattle.

If such seasons as those of the last few years are a sample of those yet in store for us, it is impossible to over-estimate the benefits of a system which will confer immense advantages

\* Plin. 'H. N.' xviii. 30, 70, § 306; Varro, 'De Re Rustica,' i. 57; Columella. i. 6, § 15; Vitruv. vi. 8; Q. Curt. vii. 4, § 24; comp. Dr. Smith's 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities,' p. 53.

† See Jeremiah xli. 8.

on the farmer, by enabling him to take grass or any of our ordinary green crops direct from the scythe to the silo, where it will become a wholesome and palatable food for sheep and cattle, without undergoing a preliminary drying process.

The making of ensilage has for so many years been successfully carried on in France, Holland, and North America, that it has quite passed out of the region of experiment, and all that remains is to adapt it to our own system of farming. In France, more than thirty years ago, M. Auguste Goffart tried the process of a German named Klappmeyer, by which green fodder was buried in a pit, thereby producing a kind of brown hay or sour fodder. Being dissatisfied with this process, he began a series of experiments, and has little by little brought his method of preserving green crops to its present satisfactory state. He has gone on from small things to great, until his stores of ensilage have exceeded 1000 tons per annum, with which he feeds more than 100 head of cattle, besides horses and other animals, until the new crop of forage is ready to be cut. Want of space forbids us to enter into the details of his system, but all interested will do well to read his book, the title of which is given at the head of this article.

It is quite possible that the apparent simplicity of this process may prove for a time to be one of its worst enemies. What, for instance, can be more delightfully easy than to throw some grass into a hole, to cover it up with stones, and to find, some weeks afterwards, that it has become, as though by magic, first-rate food for cattle? The making of ensilage will, however, be found to require just as much care and forethought as any other process, and the man who does not take such pains, and finds in the place of wholesome food an ill-smelling heap of manure, will be ready to denounce the system as an imposture.

Much has already been written, and much more has yet to follow, on the silo itself. Is it to be, as in the East, a *fosse en terre*, a mere hole in the ground, or is it to be a building, more or less expensive, and if so, is it to be entirely above ground, or entirely under ground, or part built above and part below? The building and roofing of a silo is an expensive matter, and will prove, if absolutely necessary, a serious obstacle to the general use of ensilage. If silos are to be built as adjuncts to a homestead, who is to build them? In the present day, a tenant would probably object to erect one at his own expense; and, with reduced rents staring him in the face, a landlord may reasonably express his inability to incur so large an outlay. The question at issue is, Are expensively-built silos necessary to the making of good ensilage?

In 1876 Mr. Francis Morris of Baltimore, the recently elected President of the Ensilage Congress at New York, commenced his first experiments with this new product. The first year he made it in the basement of his barn; in fact, he pitted it in a silo. The second year, however, he made a trench in falling ground, so that a cart could be backed in at the lower end to convey the ensilage to the feeding-sheds. The sides were sloping, and the average depth did not exceed six feet. The cost was merely that of digging a ditch of similar dimensions. The trench was filled in 1877, and every year since; and its contents have suffered no harm. Mr. Morris has several trenches of the same kind in convenient proximity to the crops which are to be pitted. The clamp, or upper part, is carried several feet above ground, formed like a roof, the excavated earth acting as walls to confine the contents. It is then covered with roofing-felt to keep the dirt out, and a quantity of earth is heaped over the whole clamp, the more the better. Mr. Morris's farm is about 1700 acres, and he considers his earth-silos of primary importance. The question for consideration is, Will this plan answer in our climate?

The Dutch have a plan for the preservation of grass, without any silo at all. This process is to drive a double line of poles into the ground, to carry a flat sliding wooden roof, which is raised by means of pulleys. While the grass is being stacked, four horses are unceasingly walked over the grass, and some salt is sprinkled over each layer. As the stack rises in height, it is necessary to hoist up and lower down the horses, morning and evening, which is done by slings and simple pulley-gear, rigged near the stack. Each night the boarded roof is lowered on to the trodden mass, and afterwards weighted. When the required height has been reached, the stack is complete under its weighted wooden roof, which is found to compress the mass satisfactorily. In the result, when the stack is cut, the bulk is found to be good ensilage, except the portion of the sides which, from exposure to the air, is mouldy and damaged to the extent of one foot. Even this portion, however, is not so much spoiled but that heifers and pigs eat it with much relish. Let us hope that enterprising agriculturists will try these plans on a small scale in different parts of England, and make the results known as soon as possible.

It will be well now to enquire what the plants are, which can be profitably pitted in silos. The English farmer will probably be wise to confine himself for the present to such crops as are ordinarily grown in this country. Clover, green rye or oats, lucerne, vetches, and grass, seem suitable for the purpose. The white

white cabbage too would doubtless be available. The sauerkraut so much eaten in Germany is made with this plant, which is cut small, salted, packed into an air-tight tub, covered with boards, and heavily weighted with stones. It is, in fact, pitted in a small silo. Professor Voelcker, Analytical Chemist to the Royal Agricultural Society, has expressed a doubt whether ordinary meadow-grass is suited for making ensilage, as it does not contain a sufficient quantity of dry matter. It seems, however, from the facts which are rapidly accumulating, that this opinion is not correct. Mr. Easdale, of Pepper Hall, Northallerton, Yorkshire, has written an interesting account of an experiment tried last summer in his neighbourhood. He says:—

‘The silo, 12 feet long by 7 wide and 8 deep, was filled with grass during the latter part of August and early in September. The crop was put in whole. A man and horse followed two scythes, forked the grass into the cart, from which it was shaken out into the silo. On November 25th the silo was opened, the result being, even to believers, an agreeable surprise. The mass of ensilage was in perfect preservation, giving forth a most pleasant aroma not easily to be described.’

Again, Mr. Grant, of Abbotsford, near Romsey, writes:—

‘During the month of July last I cut and carried 5 acres of meadow during heavy rain. The grass was pitted, and I am now feeding my cattle upon it. If there is any difference between it and some which was cut and pitted in fine weather, it is in favour of that carried in rain. This is my second year of making ensilage, and I consider it a most valuable plan of preserving cattle-food; but, like everything else, it requires care and thought. I have this year pitted between 60 and 70 acres.’

These two instances prove that the climate of England, both in the north and in the south, is adapted for making grass into this useful food.

Professor Carroll publishes in ‘The Irish Farmers’ Gazette’ some experiments made by the desire of the Lord Lieutenant at the Model Farm of the Albert Institution at Glasnevin. These experiments were made, first, with lucerne and straw cut into chaff; secondly, with comfrey and lucerne chopped with a small quantity of oat-straw, and packed tightly into a silo; thirdly, Italian rye-grass, closely pressed into a pit dug in the ground, without any protecting casing or lining; fourthly, Italian rye-grass, not chopped; fifthly, Italian rye-grass, packed on the surface of the ground, and covered with about eighteen inches of earth, like a potato pit. On October 9th the silos were opened, with the following results: in Nos. 1, 3, and 4, the ensilage had a temperature of about 75°. It was in good con-



dition, having a smell like fresh brewers' grains. In No. 2, the comfrey and lucerne were quite spoilt, and the smell was most offensive: the mass appeared to be quite putrid. No. 5 was quite dry and unfit for food. The failure of Nos. 2 and 5 probably arose from the air not having been sufficiently excluded by heavy weights. The result of the above trials proves, not only that grass and other green crops can be made, even in a wet country like Ireland, into excellent food for stock, but that, as is proved by No. 3, it can be made in a pit dug in the ground, without any casing or lining. If this can be done in Ireland, why not in England?

If this ensilage system can be perfected and inexpensively carried out, it must prove an inestimable boon to the British farmer. Under his present mode of storing grass, not only has he to contend with our uncertain climate, but also to meet a yearly increasing deficiency of labour at the time he most wants it. For lack of hands his grass cannot be cut at the proper time, and, when cut, cannot be quickly got in. When his hay is nearly fit to carry, rain falls, and his crop for the year is damaged or lost.

The practical conclusions we may draw from the review of these various plans for storing cattle-food for winter consumption are: first, that if it is to be done by making hay in the field, grass may be placed in the rick by the exhaust-fan or ventilation systems much greener than by the ordinary method, but it must not be wet with rain; and, secondly, that if it is wished to cart it direct from the scythe, the silo, or a floor heated by hot air, must be used. Taking into consideration the expense, trouble, and anxiety of mind, undergone by those who make hay in this variable climate, it is very desirable that a fair trial be given to hot-air floors, if, on analysis, the grass so dried proves itself equal in nutritive qualities to hay which has gone through the usual course of fermentation.

The literature of ensilage bids fair to be voluminous, and as the subject is at present little known to the British farmer, and it is of consequence that he shall imbibe his knowledge from a safe source, his success or failure will much depend upon the guide he chooses to instruct him. The book of M. Auguste Goffart, before mentioned, containing a detailed and carefully written account of his experiments, failures, and final success, would be invaluable, but that, being in French, it will be of little use to the majority of English farmers. The English books on the subject of ensilage, which we have also placed at the head of this article, require a short notice. The third of these, 'Silos for preserving British Crops,' has manifestly been  
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written to remedy the inconvenience of the 'Manuel de l'Ensilage' being published in French, and, to use the author's own words, its object is

'to lay before beginners some information as to what to do and what to avoid. It is undesirable on the one hand to start with the notion that everything is so easy, success so certain, and cost so trifling, that you cannot do wrong in undertaking it. Exaggerated accounts in this respect are sure to produce a counter-current. People who are misled by such statements, and have not taken the precautions necessary to obtain good results, are sure to cry out that the process is a deception; that they have spent so much in hard cash, have wasted so many tons of fodder, and have obtained in return only a mass of manure.'

This work not only contains advice summarized from the testimony of M. Auguste Goffart, but it treats of experiments for the preservation of grasses, clover, lucerne, green rye, and other crops ordinarily grown in the United Kingdom. It also gives plans of silos, and how to manage them, and contains an amount of information, manifestly the result of careful research, which will make it indeed valuable as a handbook to those interested in this new method of storing grass.

'Ensilage,' by Mr. Thorold Rogers, is a book of a widely different calibre. It seems to have been hurriedly brought out, scissors and paste having been extensively used. In his preface, Mr. Thorold Rogers says:—

'I have put together in this little work the result of my own observations on ensilage in the United States, and the comments on the system which have been made by those who had adopted the practice, and recounted their experience to me in conversation. I have freely quoted from such papers, periodicals, and books, as have been written on ensilage, and have copied such illustrations as seemed to me essential to a right understanding of the process, with the satisfaction perhaps of being able in a slight degree to adopt, retail and piecemeal, the wholesale practice of American publishers. I do not, however, fear the indignation of my authors, whose good feeling is no doubt extended to the Old Country. I have no fear that they will resent the use which is made of the facts which they allege, because an English writer has recounted the advantages, which they claim to have discovered, for the consideration, perhaps the benefit, of English agriculturists.'

Whether the British farmer will profit by the benefit thus offered him by Mr. Thorold Rogers, time alone can prove. The book is pleasantly written, but, by the author's own admissions as to its parentage, it is too superficial to be adopted even by the veriest tyro for a guide, philosopher, and friend. The fact that American publishers appropriate wholesale, and without acknowledgment,

ledgment, the writings of English authors, will hardly justify Mr. Thorold Rogers in following their bad example, and in retaliating on the pirates of the United States by the publication of a book which is, by his own avowal, taken retail and piecemeal from their papers, periodicals, and books.

We live in a progressive and enterprising age, and modern farming is no exception to the rule. Inventions in machinery, the adaptation of steam to much of the farmer's work, the improvement in the breed of all the animals employed on a farm, the advantages derived from a liberal use of artificial manures, the assistance received from the labours of the agricultural chemist, and the benefits accruing from draining, place farming and farmers in an entirely different position from that occupied by their fathers fifty years ago. The last of these, draining, has, it is true, not been an unmixed blessing, as from it has arisen an evil of increasing magnitude, from which the farming of the past was to a great extent exempt, namely, the constant recurrence of floods. Before drainage became so universal a practice, the surface of the land was a sponge which absorbed the rain as it fell, and there held it until it was slowly got rid of by the action of the sun and wind; but now the rain runs rapidly through the ground into the nearest drain, thence into the nearest ditch, which takes it to the neighbouring brook, whence it hurries on to the nearest river, which cannot carry it quickly enough to the sea, and the adjacent lands are flooded. Any one who travelled last winter from Birmingham to London, via the Great Western Railway, is not likely to forget the sight. The evil done is incalculable, and has, at all events in one case, reduced the value of land in the Midland Counties, thus constantly submerged, from 3*l.* 10*s.* to 15*s.* an acre. It is much to be regretted that the surplus water of winter, so destructive in its action at that season of the year, is not stored for use at a time when its services would be invaluable for the purposes of irrigation. Many years ago the late Duke of Portland carried out such a work at Clipstone, not far from Welbeck Abbey. Water was collected during winter in a large reservoir, to be used in the irrigation of the Clipstone Meadows. These lands, which were valued at about 2*s.* 6*d.* an acre, became, under the fertilizing influence of water, worth 5*l.* To carry out such a system throughout the country would cost so much in making the reservoirs, that it would have to be undertaken by companies, who would sell the water to those who required it for their lands.

Public attention has of late been so occupied by methods for increasing the store of food for cattle, that it may be well, before closing

closing these remarks, to dwell emphatically upon the importance of increasing the numbers of sheep and cattle annually bred in the United Kingdom. For many years England has been leading a reckless and spendthrift life in this particular. We talk of our dependence on the foreigner for daily bread; but how about our daily meat? As the population has increased, have we even made an effort to breed an extra quantity of stock to support the increase? What we have done has been exactly the contrary. Fifty years since we had in hand a large reserve stock of animals; what have we to show now? Half a century ago no butcher would have dared to offer to his customers such stuff as is now called beef and mutton. What he did offer was well-matured ox-beef and good old wether-mutton. In those days the maintenance of a yoke of oxen for the cultivation of the soil was almost a necessary part of a farmer's stock-in-trade. When they arrived at maturity, they were fatted and sold to the butcher, and younger steers took their place. Where are the five and six years old oxen now? A certain number of small beasts may still be found on the Scotch and Welsh moors and mountains, but so far as England and her Devons and Herefords are concerned, they have disappeared from the face of the country. That which has happened to the five and six years old oxen is true also to a very great extent of the three and two years old. They have gone down the voracious 'red lane' of the British public, until we have come to a time when so soon as a calf is too old to be called veal, it is killed as beef. The matured meat we get is for the most part the flesh of cows which, from one cause or another, are unfit for dairy work.

As with cattle, so is it with sheep. Half a century ago the butcher killed six-tooth wethers. The Sybarite who wishes nowadays to graze some old mutton for his own table has no choice but to buy some broken-mouthed ewes for the purpose. We have devoured the six-tooth wethers and all the younger generations, until lamb has no sooner ceased to be lamb than it is killed and sold for mutton. We talk of the reckless extravagance of a man who lives upon his capital, and call him a fool for his pains. What has England as a nation been doing during the past years, but pursuing an equally reckless course? According to the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade, year by year the people of this country become more dependent upon foreign countries for their supplies of food. In 1882 the value of the live animals imported was 8,525,256*l.*, and the value of the dead meat was 35,760,266*l.* If by reason of famine, or pestilence, or war abroad, any considerable portion of these supplies

supplies were for a time withheld from this country, what surplus stock have we in hand to fall back on?

It would be absurd to expect that, with our rapidly increasing population, England can feed her people. She must be more or less dependent on the foreigner; but in sheep and cattle, as in corn, the less she is so the better. It has often been said that if we were a wise people we should by law forbid the slaughter of any animal for food under two years old. No such law is likely to be passed, and it is quite open to question whether such an enactment would attain the desired object of increasing the stock of animals in the United Kingdom. A farmer must pay his rent from some source, and the public will have a plentiful supply of meat provided for its consumption, and if the former were forbidden by law to kill calves or lambs, he would furnish the people with food by the slaughter of ewes and cows. It will be well if the consumption of veal and lamb can be so lessened, that it can be supplied by the bull calves and wether lambs annually born, so that the females may be kept as breeding stock.

So far as the age at which animals are to be killed is concerned, it is neither possible nor desirable that we should return to the state of things which existed half a century ago. In future the epicure who wishes to eat matured ox beef and old wether mutton must provide himself with the animals by keeping them on his home farm until they are sufficiently ripe to please his palate, as his cellar furnishes him with old crusted port and well-seasoned vintage claret.

The improvement in the breed of sheep and cattle, and the maturity to which they are forced by high feeding, enable a farmer in the present day to produce, at a very early period of their existence, the same weight of beef and mutton as those of our forefathers yielded at four and five years old, and no one can blame the producer for sending his animals into the market and putting their value into his pocket at as early a day as possible. It is, however, unquestionably most desirable that the stock throughout the kingdom shall be very largely increased, and the problem of the day is the best means of accomplishing that end. 'Down corn, up horn,' says the old adage. Corn is at present so cheap as to be considered unremunerative by those who produce it, while animals of all kinds are selling at exceptionally high prices. If every farmer will annually grow a few acres less corn and devote those acres to raising food for stock, and will henceforth abstain as much as possible from the slaughter of heifer calves and ewe lambs, the result in a very few

few years would give him such an increment of his herd and flock as would greatly increase the fertility of his corn land, yield much profit to himself, and add in a marked manner to the wealth of the nation.

It is said that modern farming does not pay. Why not? Unless farmers are very much belied, there never was a time when, according to them, it was a lucrative employment. We might, however, without any great stretch of imagination, suppose that, under present circumstances, it can be remuneratively pursued. The bad seasons of the last few years, a host of bankrupt farmers, and a glut in the market of farms abandoned by their former occupants, have reduced the rental of England in many parts to about what it was half a century ago. At that period the price of the best beef and mutton was 6*d.* per lb.; it is now quite 1*s.*, and is still rising. Butter was 8*d.* per lb. in summer, and 1*s.* in winter; it is now nearly double in price. Bacon and ham, then worth about 6*d.* per lb., cannot now be had at less than 1*s.* Eggs were once sold at from twenty to twenty-four for 1*s.*; the same money will now purchase from twelve to fifteen. Chickens, ready for the table, were from 2*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* per couple; they are now from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* apiece. Cheese, once sold at from 4*d.* to 6*d.* per lb., according to quality, brings now from 10*d.* to 1*s.* A good cow and calf fetched from 12*l.* to 14*l.*; the same animals would now fetch from 25*l.* to 30*l.* At the spring fairs, good couples (ewe and lamb) could be bought for 42*s.* or thereabouts; a man would be lucky now to buy them at double the money. Lambs, in autumn, would sell for 1*l.* per head, for which you would now probably pay from 50*s.* to 60*s.* Cart-horses, formerly obtainable at from 20*l.* to 25*l.*, are now fetching from 40*l.* to 60*l.* Doubtless during the last half century agricultural wages have risen to a certain extent, and rates for the Police and School Boards have been added to the burdens heretofore borne by the farmer; but neither the wages nor the imposts have risen in the same ratio as that of all agricultural produce, even before the late heavy fall in rents. There was therefore no apparent reason, for many years past, why the British farmer should not have been doing well; and if he ought to have done well when rents were comparatively high, what is to prevent him doing much better now that they have touched a lower point than has been known in this country since Her Gracious Majesty ascended the throne?

There is more than one reason why he does not. The first of these is, that it is the exception rather than the rule to find a farmer who at the time of his entering on a farm has sufficient capital to stock it. If he has 1000*l.*, he ought to be satisfied with

with a holding of 100 acres, which he stocks at the rate of 10*l.* per acre. Too often, however, he rents a farm of 200 acres, which reduces his capital per acre from 10*l.* to 5*l.* Such a sum is in these days not sufficient; so he borrows from a friend, and begins his career with a millstone round his neck. If he has the luck to get a cycle of good seasons, he manages to scrape on, in spite of the interest he has to pay; but if, which is more probable, bad seasons come, and follow each other in quick succession, he has no balance at his banker's to fall back upon; worse than that, he has to go there for assistance, until further help is refused, and then, unless he has a kind-hearted and forbearing landlord, his stock and furniture are seized for rent, and he is a ruined man. In how many hundreds of cases during the last few years has this been a true picture of the fate of a man entering on a farm with insufficient capital!

It is a matter of question whether the farmer of the present day makes of the railway in his vicinity as much use as he profitably might do. So far as the trade in milk is concerned, he has doubtless fully availed himself of the facilities it has afforded him, resulting in much gain to himself and advantage to the public. It seems but the other day that London was dependent for its milk on cows which were stall fed, never saw a field, and were housed either in the town, or in its immediate vicinity. Now, however, we are informed by Professor Sheldon, in a popular address on Agricultural Science, given not long since at the South Kensington Museum, that in the densely populated region comprising the parishes included within and touching on the fifteen mile radius from Charing Cross, there lives a population estimated in round numbers at 5,000,000. To supply each of these persons with half a pint of milk daily means the stupendous consumption of 115,000,000 gallons per annum, which amount, at 5*d.* per quart, represents upwards of 9,000,000*l.* sterling. The allowance of half a pint of milk per diem is probably excessive, but no one who travels on any of our railways can doubt the enormous quantity of milk that is brought up to London by the milk trains from distances which a few years ago would have seemed incredible. Nor must we lose sight of the advantage to the health of the public of obtaining the milk of grass-fed cows. If we have milk trains, why should we not also have vegetable trains? Those who live in London or any of the large towns of England know to their cost how dear are all descriptions of green food, and how very bad it often is when they do get it. The market gardens surrounding the Metropolis are rapidly being built upon, and this market of 5,000,000 people in London will thankfully receive,



receive, winter or summer, any amount of vegetables the country districts will send up. If the farmers of England will devote a certain number of acres to supply this want of the towns, and depart a little from the ordinary routine of mangold wurzel and turnips, they will quickly open up a trade which will prove profitable to themselves, and which will also be, from the healthfulness of a diet largely vegetable, an inestimable blessing to those whom they supply.

Again, why is the feeding and rearing of poultry so neglected by farmers? There never was a period in the history of England when so much pains has been taken to improve the different breeds of fowls as at the present time. There are poultry shows held everywhere, high prizes are given, first class stock shown, but there the matter begins and ends. The price of every description of poultry is double what it was fifty years ago, and this price, to a very large portion of the consuming public, is almost prohibitory; meat of all kinds is dear, and stock scarce, and yet we do not hear of the establishment of poultry farms on a large scale, or even that farmers take any interest in the matter. If the wife likes to rear a few ducks or chickens to amuse her, well and good; she can consider them as her own, and the price they bring as her pocket money.

When we consider that, in the year 1882, 502,000*l.* are said to have gone out of this country in payment for poultry, and the enormous sum of 2,382,000*l.* for eggs, we may fairly ask ourselves why a considerable portion of this 2,884,000*l.* did not go into the pockets of English agriculturists. In the month of May in the present year we have imported from France, Belgium, and elsewhere, eggs to the value of 264,464*l.*, and poultry, including rabbits, of 24,489*l.* If the foreign farmer can produce these things, and pay the freight and all charges and sell them at a profit, surely ours can do the same. If not, why not?

Another reason why modern farming so often brings to grief those who are engaged in it is that, instead of laying up in good seasons money for a rainy day, the farmer spends his money as fast as he gets it. There is an entire change in the manner of life of the agriculturist of the present day when compared with that of his forefathers. Doubtless all ranks have much changed their mode of living during the last half century, but in no class has this been more marked than in that of the farmer. There was a saying in days gone by, that a farm should produce three rents: one for the landlord, one for the outgoings (labour, tithe, taxes, &c.), and one for the farmer himself. It was not easy to define the exact meaning of the last, but

but one thing was quite sure, that this third sum was not charged with the bread, milk, butter, cheese, bacon, ham, eggs, poultry, &c., made on the farm, and consumed by the farmer and his family. We are told that in the present day three rents are not obtainable. When we take into consideration the lowness of rent and the high price of all the produce of a farm, it is difficult to believe this; but now, as then, it is more than doubtful whether the items enumerated above, which for a farmer, his wife, children, and servants, amount to a good round sum, are ever taken into calculation.

In the days when those now in the sere and yellow leaf were young, who has not heard of that large class of men who were called 'smock farmers'? Like the Dutch of to-day, these men rose with the lark, helped to milk their own cows, fed and drove their own horses at the plough, and not only superintended, but worked with, their labourers. Their wives and daughters made the cheese and butter, and did all the household work themselves. Where are they all now? Vanished, like the old wether-mutton and the prime ox-beef. If, here and there, such a man and his family are to be found, they are looked down on by their modern farming neighbours as fossils, a race quite below them, and with whom they do not care to associate. If you called on a farmer of bygone days, he offered you a glass of home-brewed ale or cider, and had his home-made cowslip or currant wine for festive dinners. His modern successor will offer you port or sherry, and has probably in his cellar claret and champagne, if you care to accept them from him. The farmer of the past occasionally rode the old brood-mare to take a quiet look at the squire and his hounds, when they were in his immediate neighbourhood and he could spare the time to give himself the treat. The farmer of the present probably keeps one or more hunters, and is a regular attendant at the Meets. The wives and daughters, who of old did their own dairy work, and dressed in homely garb, are succeeded in these days by fine ladies, who are too grand to demean themselves by such drudgery; who keep servants to do their work; dress in silks and satins, wear gloves (those abominations to Mr. Nasmyth), and play the piano in imitation of their betters. There would be nothing to complain of in this, if these expenses were paid out of the interest of the capital a tenant has invested in his farm. This, however, is not the case. The tenant will not, as a rule, alter his manner of living to meet the badness of the seasons, but calls on the landowner to pay for his altered mode of life by reducing the rent.

That farming can be made as remunerative as of yore there  
can

can be no reasonable doubt, but to attain to success a farmer must do three things. He, like any other tradesman, must invest a sufficient amount of capital in his business; he must in future look to sheep and cattle, not to wheat, as his sheet-anchor; and in his mode of life he must revert to the ways and habits of his forefathers.

We do not fear to cause any surprise or disappointment by our entire abstinence, on this occasion, from any 'burning questions' about the land. Our practical object is beside them: there are hopeful signs at the present moment that real reforms may be amicably effected: and there are still more hopeful signs of the concurrence of all parties in acknowledging the truth, that what legislation can do is but little in comparison of the results to be hoped from good sense, sound science, and, above all, simple industry, applied to the culture of the soil. The time has happily gone by when, in the heat of a great controversy, trade was almost tempted to say of agriculture—'I have no need of thee.' The vast importance of this greatest of all our industries is daily enforced upon our attention by the practical difficulties of keeping pace with the demands, not for corn only, but for meat and other produce; and if the 'bugbear' of 'dependence on the foreigner' is exploded, it is agreed by all that the prosperity of all classes is bound up in our making the best use of our own resources. The long tide of depression seems about to be broken by hope from heaven, raised by a summer which, at last, has not 'set in with its usual severity,'—*Felix faustumque sit.*

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- ART. V.—1. *The Life of Christ*. By Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Canon of Westminster, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. Twenty-ninth Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1882.
2. *The Life and Work of St. Paul*. By the Same. Nineteenth Thousand. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1882.
3. *The Early Days of Christianity*. By the Same. Eighth Thousand. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1883.

FROM the Preface to the last of these works we learn that it completes an enterprise—begun in the author's 'Life of Christ,' and carried on in the succeeding volumes, through twelve busy years, amidst the occupations and cares of active life—which had for its motive the desire 'to furnish English readers with a companion, partly historic and partly expository, to the whole of the New Testament.' It is rather late, perhaps, in the last-issued portion of the composite work, to let us into the secret of the design which has been present throughout to the author's mind, and constitutes the organic unity of the entire series of his volumes; at any rate the announcement, now made for the first time, of this connection and mutual interdependence, places before us in a somewhat novel aspect the two earlier works, which have hitherto appeared to be independent and complete in themselves. Not that there is any real ground to complain of the reserve which has been practised, as if we had been unfairly treated. In the tragical uncertainty of opportunity, and even of life itself, to which the premature termination of so many ambitious literary undertakings sadly testifies, ample justification may be found of the wish to keep *in petto* the magnitude of the original scheme, lest, in the contingency of adverse circumstances preventing its being carried out to the end, the part actually accomplished should be invested with a damaging air of fragmentariness and imperfection. That the author, in this instance, has been spared to set the crown of completeness on his work, is matter of sincere congratulation, not for himself alone, but for his myriads of readers as well; for we cannot doubt that his animated and attractive volumes, notwithstanding the marks of haste and immaturity which a critical eye discerns in them, deserve a prominent place among the treatises which have endeavoured to bring the popular mind into intelligent and vital contact with the Christian Scriptures, and the manifold aspects and bearings of the apostolic teaching.

The earliest portion of the work, dealing with the Gospels, was reviewed in these pages eight years ago, within nine months

months of its publication ; and what we then remarked, of its having achieved 'a literary success to which the annals of English theology present no parallel,' may now be fairly repeated of the whole. The '*Life of Christ*,' which had in that short interval taken the reading public by storm, and run to the tenth edition, is now in the twenty-ninth of its original and costly library form, besides having appeared in cheaper and more popular issues ; and the subsequent instalments of the work, in proportion to the time which has elapsed since they were brought out, give promise of having entered on a career of almost equal success. Such popularity may be confessed to set its object almost beyond the influence of the critic's verdict, whatever that may be ; but at least to analyse the causes of this extraordinary acceptableness to the public taste cannot fail to be useful, for it will bring into prominence those qualities of the work which have been the most efficacious to arrest attention and engage admiring sympathy. What these are we shall therefore first attempt to point out, before we look beneath the surface for the substance and staple of the author's thought.

In the forefront we put the *literary style* of the work. It is rhetorical, picturesque, impetuous, and charged with emotion. Even in parts where with most writers a tame sobriety would have been natural, perhaps almost inevitable, as in critical argument and exegetical analysis, the language is still for the most part brisk and animated, and keeps hold of the attention by its rapid turns or lively phrases ; while in description and narrative and invective it swells and rushes along like an affluent and foaming torrent, especially where the writer is under the influence of personal feelings, whether of sympathy, indignation, or horror. Here it sparkles with metaphors, there it is loaded with epithets ; a retentive memory decorates it with brilliant illustrations, a vivid imagination suffuses it with intensity and luxuriance. Not that the style is free from faults ; very far from it. Dr. Farrar's vocabulary is inexhaustible, but he is less furnished with the skill to use his words with a delicate but masterly daintiness. His effects are produced more by massing and piling them than by the magic of artistic selection and combination. He paints vividly, but his lights are too strong and his shadows too black. He strikes hard, but it is with the smashing bludgeon rather than with the rapier's fine point. Yet the very faults, which to the critic are the most noticeable and offensive, have a charm of their own for less fastidious readers, with whom anything is preferable to monotony and dulness. Sensationalism

tionalism in style, as in everything else, is what perhaps the majority like, and find both amusing and impressive; strong epithets, glaring contrasts, glittering and florid imagery, coruscations of brilliant metaphors, strike their taste, even though the effect may be more turgid than sublime, more tawdry than beautiful. It is only fair, however, to add, that faults of this kind sensibly decrease as the work advances. In the 'Life of Christ,' where the peculiar sacredness and solemnity of the theme seem most of all to demand a restrained and chastened style, they appear to stand out most conspicuously, and to be most at variance with a cultivated taste. When we advance to the 'Life of St. Paul,' that common vice of fine writing, the sensational overloading of the phraseology with epithet and ornament, is less frequent and obtrusive; yet still the style would gain by the excision of many strange and uncouth words and phrases, and by the pruning away of the luxuriance of not a few sentences, of which a type may be found in one that speaks of 'drawing the iridescent film of an intellectual culture over the deep stagnancy of moral degradation,' or in another that describes the 'infusion of Orientalism as adding a fresh miasma even to the corruption which the ebbing tide of glory had left upon the naked sands of Grecian life.' Lest we should be thought hypercritical, we transcribe a single complete sentence from a paragraph portraying the Apostle's attitude towards Paganism:—

'St. Paul, furnished by inward chastity with a diviner *moly*, a more potent *haemony*, than those of Homer's and Milton's song—unmoved, untempted, unbewitched, unterrified—sees in this painted Circe no laughing maiden, no bright-eyed daughter of the sun, but a foul and baleful harlot; and, seizing her by the hair, stamps deep upon her leprous forehead the burning titles of her shame.'

When at last we reach the 'Early Days of Christianity,' we are glad to find that the fault of over-luxuriance has shrunk to so small a compass that, had the preceding volumes been like these in style, little occasion would have been given for censure of this kind.

Another cause of the popularity for which we are accounting is the *personal and moral tone*, characteristic of the work from the beginning to the end. Its pages bear everywhere the impress of sincerity, of genuine conviction, of generous enthusiasm for the good and indignant abhorrence of the evil. Never, we venture to say, in a critical and theological treatise, was the writer's individuality made more prominent, or his heart more bared to inspection. Whether Dr. Farrar is narrating, expounding, or arguing, it is the man, even more than the historian

historian or the critic, with whom we feel ourselves to be in contact. A living, breathing, personality is before us; we can discern every pulsation, every flush of emotion, and feel sure that the utterance is no mask of the reality, but its frank and entire revelation. To those, indeed, who look for the calm critical discussion of disputed questions, this element of personality, and the heat which accompanies it, will appear intrusive and disturbing; but to most readers there is nothing more attractive. They feel themselves to be taken into the writer's confidence; they catch the contagion of his emotion; and by the force of a sympathy, such as the impersonalities and aridities of mere scholastic discussion could never have aroused, they are transformed from impartial and cool-headed critics into admiring and grateful partisans.

Again, in the *combination of freedom of critical discussion with substantial orthodoxy of doctrine*, these volumes suit a condition of mind which is certainly very common at the present time. Between the two extremes of rigid traditional 'orthodoxy' (to use one of Dr. Farrar's new-coined words) and lax disintegrating rationalism, there lies a vast central body of well-disposed and not unintelligent persons, who are repelled from the one side by intellectual distaste, from the other by religious alarm. Christianity is dear to them; but what they desire is a Christianity which is at once liberal and real, neither bound in the fetters of an inelastic and antiquated dogmatism, nor emptied of vital force and substance. Prizing liberty, they dread licence. Despotism and anarchy, in the region of belief, stand on the right hand and on the left; and between these they seek for a safe yet commodious resting-place—a sheltered roadstead wherein they may enjoy enough of the luxury of free movement to satisfy their intellectual activity, without peril of being carried away by the currents of rationalistic thought, and making shipwreck on the fatal rocks of unbelief. To this mental attitude the volumes before us could hardly fail to be eminently acceptable. Under Dr. Farrar's guidance, readers of this class can enjoy all the pleasures of free criticism and independent judgment, and yet feel themselves perfectly safe from being led into dangerous speculations, or betrayed to the enemies of the faith. They can be sure that, while he fearlessly asserts the sacredness of the individual conscience, for himself and for others, and the right to hold against the claims of external authority the conclusions, whatever they may be, to which honest and diligent research may lead, he will remain loyal and staunch to the great doctrines of 'the faith once delivered to the saints,' as they have been handed down by the



universal Church; and, fortified by this assurance, they can without scruple delight themselves in the freedom with which he moves through the regions of exegesis, and in the confident audacity with which he challenges some of the time-honoured views maintained by those to whom tradition and authority are of themselves almost a religion.

To the foregoing causes of the popularity achieved by Dr. Farrar's volumes, a fourth, of more questionable character, may, we think, be added; and that is, the *pugnacity* which he manifests in the exposition of his opinions. That to very many readers there is a certain charm in frank, honest, fearless hitting out at one's opponents, seems to us to be incontestable, especially when it is manifestly prompted by indignation against the ebullitions of a narrow and arrogant temper. Now the two things, in what is called the religious world, of which the mass of moderate and sober-minded people have evidently grown most impatient and weary, are theological intolerance and ecclesiastical party-spirit: to lash these with satire and scornful invective is a sure passport to the favour of the multitude. With this frame of mind Dr. Farrar is in hearty sympathy: against the things that are obnoxious to it his most scathing polemic is directed. It is curious that the element of combativeness occupies a larger space in his work, in proportion as the exuberance of his rhetoric decreases, being most abundant in the last volumes, where his style has become the least ornate and turgid; but for this a personal reason may with probability be assigned. No one in his prominent position can be so outspoken and aggressive as he has been of recent years on burning questions, without soon finding himself not only vigorously opposed in fair and honourable controversy, but also made a target for many a missile aimed by ungenerous and, as it might sometimes seem, unscrupulous hands; and it is this experience, we imagine, that has multiplied and sharpened his protests against 'the wrangling religionists who claim each for his party the monopoly of God's revelation,' and his contemptuous denunciations of 'bigotry and factiousness and newspaper theology.' Even while he is engaged in delineating with the satirist's pencil the 'squabbling Judaism' of the past, and the 'infinitesimal Levitisms of a Pharisaism half mechanical, half hypocritical, and wholly selfish,' we cannot help seeing that he has one eye on the 'wrangling theologians and churchmen' of the present, and is smiting with a back-stroke 'the idols of the intolerant ignorance of human infallibility, of the sectarian newspaper, and the religious partisan.' Not that the entire  
sincerity

sincerity of these reiterated and vehement diatribes admits of a moment's doubt. Dr. Farrar wears his heart on his sleeve. When he plies his rhetorical scourge on the 'preconceptions of scholasticism,'—the 'deplorable Kabbalism of expositors,'—the 'universal misinterpretation of Scripture,'—the 'vast limbo of exploded exegesis,'—the 'execrable spirit of heresy-hunting Pharisaism,'—the 'self-satisfaction of a supercilious orthodoxy,'—the 'lie which claims to be a shibboleth of the elect,'—the 'bitter ignorance of the self-styled theologian, and the usurped infallibility of the half-educated religionist,'—we know that he is speaking out of the fulness of his heart, in accordance with settled and frequently-expressed convictions, not from a mere eagerness to return his assailants blow for blow. All the same, we cannot but regret that there is so much of this in his later volumes. Retaliation of this sort—for so it must appear—may be natural under the circumstances, and probably has an immediate reward; but it betrays a morbid sensitiveness to criticism, and is scarcely consistent with self-respect. The dignity of the work suffers loss, and its permanent value is imperilled.

So far we have dealt only with the more superficial features of the six volumes before us, regarding them in their unity as governed throughout by the same purpose and plan; and we must now proceed to make such survey as our limits will permit of their substance and method. The ground covered by them is so vast, being nothing less than the whole Christian revelation and the manner of its introduction into the world, as to make a comparatively narrow selection of topics inevitable; and since the earliest pair of volumes, containing the 'Life of Christ,' has already been discussed at length in this Review, our remarks and illustrations shall now be confined to the remainder, and chiefly to those by which the 'original scheme has recently been brought to completion.

In the Preface to the 'Life of St. Paul,' Dr. Farrar says:—

'My chief object has been to give a definite, accurate, and intelligible impression of St. Paul's teaching; of the controversies in which he was engaged; of the circumstances which educed his statements of doctrine and practice; of the inmost heart of his theology in each of its phases; of his Epistles as a whole, and of each Epistle in particular as complete and perfect in itself.'

In short, he reverses what has been the usual order with St. Paul's biographers. Instead of using the Epistles to illustrate the Apostle's life, he employs the recorded incidents of the life to throw light on the texture of the Epistles. A similar purpose is avowed in the preface to the 'Early Days of Christianity.' This portion of the work is styled 'an attempt to set

forth, in their distinctive characteristics, the work and the writings of St. Peter, St. James, St. Jude, St. John, and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews ;' and to enable the reader to carry away 'some conception of the varieties of religious thought which prevailed in the schools of Jerusalem and of Alexandria, and also of those phases of theology which are represented by the writings of the two greatest of the twelve Apostles.' Throughout both these works, then, our attention is chiefly directed to the evolution and quality of the sacred writer's thought, as each in turn passes under review, and only secondarily to the historical incidents and circumstances of his life.

It is evident that this mode of treatment sets us at once in face of the problem of inspiration. We cannot but want to know at the outset from what point of view our guide analyses, expounds, and applies as an authoritative rule of faith and conduct, the text on which he comments ; how far he supposes the inspired penmen to have moved freely according to their natural aptitudes and temperaments, and how far to have been controlled by the Spirit who made them the organs of revelation. We are familiar, indeed, with two very different ways of making short work of this problem : that of the rationalist, who gets rid of it by lowering the idea of inspiration till it practically vanishes and leaves all to nature ; and that of the upholder of verbal dictation, or of such a plenary and absolute control as is virtually equivalent to it, by whom the idea of inspiration is intensified till the human faculty is reduced to impotence, and the Divine Spirit alone does everything. But to Dr. Farrar neither of these violent methods of cutting the knot is possible. As an orthodox believer, he holds inspiration to be a grand and priceless reality ; but, as an honest critic, he is unable to shut his eyes to the overwhelming evidence which shows that beneath its influence the sacred writers still moved freely, thinking human thoughts, uttering human emotions, and using a style and a method in harmony with their constitutional temperaments and their mental training. Between the two extremes he finds himself compelled to occupy an intermediate position, which, although nowhere exactly defined, may be easily inferred from scattered remarks. His principle is, that we must 'take our notions of inspiration from facts, and not try to square the facts to our theories ;' or, in other words, that we ought first 'to discover the interpretation of Scripture, and then to be guided by this to the true theory of its claims.' By the application of this principle he is led to the idea of an inspiration which cannot be rightly called verbal, or plenary, or dynamical,

dynamical, or in any way coercive; but which, if we rightly understand him, may be best regarded as a divine influence, quickening the writer's soul with a vivid apprehension and earnest love of the truth, and yet allowing him to express that truth in his own way. For, as he critically examines the Scriptures, the writers seem to him to exhibit freely their own individualities, their constitutional peculiarities, their natural habits of thought, feeling, and language. They narrate as honest witnesses and historians, but with the minute inexactitudes, the trivial variations and incompletenesses, inseparable from human testimony. They manifest growth in divine knowledge with the lapse of time, and with the increase of reflection and experience. They employ arguments and modes of representation suggested by current intellectual habits, and accepted as forcible by their contemporaries, but not always possessed of an abstract and indefeasible validity. For ethical and hortatory purposes they make use of apocryphal writings and rabbinical traditions, apparently without suspicion of their precariousness and inauthenticity. They quote texts of canonical Scripture inaccurately, whether from a slip of memory, or from familiarity with an imperfect version, and sometimes in senses which seem 'entirely apart from their original application.' In a word, while with absolute faith and holy earnestness they deliver a divine message committed to them by the Spirit of truth, Dr. Farrar regards them as uncoerced and free in their whole method of expressing and enforcing it. Thus, in one place, he says, 'The inspiration of the Holy Spirit was not a mechanical dictation, which makes a man the pen rather than the penman of sacred utterance, and obliterates the plainest landmarks of human idiosyncrasy;' and in others he protests against the 'vast hypothesis of literal dictation,'—the 'slavish and unscriptural view of inspiration,'—the 'extravagances of superstitious letter-worship,'—'the desperate and scarcely honest' shifts which have been practised in order to maintain the theory of 'verbal inspiration.' In the following passage, which is perhaps the most formal utterance on the subject in all these volumes, after speaking of 'the exegetical feats of the letter-worshipping Rabbis,' he claims that his view is in harmony with what the Bible itself says of its own inspiration:—

'As this extreme and mechanical literalism—this claim to absolute infallibility even in accidental details and passing allusions—this superstitious adoration of the letters and vocables of Scripture as though they were the articulate vocables and immediate autograph of God—finds no encouragement in any part of Scripture, and very direct

direct discouragement in more than one of the utterances of Christ, so there is not a single passage in which any approach to it is dogmatically stated in the writings of St. Paul.'

To discuss this conception of inspiration, and its practical safeguards against rationalistic abuse, does not come within our purpose. All that is pertinent to our present design is to point out that it underlies and conditions Dr. Farrar's entire treatment of the New Testament; and that it leaves him free to deal with every passage in turn, as it comes before him, on its own merits, so to speak, and to apply to it the ordinary rules of critical exegesis, unhampered by any dread of possible consequences. He is thus placed beyond reach of the temptation to have recourse, in the interests of an exacting orthodoxy, to any of those 'subterfuges, evasions, distortions of plain language, suppositions of impossible ellipse and impossible construction, tamperings with simple record and simple fact,' which he has elsewhere charged upon the controversialists who undertake to maintain, at all hazards, the tenet of 'a verbal or plenary inspiration.'

That Dr. Farrar's method of exegesis is, and must be, largely influenced by his view of inspiration, is unquestionable. The larger the part attributed to the action of the divine Spirit in the composition of the sacred writings, the smaller will be the part left to the mind of the actual writer, and of the less importance will it be to take into account his personal characteristics and experience. But in proportion as he is supposed to have been left free to express himself after his own manner, the more needful will it become, for obtaining a just estimate of his ideas and a true key to his phraseology, to take note, as far as possible, of the various influences and circumstances which contributed to fashion his literary workmanship; such as his natural temperament and bias, his education and environment, the ideas current around him, the state of the world, political as well as social, in his day. The contemporary point of view will then seem to be the only position from which any inspired document can be fairly criticized and expounded; nothing, therefore, that can be ascertained about its date, origin, and primary motive, may be overlooked. To wrench it away from its historical cause and surroundings, and leave it hanging in the air, as something unconditioned and absolute, would be a fatal mistake. This, then, is the course followed by Dr. Farrar. To show us what sort of background the apostolic writings move across, he gives us brilliant sketches of the contemporary Judaism and Paganism, of the social life and the schools of thought

thought in the great cities, of the reign of Nero, and the final revolt of Judæa. To prepare us for St. Paul's Epistles, he depicts the orgiastic cults, the luxury and buffoonery, of the life at Tarsus amidst which the Apostle's boyhood was passed, his early Hebraic schooling tempered with a slight tincture of Greek culture, and his subsequent training and initiation into Hagadist lore in 'the lecture-room of Gamaliel.' With the remaining canonical Epistles a similar line is pursued, as far as materials can be found to illustrate the training, character, and external circumstances of their several authors; and the result is to throw frequent and sometimes unexpected light on the sacred text, and greatly to enhance the vividness of the exposition.

Such being Dr. Farrar's exegetical method, we have now to examine the results to which it leads him. Its most general consequence is, that he dwells more on the human than on the divine side of revelation; more on the natural faculties, the providential training, and the gradually developed characters, of the men who were its organs, than on the supernatural impulses which determined their careers and inspired their teaching. Now undoubtedly this would be a grave fault, if it were true that the apostolic vocation and the equipment for it by the Divine Spirit really constituted the men, who were chosen to be the earliest propagators of the Christian revelation and the founders of the Church, a distinct superhuman class of beings, thinking, feeling, and acting by other laws than those of human nature. Were that the case, Dr. Farrar's essentially psychological method would be seriously defective and misleading. In our review of his 'Life of Christ' we frankly pointed out, as the gravest defect of its portraiture, that it too much represents its Subject as moving before us like one of ourselves, without taking sufficiently into account that divine mystery of His being which constituted the unity of His life, and made it absolutely unique. 'The attempt,' we said, 'to represent the Life of Christ in its "human surroundings," apart from those ideas which are the basis of its unity, seems to us a mistaken effort.' But we do not think that a similar objection holds good here. The Apostles themselves distinctly tell us that they were men of like passions with others; and whether they act, or whether they speak and write, we can discern in them the free play of human motives, preferences, and feelings, the influences of education and society, the struggles and weaknesses of our common humanity. As soon as we leave the Gospels for the Acts and the Epistles, we are sensibly in another and a lower sphere. The awful Presence before which we bowed our heads in adoring humility has been exchanged for the companionship of fellow-men, whose conduct  
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we can dare to criticize, in whose modes of thought and expression we may reverently search for the traces of many earth-born influences. To say, as it has been said, that the thoughts and emotions of an inspired man can never be fully comprehended by those who are not inspired, is to confuse the divine cause, which acts from within the heavenly veil, with the effects produced by it in the scenes of human action. Whatever of divine impulse lay behind those thoughts and emotions may be indefinable, incomprehensible; but the result is truly human, and it is with the result, as displayed in the mental operations, the conduct, and the writings, that the biographer and the commentator have to deal. We are not therefore disposed to find fault with Dr. Farrar for moulding his portraiture on the saying of St. Chrysostom, which bids us to remember that St. Paul, although an Apostle, was not the less a man.

The remark may be added, that on this principle alone rests the right, claimed by commentators in general, to express an opinion on the wisdom or propriety of the conduct, in particular conjunctures, of those who were the inspired teachers and guides of the Church. St. Paul's own open and severe censure, put on record by himself, of even a 'pillar-Apostle,' the greatest of the original twelve, for an act of moral cowardice which compromised the very basis of the Gospel, has furnished so plain a precedent for discussing the actions even of apostolic men, as to establish the right beyond question. With this example before us, we are precluded from complaining of the use of the right thus established, provided that all such discussions are governed by the reverent caution and sober self-restraint which befit uninspired and fallible men, when criticizing the acts of those who in an especial manner bore the divine commission. We do not therefore accuse Dr. Farrar of presumption in casting upon St. Paul a share of the blame of the sharp contention with Barnabas about Mark, and in qualifying by the phrase, 'hardly worthy of St. Paul,' the Apostle's expedient for creating a division among his enemies, by claiming to be a Pharisee himself; nor should we have thought it necessary to express dissent, if even less of an apology had been offered for the same Apostle's compliance with the request of the leaders of the Church at Jerusalem, that he should purge himself from suspicion of disrespect to the law by joining with the Nazarites in their ceremonial purification. Such questions of conduct appear to us to be debatable, without derogating from the apostolic vocation and endowment; and opposite answers to them have, as a matter of fact, been found equally consistent with the highest views of inspiration.

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But while we assent to the principle which has led Dr. Farrar to make the personal characteristics and historical surroundings of the sacred writers the primary key to the interpretation of their language, we must guard ourselves from being understood to accept all the details of his biographical portraiture. Where we deem him to have been least successful is precisely where the complexity of the character, and the diversity of the experience, render it the most difficult to blend all the materials in a consistent and life-like representation. To sketch the authors of the brief Catholic Epistles sufficiently for the purposes of exegesis, is comparatively easy; their characters are too simple, and the recorded particulars are too scanty, to afford much opportunity for going astray. But the many-sidedness of St. Paul's personality, the variety of his experiences, and the successive stages of his theological thought as indicated in the long series of his Epistles, give rise to the most complex of biographical problems; the solution of which is made more difficult still by the fact that the St. Paul of the 'Acts of the Apostles' is no more than a fragment of the real man. That an absolutely complete conception of the great Apostle's individuality is now attainable may perhaps be doubted; the deficiency of the necessary materials for forming it leaves too much to questionable conjecture. As Professor Jowett says, 'We have not sufficient features to give a perfect picture.' But so far as authentic records are available for the purpose, it is indispensable that any portraiture which is attempted should be in harmony with them; and it is not in every particular that Dr. Farrar's elaborate delineation appears to satisfy this requirement.

Speaking in general terms, it strikes us that in tracing the development of St. Paul's apostolical career and distinctive teaching, Dr. Farrar assigns too much weight to external human influences, and too little to the primary divine call, and the direct revelations which equipped him for obedience to it. Considering the emphasis with which St. Paul constantly asserted the independence of his apostleship and his gospel, and traced them both back to the commission solemnly entrusted to him by Christ at the period of his conversion, it is difficult to conceive of him as having been for years afterwards so undecided about his life's work, as to need the intervention and prompting of a friend to induce him to persevere, and to take up the office of a preacher to the Gentiles; and still more difficult to understand how, after he had been proclaiming his gospel for a considerable time, and founding churches upon it, he could be so doubtful of its truth as to be anxious to obtain,  
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for his own satisfaction, a confirmation of it from his fellow apostles.

Yet such hesitation and such doubt enter into Dr. Farrar's portraiture. When, on his visit to Jerusalem, three years after his conversion, St. Paul was received with coldness and mistrust by the brethren of the circumcision, Barnabas, says our author, 'came forward, and saved him for the work of the Church.' A similar intervention, we are told, was required to draw him forth for active service from his subsequent retirement at Tarsus, and 'thus, twice over, did Barnabas save Saul for the work of Christianity.' In other words, had it not been for the good offices and the expostulation of Barnabas, the destined Apostle of the Gentiles would have been lost to the world, and have lived and died in obscurity, notwithstanding his own overpowering consciousness of a divine mandate of apostleship, and of the necessity laid upon him to preach the Gospel. Surely such a reading of St. Paul's history is in dangerous proximity to the sceptical version jauntily propounded by Renan, when he says that 'to Barnabas the Church was indebted for the most extraordinary of its founders,' and, 'in a word, it was Barnabas who made Paul an apostle'!

Even more alien, we think, from a just comprehension of St. Paul's character is the idea, that when, on going up to the so-called Council at Jerusalem, fourteen years after his conversion, he laid his gospel privately before the Apostles of the Circumcision, it was for the purpose of removing from his own mind a misgiving, however slight, about its truth. Hence to the following passage we take strong exception, as seriously misleading and erroneous:—

'When he says to the Galatians that "he consulted them about the Gospel he was preaching, lest he might be, or had been, running to no purpose," he shows that at this period he had not arrived at the quite unshaken conviction, which made him subsequently say that "whether he or an angel from heaven preached any other gospel, let him be anathema." In point of fact, it was at this interview that he learnt that his own insight and authority were fully equal to those of the Apostles who were in Christ before him; that they had nothing to tell him and nothing to add to him.'

That St. Paul's words, *if they stood alone*, might bear the interpretation here put upon them, we do not deny; in that case the inference might be not unfairly drawn, that up to the period of the Council he was not quite sure of the truth of his doctrine. But the moment we take into account the context, and recollect the Apostle's antecedents, this interpretation appears

appears to us to be absolutely excluded. Can it be reasonably supposed that such a man had been engaged for years in the active and successful exercise of his apostolic office, proclaiming at the frequent hazard of his life the universality of the divine grace, and founding Gentile Churches on the basis of their entire freedom from the Mosaic Law, with a secret misgiving in his heart of the validity of his teaching? The thing is incredible! For an Apostle's labours the very first qualification is an unflinching faith. 'We believe,' said St. Paul of himself, 'and therefore we speak.' Doubt of the doctrine on which he took his stand would have paralysed his action, and rendered success impossible. Besides, the whole purpose of the historical reference, in which the passage occurs, is to establish the absolute certainty and paramount authority of his gospel, as having been received directly, by immediate revelation, from the Lord Himself. By admitting in the same breath that he had been himself mistrustful of its truth till it had received the sanction of the Apostles at Jerusalem, he would have done nothing less than stultify himself. We cannot, therefore, but concur with Bishop Lightfoot in thinking that such an admission on the part of the Apostle, even though it may perhaps be the *primâ facie* sense of the passage, is so entirely alien from its spirit, so destructive of the whole argument, and so unlikely under the circumstances, that the interpretation which involves it must be abandoned. Nor is another interpretation far to seek, which is open to none of these objections. We have only to suppose, that what the Apostle dreaded was the disastrous effect sure to be produced in the Churches of his planting by a wrong decision of the Council, and his language is reasonably explained and brought into harmony alike with his antecedents, his character, and his argument.

The influence on Dr. Farrar's mind of the idea we have been combatting may be traced, we have little doubt, in the side espoused by him in the controversy whether St. Paul, having gained the assent of the pillar-Apostles to his gospel, resisted, or yielded to, the pressure put upon him to circumcise Titus. The question is one of considerable difficulty, and the answer given to it will turn chiefly on the conception entertained of the Apostle's mental attitude at the time. It is plain enough that in his reference to the matter seven years afterwards, when writing to the Galatian Church, St. Paul was seriously embarrassed; some feeling prevented him from speaking out, confused his language, and wrecked the grammar of his sentences, so as to make it difficult to extricate from them the nature of the incident which they were meant to relate. The  
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cause of the embarrassment is the crucial point. Was it, as Dr. Farrar holds, an emotion of regret and shame for having been so injudicious as to yield to the clamour of the Jewish faction, and to allow the Gentile Titus to be circumcised for the sake of peace? Or was it a generous reluctance to revive the memory of past dissensions, by stating openly that even the pillar-Apostles urged him to give way, and timidly left him to stand out singlehanded against the importunity and bigotry of the whole Church at Jerusalem? The former view would be plausible, if with Dr. Farrar we could believe that St. Paul had not been confident of his own position, until he found it confirmed by the Apostles of the circumcision; for the soothing influence of relief from a harassing doubt would naturally dispose his mind to conciliation, and gratitude to those to whom he was indebted for the relief would incline him to place himself in their hands and follow their counsels. But let us suppose, on the contrary, as our contention has been, that St. Paul had not a shadow of doubt about his authority and his gospel, and that the freedom of the Gentiles was so vital a point with him that he was prepared at all hazards to maintain it and act upon it, not only in the face of the clamours of the Judaizing faction, but, if need were, in opposition to all the survivors of the original Twelve; and it will appear scarcely credible that, in the crisis of the conflict, he should have consented to compromise his position by an act, which would have been only too capable of being represented as an abandonment of his principle, and a total surrender of the rights of the Churches which he had planted. Hence we disagree with Dr. Farrar's choice between the alternatives, notwithstanding his laboured defence of it; and, although the matter is but a minor one, it derives importance from the illustration which it affords of the effect produced on his conception of the great Apostle's life and character, by taking too low a view of his supernatural equipment for his office.

Besides this more general exception to Dr. Farrar's portrait of St. Paul, we have a special fault to find with it, in regard to the not infrequent exaggeration into which his impulsive temperament betrays him. Strong contrasts are his delight: to 'pile up the agony,' as the phrase runs, has a seductive charm for him: his imagination is too apt to be fired by some subordinate phrase or idea, and forthwith his rhetoric magnifies its proportions till it dominates the page and colours the whole narrative. For instance, the self-depreciating expressions which St. Paul, in his moods of penitent humility, employs when he refers to his persecuting days, are somewhat strained by being taken

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taken literally and objectively, as valid proofs of the exceptionally monstrous violence and atrocity of his conduct. A terrible picture is constructed out of them, of the 'load of remorse which must have lain upon him,' of the blood which had 'incarnadined his conscience,' and of the anguish, surpassing every other torment within his experience, of the thought that 'he had endeavoured, by the infamous power of terror and anguish, to compel some gentle heart to blaspheme its Lord.' Yet when we listen to the Apostle's solemn declaration before the Sanhedrim, that he had always 'lived in good conscience before God,' it seems clear that, in the interpretation of these impassioned confessions of guilt, some allowance ought to be made for that subjective element which is always present in the self-accusations of the holiest of men, almost in proportion to the eminence of their saintliness. Again, the portrait of St. Paul seems to us to be daubed with too crude a colour, when his tacit admission of the taunt, that 'his bodily presence was weak and his speech contemptible,' is pressed into support of the assertion that he was mean and ugly of aspect even to repulsiveness. The view, too, taken by Dr. Farrar of the 'thorn in the flesh,' or *stake* as he prefers to call it, strikes us as greatly exaggerated. That the affliction was of the nature of epilepsy, incapacitating him at times for active labour, and rendering his nervous system morbidly sensitive, is far from unlikely; but the addition of chronic ophthalmia, so virulent in its acute stages as to produce delirium, and inflicting on his countenance such a 'terrible disfigurement' as to crush him beneath 'an agony of humiliation,' needs more to justify it than a couple of obscure hints in the Epistle to the Galatians, which may be easily explained otherwise. Indeed, the harrowing picture of the Apostle's infirmities, drawn in these volumes for the sake of contrast with the vastness of his labours, must be pronounced radically inconsistent with his amazing activity and power of endurance. How, we are constrained to ask, could he have made such journeys, survived such tortures, preached with such energy and success, indited such Epistles, borne up under the strain of governing the Churches with so vigilant an assiduity, had he been the broken-down man of Dr. Farrar's portraiture,—the tottering, half-blind, and wholly unstrung invalid, who needed to be 'passively conducted from place to place by companions whose office it was to guide and protect and lead him by the hand,' and who was so shattered in nerves 'that he could not write a severe letter without floods of tears,' nor 'endure to be left for even a few days alone'? Nor is it in specific features only of his delineation, that we are unpleasantly sensible

sible of Dr. Farrar's tendency to over-colour and exaggerate. Too often, when he is bent on being forcible, and on stamping a deep impression on the reader's mind, there is a vein in his language of what may, without unfairness, be denominated bombast. To adduce complete evidence of this failing would occupy more room than we can spare; a single illustration must suffice. After accepting as substantially accurate Renan's curt description of St. Paul as 'a small and ugly Jew,' Dr. Farrar proceeds in this strain:—

'Yet when you spoke to him; when the prejudice inspired by his look and manner had been overcome; when, at moments of inspiring passion or yearning tenderness, the soul beamed out of that pale, distressful countenance; when with kindling enthusiasm the man forgot his appearance and his infirmity, and revealed himself in all the grandeur of his heroic force; when triumphing over weakness he scathed his enemies with terrible invective, or rose, as it were, upon the wings of prophecy to inspire with consolation the souls of those he loved—then, indeed, you saw what manner of man he was. It was Paul seated, as it were, on sunlit heights, and pouring forth the glorious pæan in honour of Christian love; it was Paul withstanding Peter to the face because he was condemned; it was Paul delivering to Satan the insolent offender of Corinth; it was Paul exposing with sharp yet polished irony the inflated pretensions of a would-be wisdom; it was Paul rolling over the subterranean plots of Judaisers the thunders of his moral indignation; it was Paul blinding Elymas with the terror of his passionate reproof; it was Paul taking command, as it were, of the two hundred and seventy souls in the driven, dismantled hulk, and by the simple authority of natural pre-eminence laying his injunctions on the centurion and the Roman soldiers, whose captive he was; it was Paul swaying the mob with the motion of his hand on the steps of Antonia; it was Paul making even a Felix tremble; it was Paul exchanging high courtesies in tones of equality with governors and kings; it was Paul "fighting with wild beasts" at Ephesus, and facing "the lion" alone at Rome. When you saw him and heard him, then you forgot that the treasure was hid in an earthen vessel; out of the shattered pitcher there blazed upon the darkness a hidden lamp which flashed terror upon his enemies, and shone like a guiding star to friends.'

We pass on now to consider another consequence of Dr. Farrar's exegetical method—the stress laid by him on internal evidence, especially of a psychological kind, to determine the authorship or relative date of a canonical document, when the external evidence leaves room for doubt. It is plain that the force of such evidence must depend on the assumption, that the characteristics of the composition—the features which constitute its literary character, such as its style, phraseology, selection of topics, and general method of treatment—were the genuine products

products of the author's own mind. Internal evidence of this kind would be worthless, if it were conceivable that inspiration determined these characteristics by simply dictating what the writer should set down; so that St. Paul might have been caused to write in the style of St. James, or St. Peter in that of St. John, if it had pleased the inspiring Spirit so to ordain. But when it is allowed that the books of Scripture owe their form and literary features to the unfettered action of human minds, and are by no means mere creations of the omnipotent Spirit by whom their authors were inspired, a relation is admitted between writing and writer so real and close, that in doubtful cases it may by itself furnish an important clue to the authorship or the relative date. Suppose, for example, that two sacred writings, however closely associated by tradition, manifest such a dissimilarity in respect of the general cast of thought and the characteristic method of expression, as forcibly to indicate the action of minds differently constituted and trained; the fact, on this view of inspiration, would entitle us to assert the strong improbability of the same writer having been the author of both. On the other hand, if the dissimilarity, although considerable, appears capable of being satisfactorily accounted for by such influences as those exerted by mental growth, enlarged experience, and altered circumstances, we should be equally entitled to maintain the possibility that a single writer produced both, but at different epochs of his life.

Now, as we think it impossible, in the present stage of Biblical criticism, seriously to impugn in principle the validity of this use of the psychological features which are characteristic of the sacred writings, all that remains to be examined is how, and with what results, Dr. Farrar applies the test thus furnished. As to the latter point, we are happy to be able to express almost unqualified satisfaction with the eminently conservative character of his conclusions, compared with those of the more advanced section of the school which subordinates tradition and authority to the judgment of the critical reason. Whereas of every book in the New Testament, except four or five of St. Paul's Epistles, the reputed authorship or date has been challenged by the bolder writers of the school, Dr. Farrar's deviations from the generally received tradition may be counted on the fingers of a single hand, and are such as, in each case, to leave the canonical authority of the book entirely unimpaired. If he candidly recognizes the difficulty of reconciling with the assertion of its Pauline authorship some features of the First Epistle to Timothy, he concedes no more than to soften 'absolute conviction' into a 'strong belief that in reading it we are  
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reading the words of the greatest of the Apostles.' If of the Second Epistle of St. Peter the style appears to him so different from that of the First, as to constrain him to assign the composition of it to an unknown hand, still, like St. Jerome, he retains the belief that the great Apostle, although not the actual writer, 'lent to this Epistle the sanction of his name, and the assistance of his advice.' In fact, there are only three cases, one of authorship, the others merely of relative date, in which Dr. Farrar confidently departs from the prevalent tradition; and in each he is in good orthodox company. When maintaining, on psychological grounds, the priority of St. Jude's Epistle to the Second Epistle of St. Peter, and the non-Pauline authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, he closely follows the late Dean Alford; and with regard especially to the latter point there can be little doubt that the current of modern scholarship, rightly or wrongly, sets in the same direction. It must be confessed, too, that he has that current with him, when he assigns the Revelation of St. John to a date shortly before the destruction of Jerusalem, namely, A.D. 68 or 69, instead of the traditional date which places it some thirty years later; and as of these questions this appears to us to be practically by much the most important, we will venture, while maintaining a suspense of judgment as to the rest, to intimate very briefly why we incline to the view which Dr. Farrar strenuously advocates.

Very numerous have been the critical discussions to which the external evidence for the date of this mysterious Book has been subjected during the present century; and the general result of them seems to be, that the case for the traditional or later date, though in itself considerable, is not so strong and complete as absolutely to shut the door against the admission of rebutting evidence of a different kind. That the casual and somewhat obscure statement of Irenæus, which is the main prop of the later date, would, in the absence of any weighty grounds of suspicion, be fairly entitled to acceptance, we do not for a moment deny; what we submit is, that it is not of a character to bear the strain which would be put upon it, if there were reason to think that by following its guidance we should become entangled amidst almost insuperable difficulties. Such difficulties, we are persuaded, are by no means imaginary in the present case, but most real and inevitable; and it is the pressure of them that makes us pause, and question the prudence of any longer submitting ourselves to the guide who has brought us face to face with them, and there leaves us to extricate ourselves as best we can. For, be it remembered, the argument with us proceeds

proceeds on the assumption, that all the canonical books ascribed to St. John are genuine ; so that the traditional date, by assigning the Revelation to the same period as that to which his Gospel and Epistles must unquestionably be referred, makes all these writings to be the nearly contemporary productions of his extreme old age, at or near the close of Domitian's reign. We confess that this result strikes us as verging closely on the incredible. For, first, neither in external history, nor in the Apostle's other writings, do we find any indications of a state of the Church or of the world, likely to have given rise to such a Book as the Revelation at that period ; whereas in the tremendous convulsions which heralded the catastrophe of Judaism an occasion and an impulse may be discovered, amply sufficient to originate it at the earlier date. Again, the fiery intensity and defiant combativeness of the Book seem ill to suit the last years of a prolonged life,—years which we know in this case to have been occupied, to an almost unparalleled degree, with serene contemplation of the highest theological truths. But, above all, the whole character of the Book, in regard both of thought and style, of substance and form, stands in such vivid contrast to that of St. John's other writings, that on no reasonable theory of inspiration does it appear possible to conceive of them as having been contemporaneous productions of the same mind. For, as indeed it has been repeatedly urged, of all the books of the New Testament the Revelation is the most Jewish in tone ; St. John's other writings the least so. It implies that the Temple and its ceremonial are still in existence ; they, that Judaism has vanished and become a thing of the past. It presents divine truth in rudimentary forms, and almost in the voice and the tones of the older dispensation ; they, in abstract and ideal shapes, suited to the purest and most ethereal regions of religious thought. It breathes of external conflict, and sounds like a rallying cry to the warriors of the Cross in their struggle with the powers of the world ; they hint at no conflict but an internal one, with insidious errors of belief and of conduct. In it the victory, the judgment, the transformation, are from without, brought about by visible interpositions, and portrayed in historic imagery ; in them the development of the divine purpose is from within, wrought by spiritual influences, and depicted in timeless and eternal forms. Finally, the Revelation is written in Greek so ungrammatical and full of solecisms as to be the worst in the New Testament, and to betray the author's difficulties in managing an idiom unfamiliar to his pen ; while of the Gospel and Epistles the Greek, though Hebraic in

the structure of the sentences, is perfectly smooth and grammatical, and evinces a long acquaintance with its use as an instrument of literary expression.

Viewing the differences, thus briefly indicated, in the light of any conception of inspiration other than a mechanical one, the question which seems to press most urgently for an answer relates not so much to the probability of these contrasted writings having issued from St. John's pen at the same epoch of his life, as to the possibility of reconciling their features with the hypothesis of a single author. That they are alike genuine we have no doubt; but the facts compel us to agree with Dr. Farrar in perceiving no valid way of upholding the genuineness of them all, unless by accepting the earlier date for the Revelation, and thus allowing between it and the Apostle's other writings an interval sufficient to account for the extraordinary contrast between them. In adopting this view, we are only following two of the ablest and most cautious of our living Biblical scholars, Bishop Lightfoot and Professor Westcott, to whose weighty remarks we invite attention. In the dissertation on 'St. Paul and the Three,' appended to his admirable treatise on the Epistle to the Galatians, after dividing St. John's life into two periods, separated by his withdrawal from Palestine to Asia Minor, about the time of the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Bishop of Durham goes on to say, 'The writings of St. John in the Canon probably mark the close of each period. The Apocalypse winds up his career in the Church of the Circumcision; the Gospel and the Epistles are the crowning result of a long residence in the heart of Gentile Christendom.' Again, after pointing out the wide differences between the Revelation and the Apostle's other writings, and the difficulties in the way of attributing them all to one author,—'difficulties,' he remarks in a note, 'greatly increased if a late date is assigned to the Apocalypse'—the Bishop sums up with the conclusion, that 'a lapse of more than thirty years spent in the midst of a Gentile population will explain the contrast of language and imagery between the Apocalypse and the later writings of St. John, due allowance being made for the difference of subject.' To the same result Professor Westcott unhesitatingly comes, when, in his exhaustive Introduction to St. John's Gospel, in the 'Speaker's Commentary,' he discusses the relation between that Gospel and the Revelation.

'The Apocalypse,' he says, 'offers the characteristic thoughts of the Fourth Gospel in that form of development which belongs to the earliest apostolic age. It belongs to different historical circumstances, to a different phase of intellectual progress, to a different theological

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stage, from that of St. John's Gospel. . . . The Apocalypse is the earlier. It is less developed both in thought and style. . . . To go back from the teaching of the Gospel to that of the Apocalypse, to clothe clear thought in figures, to reduce the full expression of truth to its rudimentary beginnings, seems to involve a moral miracle, which would introduce confusion into life. . . . The Apocalypse is after the close of St. Paul's work. . . . On the other hand, it is before the destruction of Jerusalem.'

Several other prominent subjects, handled in Dr. Farrar's volumes, still invite our attention ; but the only one which we can select for notice is his conception of the many-sidedness of primitive Christianity. The topic thus presented is one of wide range and great practical interest ; for it involves, on one hand, the historical reconstruction, from our fragmentary records, of the aspect of the Christian Church in the earliest stage of its existence ; and, on the other, the grounds on which varieties of theological thought can be justified, and reconciled with loyalty to the 'faith once delivered to the saints.' When the diverse schools of theology, found at the present time within the bosom of the Church, challenge our attention, it is not unnatural to feel alarm for the purity and unity of the faith ; and it would be a relief to discover that, even in the age nearest to the fountain-head of revelation, and among the inspired Apostles themselves, there existed a state of things not very dissimilar. But as soon as we endeavour to picture to ourselves the internal condition of the infant Church during the lifetime of its chief founders, we find ourselves confronted by opposite theories. According to one, whatever differences and disputes disturbed the Church's peace were confined to small unauthorized and discredited factions ; while between the Apostles themselves, and amongst their followers at large, unbroken harmony and sameness of mind prevailed. But according to the other theory, the contending parties were no mere disreputable factions, but large sections of the Church, and were headed by rival Apostles openly opposing each other : and thus the Church was divided into hostile camps, until the second century of its existence brought about a compromise between the principal parties, and saw the acceptance by both of a Catholic Christianity. There are classes of mind to which these theories severally appeal. To reverent faith it is pleasant to think of the primitive believers as having been 'of one heart and of one soul,' following a unanimous Apostolate, and guided by it to a uniform apprehension of the Gospel which had been divinely revealed to make them wise unto salvation. On the other hand, to the critical and sceptical intellect there

is a fascination in the idea, that Christianity was gradually developed by the conflict of antagonistic forces, and that the records of its growth may by severe analysis be made to yield up traces of the internal struggle. But it is not by the attractiveness of a theory that the choice of the honest seeker after truth will be decided. He will impartially weigh the evidence; and in this case we feel sure that the evidence will convince him, that it is not in either extreme, but somewhere between them, that the truth really lies. To maintain the latter or Tübingen theory, without seriously tampering with the New Testament, is confessedly impossible; it requires the sacrifice of the historical veracity of the Acts of the Apostles, and of the genuineness of half the Epistles, as the condition of its credibility. Such a *bouleversement* of the Christian Scriptures is tantamount, in our opinion, to a denial of the divine origin of the Christian Revelation, and a degradation of the Gospel to a mere product of the religious instinct in human nature: the theory which demands it seems to us to be self-condemned. Hence we are in cordial agreement with Dr. Farrar when he roundly says, 'The whole theory is monstrous; it is time it were dismissed.'

But when, repelled by the irreverent and audacious scepticism of this attempt to reconstruct the story of primitive Christianity on lines altogether different from those laid down in the New Testament, we turn to the other theory, which presents a beautiful picture of the unanimity of the early Church, we cannot help feeling that it is almost equally, if not so dangerously or offensively, at variance with the recorded facts. With Bishop Lightfoot, indeed, we are 'very confident that the historical views of the Tübingen school are too extravagant to obtain any wide or lasting hold over the minds of men.' At the same time we must avow a substantial agreement with the extremely strong statement, made by the same learned and sober writer, respecting the divisions and controversies of the Apostolic age. 'However great,' says the Bishop, when summing up the lessons taught by the Epistle to the Galatians, 'may be the theological differences and religious animosities of our own time, they are far surpassed in magnitude by the distractions of an age which, closing our eyes to facts, we are apt to invest with an ideal excellence. In the early Church was fulfilled, in its inward dissensions no less than in its outward sufferings, the Master's sad warning that He came "not to send peace on earth, but a sword."' It would be but an evasion to affirm, that in these early controversies the inspired Apostles could not have been in any way implicated, except as united and unanimous maintainers,

maintainers, against all assailants, of the same divine rule of faith and practice. The rank and file of the several parties, no doubt, greatly outran the leaders under whose revered names they sheltered themselves, and, after the manner of heated and irresponsible partisans, they aggravated their delinquencies into a downright and bitter antagonism; but it is plain, from St. Paul's language, that between the leaders themselves real differences existed respecting the definition and co-ordination of Christian doctrines, and the liberty of conduct conceded by the Gospel. If it be urged that such differences do not come to the surface in the only narrative which we possess of the mutual relations of the Apostolic band, it may be replied that St. Luke probably wrote with a distinct conciliatory purpose, not as a mere historian, and that he was guided in his selection of facts for record by a desire to heal differences and allay irritation and rivalry. When we notice how carefully he balances in his narrative the early pre-eminence of St. Peter by the later pre-eminence of St. Paul, glides over the private conferences which brought out the essential harmony between the Apostle of the Gentiles and the Apostles of the Circumcision, and contents himself with exhibiting the unanimity of the public council under the presidency of St. James, we can scarcely doubt that in the form and construction of his work subjective considerations had a moulding influence, and that it may be not unjustly described as an 'ancient Eirenicon.'

Taking, then, this intermediate view of the internal state of the Church in the Apostolic age, we think that Dr. Farrar has done well in bringing out so clearly the several aspects under which the doctrine of Christ was apprehended, and illustrating them by his careful analysis of the canonical Epistles, as well as by his biographical sketches of their authors. We have already seen how his liberal conception of the inspiration, under which they all alike wrote, enables him frankly to admit the influence of their mental idiosyncrasies, in giving outward form and shape to the enunciation of the truths committed to their trust. When he speaks of a Judaic, a Petrine, a Pauline, an Alexandrian, and a Johannine Christianity, each being 'tinged with the individuality' of its inspired exponent, just as the sunlight is 'reflected and refracted by the medium through which it has inevitably passed,' we find no reason to dissent, provided it is allowed that the differences, whatever they are, all lie on the surface and in the form, and do not touch the substance, nor disturb the essential unity. Holding fast to this important proviso, which indeed is Dr. Farrar's own, there is considerable  
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interest in observing how these different aspects of Christianity are related to each other ; how, for instance, St. Peter's teaching is intermediate between St. Paul's and St. James's, being more conciliatory and catholic than either ; and, again, how between the characteristic theology of St. John and the Pauline doctrine of Grace, the connecting link is found in that 'marked Alexandrianism,' or resemblance to the ideas and phraseology of Philo, which Dr. Farrar has shown to be a leading feature of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

The bearing of the internal history of the primitive Church on our modern schools of theological thought has already been briefly intimated. So long as these continue loyal to the divine authority of Christianity, and build on the foundation-truth, that in the Gospel God has spoken to us by His Son, they are more than excused by the story of Apostolic Christendom ; they are justified as an inevitable consequence of the free and healthy play of human minds in our present imperfect state of existence. It was to point this moral that Bishop Lightfoot, in the passage already quoted, laid so strong an emphasis on the magnitude of the early controversies and distractions. We may well, he says, take courage from the study of them. The lessons of toleration and hope, thus taught, are eloquently enforced by Dr. Farrar, and are eminently characteristic of his mind. He refuses to think that any school has a monopoly of the whole truth ; and he rejoices in the idea that the diversities of aspect, under which the Gospel presents itself to differently constituted minds, illustrate and enhance its divine glory, by evincing its adaptation to every class of intellect and temperament, and its consequent superiority to the narrow, one-sided systems of human theology. And no one, we imagine, can hesitate to assent, when, in pointing out how inestimably precious are the nine Books which form the last section of our New Testament, and are the subject of his latest volumes,—he lays especial emphasis on the balance which they furnish to St. Paul's characteristic method of enunciating and co-ordinating the several parts of the Christian Revelation. In the absence of these Books, he remarks, while we should have understood in what form Christianity was held and taught by the Apostle who was born out of due time, and was sent forth to bear the name of Christ to the Gentiles, we should have been left to conjecture how it was understood and presented by a Peter and a John, who had lived familiarly with the Lord by the Lake of Galilee, and by a James, who continued to the end of his life in the strict observance of the Jewish Law. In such a case we should have been disabled for forming



forming 'any complete opinion of the characteristics of early Christianity,' or any 'full notion of the breadth and length, and depth and height, of sacred Truth.'

We must make a few remarks upon the way in which Dr. Farrar's critical discussions are for the most part conducted. We confess that we are not so well satisfied with this as with the generally conservative character of their results. It is true that, as he is addressing the general public, rather than the scholars and critics, to look for severe, elaborate argument, would be scarcely reasonable; still, what he had to say might, we think, have been more neatly arranged, and more calmly and accurately reasoned. In our opinion, there is too much of looseness and disorder, of discursiveness and tautology, in his statements; they lack precision and impartiality; their point is sometimes obscured by the exuberance of his phraseology and the heat of his polemic. To exhibit proofs of these defects is impracticable; it would require us to transcribe page after page. But—to support our opinion by a few references—for the substitution of rhetoric for logical accuracy, we may point to the accounts of the gift of tongues, and of the vision on the way to Damascus; for the disturbance of argument by controversial warmth, to the discussions about the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the relation to our Lord of His 'brethren,' and the bearing on Christian duty of St. John's admonition to the 'elect lady' not to receive the heretic into her house, nor to bid him God-speed: for repetition, verbosity, and general looseness of arrangement, to most of the discussions in the last two volumes. At the bottom of some of these blemishes lies the eager temperament, which is too impatient to weigh opposing considerations in strictly impartial scales, and leaps too confidently and triumphantly to a conclusion; while still more of them are due to the haste with which the successive instalments of the work have been put forth from the press. With more time for reflection, revision, and watchful self-restraint, we are sure that the permanent worth of the work might have been largely augmented; and it is to be hoped that the opportunity may some day come to the author for bringing to bear upon it a mind chastened and enriched by a riper experience. For in the eye quick to note delicate shades of thought and subtle differences of style, in the historic imagination by which the circumstances of the past are conjured up and made visible to the mind, and in the literary faculty of vivid and picturesque expression, he possesses some of the most essential qualifications for an expositor of the sacred writings.

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To turn these gifts, however, to the best advantage in an enterprise so arduous and vast as Dr. Farrar has undertaken, the devotion of a whole life might well be required; and it would have been a literary miracle if, in the mere hours snatched with difficulty from the regular occupations of barely a dozen years, he had thoroughly digested his accumulation of widely-gathered materials, avoided all obscurities, inconsistencies, and redundancies, and turned out his work altogether as excellent as he was capable of making it.

It is time for us to bring our survey to a conclusion, and to sum up our remarks in such a general verdict as we can see our way to pronounce. It may be said at once that we consider Dr. Farrar's volumes to be more valuable as a popular Commentary, than as a serious contribution to Biblical scholarship. In respect of the higher and more important questions, to which historical criticism has given rise, there is very little of originality in it. Of the positions controversially defended by Dr. Farrar, we cannot recal one of which he has been the first propounder; they are, we believe without an exception, familiar to every modern student of exegetics, and have been too repeatedly and exhaustively canvassed of late years to leave room for much that is new to be said on either side. Occasionally, indeed, the merit belongs to Dr. Farrar of putting in a more vivid light, or urging with a warmer advocacy, considerations which his predecessors in the same field have advanced with less of rhetorical amplification or unhesitating confidence; but even here the advantage is more often, though not always, for the general reader than for the ripe scholar. Moreover, as we have already observed, the conduct of the arguments is not invariably marked by enough of logical precision and comprehensive grasp, to make much impression on minds of a severely critical cast. In short, we conceive that the work is far more likely to be useful to ordinary readers, who want a vivid and interesting picture of Early Christianity set before them, than to the more advanced student, who is seriously grappling with the problems presented by the Christian Scriptures when subjected to the tests of historical and psychological criticism.

Even when Dr. Farrar's work is considered as a happy and successful attempt to popularize the best results of Biblical scholarship, the merit of originality cannot be accorded to it without considerable qualification. We feel tolerably certain that it would never have become what it is, had not Renan, with his varied research and artistic style, already traversed the whole of the ground. We do not say this in the least by way of blame.

blame. It would have been impossible for so lively and well-furnished a writer, as the brilliant but sceptical Frenchman undoubtedly is, to treat in a series of sparkling volumes the 'Origins of Christianity,' without leaving behind him many a felicitous illustration, and many a suggestive hint, for the benefit of those who follow in the same track, however different from his their point of view may be. In fact, Dr. Farrar's general method of elucidating the growth of Christian doctrine and sentiment, by reproducing, as far as possible, the historical circumstances of the first founders of the Church, is precisely that which Renan had previously employed; and any one who compares, for instance, the treatment of the apocalyptic portions of the New Testament by the one, with the 'Antichrist' of the other, will not fail to perceive how much the later author has been indebted to the earlier. A still further resemblance, although it is really a superficial one, arises from the fact, that both writers lay themselves out to exhibit, as vividly as the materials will allow, the human side of the movement by which the Christian Church was originated and fashioned. It is true that the impulses by which they have been led to take this line are entirely different; Renan having been necessarily committed to it by his denial of any other than a human element in Christianity, while with Dr. Farrar the cause has been his belief, that it is through an acquaintance with the human organs of Revelation that the truest comprehension is to be obtained of the divine treasure committed to their trust. While then, in principle, the difference between the two writers is the fundamental difference between the avowed sceptic and the unconditional believer, on the surface of their volumes there is sufficient likeness to give an air of plausibility to the remark we have heard made, that Dr. Farrar's work may be described as a Christianized version of Renan's.

After all these deductions, however, have been made, on one score or another, from the value of the volumes before us, the great merit remains to them unimpaired, of containing the most readable, vivid, and altogether instructive account of the rise of Christianity, ever presented to the world by a popular writer. Among intelligent but uncritical readers, such as form the larger part of the seriously disposed public, we cannot doubt that the influence of the work will be widely beneficial. For such persons it would scarcely be possible to peruse it with attention and candour, without finding themselves placed in a better position to understand the historical circumstances which surrounded the infancy of the Christian Church; and without,

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at the same time, being warmed by a more intelligent sympathy with the noble band of preachers, confessors, and martyrs, through whose toils and sufferings the doctrine of the Redeemer went forth, conquering and to conquer. The homely paraphrases and translations of many of the more difficult parts of the sacred text, and the abundant illustrations gathered from both classical and Rabbinical sources, will often be found to throw light on what is obscure in the Apostolic writings, and to elucidate the subtler shades and transitions of thought. By the brilliant sketches of the contemporary Judaism and Paganism with which the Gospel so frequently came into collision, of the Alexandrian theosophy in its relation to Christian theology, and of the political drama with which the fortunes of the growing Church were inextricably interwoven, the reader is helped to feel himself at home in that stirring and momentous era, and the key is put into his hand to the conflicts amidst which Christianity made its way, and to the methods of teaching employed by the several leaders of the Church. And when we add, that a warm and generous enthusiasm pervades the pages from first to last, and challenges for 'the glorious company of the Apostles, the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, and the noble army of Martyrs,' that sympathetic admiration which is the best preparative for receiving their word, we have said enough, we conceive, to show that, in spite of the exceptions which we have felt it our duty to take to various features of the work, we regard Dr. Farrar as having in a high degree accomplished his aim, to place in the hands of English readers throughout the world an instructive and edifying 'Companion to the whole of the New Testament.'

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- ART. VI.—1. *The Publications of the Early English Text Society.* London, 1864–1882.
2. *First Sketch of English Literature.* By Professor Henry Morley.
3. *On Modern Education.* By Professor Huxley. Being a Lecture delivered at the Liverpool Institute.
4. *Address as Rector of St. Andrew's University.* By Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. Nov. 21, 1882.
5. *What we Owe to Greece.* Being the Inaugural Address by Professor Butcher, at the University of Edinburgh, October 31, 1882.
6. *Report on Secondary Schools in Ireland.* By Professor Mahaffy. Dublin, 1881.

WE are conscious of some rashness in our present design. Our age, with all its boasted tolerance, is apt to resent with some asperity any doubts cast upon those methods, aims, and pursuits, by which it claims to have superseded the obsolete ideas of its predecessors. It has been so accustomed to complete acquiescence in its own dogmas, that he who ventures to impugn them does so with the certain prospect of being condemned as reactionary. It is the imputation which of all others is believed most effectually to dispose of his pretensions to a hearing. At the risk of that imputation, however, we feel tempted to point out the dangers which are threatened by a blind adherence to certain methods of modern education. We desire to expose the fallacies which underlie certain theories as to the most rational subjects of study, now commanding all but universal acceptance. We do so in entire confidence that, while giving a very necessary word of warning, we are taking part in no reactionary crusade. We cannot expect that our arguments will commend themselves to those who are implicit votaries of new systems, or who find their advantage in popularizing new subjects of study. But our object is simply to call attention to certain principles which must lie at the foundation of all sound theories of education, and of all sound methods of literary investigation; and, having done so, we shall apply these principles to one of those subjects,—that of English literature—which is now advancing claims to increased attention, not in our schools only, but in the domain of serious scholarship. And lastly, we shall endeavour to see the results of these new methods in the not unimportant matters of criticism and of style.

We have cited above, amongst others, a few of the works which are put forward as credentials in support of these claims. We shall presently have occasion to refer to some of them with more of detail;

detail; but we have no wish to detract from their general merits. They undoubtedly bear evidence of considerable care, and of much enthusiasm. In the case of Professor Morley's 'First Sketch of English Literature,' it is impossible not to admire the industry and skill with which he has attempted the impossible task of being at once exhaustive as regards dates and names, concise in space, and yet suggestive and discriminating in criticism. Our present purpose, however, is not to criticize particular books, but rather to estimate the value of the study which books such as this represent. We desire to direct attention to the conditions under which that study is pursued; to the exaggerated results which are often expected from it: to the dangers of delusive knowledge, which it is only too likely to involve. It is beyond question that, in giving to this study so large a place in modern education, we have made what is no less than a revolution in the educational theories of the past. It will surely not be waste of time to ask what are the solid results of such a change?

But it is not in the field of education alone that this new subject displays its energy. It claims to have established a new school of scholarship; to have supplanted older methods of criticism; to have made valuable discoveries as to the origin and genius of our language. There also we feel it needful to point out some dangers of misdirected effort, of narrow and one-sided views, before we join in the congratulations upon new discoveries made by our generation, or accept with implicit faith the maxims of any school of specialists.

We are by no means blind to the advantages which an extension of the modern side of education may give, or to the necessity which existed for some enlargement of the field of literary training and of literary interest. The very conditions of modern life demanded this. As the pursuits of educated men become more various, as the professions branch out in new directions, nay more, as popular education advances, and the classes who desire some intellectual interest increase, so it becomes imperatively necessary to bring new variety to our education, and to open up new fields of study, at once less laborious to cultivate than the old, and more rapid in yielding fruit. If we are to know our history in the largest sense, we must study its reflection in our literature: if we are to learn the nature of our language, we must bring the light of philology to bear upon it: if we are to improve our criticism, we must try in literature the comparative method, so rich in its results elsewhere. Such studies were doubtless, at one time, too much neglected, or were pursued in vague and dilettante fashion, under the generic and somewhat

somewhat affected name of *belles-lettres*. We should be the last to deny that the application to them of the severe and scientific accuracy, that had long been reserved for other studies, could no longer be delayed.

In raising a note of warning, therefore, we would not be understood indiscriminately to condemn this new activity. Those who wish its advance most heartily, will find nothing in our criticisms opposed to the best interests of the study. We desire only to review its achievements so far; to point out the need of moderation in its pretensions; and to show where it errs in claiming, not to supplement the older lines of scholarship, but to carve out for itself new and independent paths.

Those who take upon themselves to speak as the pioneers in this new field of enquiry have certainly shown no false modesty. They begin with one of those convenient assumptions, which no sensible man would meet either with unqualified assent or unqualified denial. English literature, they often say, with the full approval of popular audiences, comprises treasures greater than any other body of literature can offer. In a certain sense this is true. But it is apt to be forgotten that the treasures it comprises are not all its own. Not only has it a rich inheritance from antiquity, but it reflects, by immediate contact, much that is good and bad in contemporary foreign literature. By the very necessity of things, no modern vernacular literature rests upon its own achievements, tills its own fields only, or ripens only its own fruits. Each is like a separate stream, which in a greater or lesser degree is constantly mingling its waters with those of tributaries from abroad. Our poetry, our philosophy, our history; our fiction and our criticism;—each and all are the result, not only of what our own nation has produced, but of what it has imported. Is it possible to say, when we come to deal with writings near our own day, what constitutes modern literature at all? If permanence is one test of literature, who shall decide what is to come within the definition? Few will be disposed to bring within that definition the mass of our periodical productions. As few will assign the attribute of permanence to those creations of fiction, that are born in shoals, but die 'before they have so much as learned their mother-tongue, to beg for pity.' Of our verse, our essays, our history, how much will float down upon the surface of the stream of time? In short, if we ask ourselves what are the bounds of that storehouse which we are to search for the treasures of English literature, the question is one which only a very rash man will attempt with any confidence to answer.

But the difficulty of this first task has not deterred us. We have



have boldly assailed the chronicles of a thousand years of literary growth. We have mapped out the field: we have classified and arranged the authors on every scale, from that of a primer of a few pages to that of bulky and ambitious histories. We have catalogued the works of the principal authors, we have decided as to their leading motives, characterized their styles in so many lines, proportioned to the scale on which our survey is arranged. And in so doing, how much nearer have we brought any single author to those who have studied our hand-books? How much more real has he become to them, and how much has he spoken to them in his own words?

But we have done more. The labours of a past generation of Anglo-Saxon scholars have been made to yield results of which they themselves scarcely dreamed. Searching for the beginnings of our literature, we have endeavoured to popularize books which a few years ago were known only to the learned or the curious. In the imported legend of *Beowulf*, we have been taught to recognize the distinctive peculiarities of our race. The Paraphrase of *Cædmon* is found to have a genealogical connection with the fully developed poetry of *Milton*. In the rugged simplicity of 'the Vision of *Piers Plowman*,' as told by *Langland*, we have been bidden to see force and beauty, where older scholars saw only curious indications of primitive simplicity surviving in our island at a time when foreign literature was rapidly acquiring the grace and dignity of art. We have unearthed obscure and dreary fragments, and have pronounced that they contain the germ of what has made our literature great in its maturity. Along with this, the origin of our language has been investigated, the labours of our own earlier scholars have been reproduced, and swollen by wholesale appropriations of the results of more recent German research; and from the whole the strange theory has been evolved, that the genius of our language is essentially Teutonic, and that its native simplicity has been corrupted and not enriched by what it has borrowed, directly or indirectly, from foreign sources. We have reproduced the same notions in our new ideal of style. We are taught to forget the labours of those who established the pattern of English prose, to despise their stilted classicalism, and to find our model in a strained pursuit of what is called Saxon idiom. We no longer write a preface, but 'forewords.' A Latinized word gives us the same shock as a false concord gave to the most fastidious scholar of other days, or as a non-Ciceronian epithet gave to those whom *Erasmus* satirized. By the avoidance of foreign adjuncts, and by that alone, we hope to attain to terseness and force of idiom.

Surely there is more than one fallacy underlying all this.

Before

Before we dogmatize as to the distinctive peculiarities of our literature, or trace its growth with confidence, ought we not to ask ourselves what guides we possess for such an enquiry? At this stage in our literature it is impossible to pronounce with certainty whether it is yet advancing to its zenith, or has already entered upon its decline. Never was there a time when taste was more divergent, when confusion of criticism was greater, when the verdict of one epoch was more speedily and completely reversed by its successor. No generation could be less fitted to deliver a final judgment upon what is great in our literature, than is the present. Our highest hope should be to draw something from each of the leaders of the past, to learn the secret of their influence, to compare them one with another and with the models of excellence which antiquity has given us, as well in literature as in art: not to apply to them any fixed formula, or to judge them in the light of any narrow or one-sided theory as to the distinctive characteristics of our literature as a whole. But the extreme partisans of the new study show no such modesty or hesitation. They boldly assert that the purer genius of our literature is to be found in Chaucer, or, perhaps, to speak more exactly, that its corruption began with him. They evolve out of remnants of archaicism, that appear to ordinary readers sterile and dull, what they are pleased to believe marvels of genius and of force. They pursue their investigations into these forgotten authors with a restless eagerness that violates all moderation and sanity of judgment. By a strange fancy, they apply the same method to the study even of contemporary authors. The works of men still living are—not read, but studied with the aid of a society formed for their investigation. Their creations become the basis of a new literature of commentary: they are no longer a source of natural enjoyment, but are burdened with an elaboration of textual criticism. All this is intended as the homage of unbounded admiration: but those who yield it forget that, in doing so, they deny to their author the very first attribute of greatness. When contemporary literature begins to demand a commentary, does it not raise grave suspicions of its claim to be the highest class of literature? Is obscurity thus to be reckoned as a positive merit, that it should suffice to collect a crowd of industrious and painful elucidators?

That we are imagining no unreal connection between the excessive and one-sided attention given to the earliest fragments of our literature, and that misplaced elaboration of study which is given to the works of contemporary authors, is proved by the fact that the same names appear prominently in both spheres.

spheres. Of any permanent influence of such scholiasts on our literature it would be absurd to speak. They are obscure at present, and when the freaks of a passing fashion have disappeared, they will be altogether forgotten. But their doings are duly chronicled in the columns of certain learned periodicals: doubtless their example is followed by many who aspire to the reputation of literary knowledge; and that example may not be without its harmful influence, at least in our own day.

The new activity is not confined to the labours or to the dogmatism of specialists. The same zeal which seeks to reconstruct our language, to lay anew the foundations of our criticism, and to teach us how to study with proper devotion the most ancient as well as the most modern specimens of our literature, claims also to revise our educational methods. We are told that there lies at our hand an easy means of giving a wide general culture with comparatively little of preliminary drudgery. Those who have not the leisure or the industry to study an ancient language may, without any painful or lengthy effort, acquire a speaking acquaintance with the far larger range of English literature. It can scarcely be matter of surprise that a domain of intellectual interest, whose promise is so wide and access to which is so easy, should count its students by thousands, and should find itself popularized in every provincial lecture-room, and in every young ladies' school.

Let us deal first, then, with this educational side of the question. The claims advanced on behalf of English literature are a part only of a specious scheme for remodelling our educational machinery, which is of a growth so recent that its exaggerations have scarcely yet been detected. The increased attention given in schools to what professes to be the study of our own literature has undoubtedly a very close connection with the sneers that are commonly bestowed on the labour misspent on classical training. Why, it is asked, with a literature incomparably rich and varied open to us, should we seek for models only in the dead languages? Why waste time on the laborious process of obtaining a key to the latter, when the former spreads all its wealth before us without trouble? Why linger over a few poets, historians, and philosophers, who addressed an audience strange to us, who dealt with subjects of no immediate interest now, whose ideas and beliefs were moulded on lines different from our own, and who were, in short, 'egregiously ignorant of the laws of this realm'? Why not go directly to our own literature, follow its growth, and demand from it an explanation of its meaning? Why not, it is further said, make our education more practical, and let our pupils deal  
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straightway with that which is to bear directly upon the future occupations of their life?

It is surprising that those who repeat these set phrases should have apparently no suspicion of the fallacies they contain. If education consists solely of the acquisition of information, if the training of the mind is to be a secondary question, and if we are to select subjects, not as they are adapted for that training, but as they may be most easily and quickly acquired, perhaps these new phrases might be accepted without question. But it is just because no man of sound judgment can be contented with such a theory of education, that we would venture to bring the new ideal to the test of argument.

What is it, then, that we seek to give through a classical training? First of all, something which through that very preliminary drudgery may be best obtained. To learn the grammatical structure of one of the classical languages is, in the strictest sense, a scientific training. Like anything else, it may be taught without intelligence, and indeed, in its opening stages, the pupil cannot master his instruments without a good deal of painful and mechanical work. But no science can be taught without some technical terms, the full meaning of which only slowly discloses itself. The grammar of the classical languages is no exception to the rule, but each stage in its study opens up new meanings, shows us new niceties of construction, and lifts the veil from new mental operations that are stereotyped in the mould of language. We are bringing, now, no accusation against the study of the physical sciences, and we are ready for the moment to grant to them all the educational value which their advocates claim. But we greatly doubt whether any one of them offers the possibility of so thorough a training of the reason and the judgment, as is implied in the mastery of a classical language in all the perfection of its form. Our present controversy, however, is not with the advocates of physical science in education, but with those who conceive it to be desirable to substitute what is called English grammar for the grammar of the dead languages; just as they would substitute the varieties of modern literature for the distinct creations of another race and time. If any of our readers are disposed to accept their arguments as sound, we would ask them only to turn to a few of the English grammars which are now chiefly used in schools. Some of them proceed upon the sound method of explaining, as far as possible, the structure of an English sentence, and of limiting themselves to a few rules framed upon the analogy of Latin grammar. But others are more ambitious. They give us elaborate schemes of nouns and verbs, which are

made to do duty for the inflexional forms that have disappeared. They torment the pupils' minds with quasi-logical distinctions. They crowd into their pages technicalities behind whose repulsive aspect no true meaning lurks. If it were, indeed, our aim and object to confuse the scholar's mind, to lead him into an endless maze of verbal absurdities, we could choose no better method than that of substituting universally these successors of Lindley Murray for the rigid mental discipline which is implied in an intelligent study of Latin grammar. This result would be rendered all the more likely by the fact, of which all who have had to use these grammars are painfully conscious, and which applies not less to other 'modern' studies, that they want those elements of fixity and permanence which are the first requisites in what we are to use as the bases for education.

We must not forget, then, this strictly scientific training which forms the necessary threshold to a study of the classical languages. To many the study must necessarily bring little more. Even for them, it would be disastrous to substitute that strained and illogical jargon, which goes under the name of English grammar, for the clear and harmonious system with which they may at least gain some acquaintance. But for others, this scientific training is only an introduction to something far more valuable, which otherwise would be a sealed book to them. If classical grammar is superior to any substitute which our English grammarians have yet produced, far more is classical literature an unrivalled education for the higher faculties of taste, of judgment, of imagination. Where, but in that literature, can we find the true touchstone of what is permanent in form, of that stability which is affected by no accidental circumstances, by no chance assortment of current notions, by no freaks of whimsical conceit? Can we have this in a literature which is still in a process of transition, which is ever receiving additions from the most heterogeneous sources, which has not learned itself, and whose very energy is due to the fact that it will submit to no rules? Instead of being an objection, is it not, on all sound principles, a very reason for the excellence of a dead language as an educational instrument, that it 'being dead, yet speaketh'? It lies before us in the passive dignity of sculptured marble, yielding its meaning to us only after a slow and painful process, revealing to us, only after long and careful labour, the ever-living truths that it contains, and kindling in us that most permanent of all sympathies, which knits together the present and the past? Greek literature maps itself out before us as a reflection of the history of the race. We see  
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where the Epic genius began and ended : what made the lyrical poetry instinct with a life of its own : how both developed into the historic epos of Herodotus ; and how the feverish life of Athens found its counterpart in the religious background of the drama, and the historic irony of Thucydides : how the decay of her glory as a state gave birth to the intellectual concentration of Aristotle and of Plato. But at what point in our own literature can we say that one page is closed and a new one opened ? Is our drama dead, or only under an eclipse ? Has it expressed all in the national feeling that it is its function to utter ? What has fixed its limits ? Did Epic poetry ever really live amongst us, or was it an accidental and borrowed form ? When the annals of our literature are closed, what and how much of permanent and independent value will it be found to have added to the possessions of all time ? Can any one of these questions be answered with anything approaching to certainty ? Is there any one of them to which Greek literature does not supply a ready answer in its own case ?

It would be idle to attempt, within the limits of this article, any full estimate of the treasures which classical literature contains, or to set forth all the qualities which make it unique in its value as the basis of a nation's highest culture. To do so, would oblige us to repeat what are truisms to those who know its treasures, and what would certainly be stigmatized as reactionary and obsolete dogmatism by those who are wedded to new methods. But we may be permitted to express our deep regret that in more quarters than one, where better things might have been expected, the study of Greek has been deliberately excluded from the necessary intellectual equipment of those who bear the credentials of a University degree. Did our space allow us, a recapitulation of one or two epochs in our literary history would show that a similar neglect presaged no great advancement in those liberal ideas, of which they who now decry the study of the dead languages believe themselves to be the most ardent apostles. Whether a similar result may not now be in store for us we must leave to the test of time. Meanwhile, we are glad to console ourselves with signs that, in spite of the one-sided modernizing spirit which has prevailed in certain quarters, the standard of Greek scholarship amongst us is maintained by not a few whose zeal and energy promise to repair the breaches made by the fanaticism of educational reformers. Nowhere is that study advancing under better auspices than in the Scotch Universities ; and nowhere has it better opportunities of extending that modicum of influence over a wide class of students, which is the best and surest foundation on

which to base an accurate scholarship in the case of a few.\* Any reproach of timid or restricted work, any forgetfulness of the highest phases of English scholarship, which might have been fairly charged against the preceding generation, is being replaced by a breadth and boldness of treatment, and by a thoroughness of research, which are well fitted to recal these older traditions.†

We have endeavoured to show that the study of classical literature may not be quite so useless as is supposed. But the question follows, What is it that our educational reformer would substitute for it? The place of the dead languages ought, it seems, to be taken by the more practical training which the study of modern languages, and especially of our own language and literature, affords. We do not propose to dwell on the arguments of those who urge the expediency of introducing more widely the study of foreign languages. We would give only one word of caution. In studying foreign languages we may desire one of two things, either to acquire a facility in speaking, or to understand the structure of the languages and to explore their literature. If the former is our object, it scarcely needs to be proved that, as a mental exercise, it is about the least educative which can by any possibility be pursued.‡ It is chiefly a matter of habit, in which the quick imitative faculty of an illiterate lady's-maid often outstrips the efforts of an educated man. But, further, it is an object which no school education can appreciably help us to obtain. A few weeks spent amid French surroundings will give greater conversational facility than as many years of school exercises. Probably, however, with nine-tenths of those who learn a foreign

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\* At St. Andrew's and Aberdeen the Chairs of Greek are held by men who have for years been doing good work for Greek scholarship. At Glasgow, Professor Jebb is carrying on with signal success the high traditions of his predecessor; and more recently, Edinburgh has gained from Oxford, in Professor Butcher, one whose place in the English University cannot easily be filled up, but who in Edinburgh will have an even more extended field of action.

† We cannot refrain from saying a word in praise of the promise shown by one who is yet a young scholar, Mr. W. G. Rutherford. His 'New Phrynichus,' and his recent edition of the fabulist 'Babrius,' give evidence of a masculine grasp and a critical acumen, which may yet win for him a very high place in the annals of English scholarship. If he is at times disposed to be unduly confident, this is an error in the right direction, and one which time will very easily and very certainly cure.—Since writing the above, we rejoice to learn that Mr. Rutherford has been appointed Head-Master of Westminster School.

‡ Those who feel inclined to trust the oft-repeated eulogies of modern languages as a staple part of school education, cannot do better than read the warning given by Professor Mahaffy (who certainly is neither a prejudiced nor an incompetent judge) in the Report cited at the head of this article.

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language, such facility is the chief or only object. But if, on the other hand, modern languages are studied as affording a mental training, or as opening to us a new literature, will any one venture seriously to maintain, either that their structure presents more of logical symmetry than a classical language, or that the treasures to be gathered through their medium enlarge our possessions in equal measure? On the contrary, it is, we think, a matter of universal experience, that the more we read of a foreign literature, the more conscious do we become that we are being brought into contact with familiar ideas, in a new dress: while the more we penetrate the spirit of classical antiquity, the more are we impressed with the vast gulf which separates us from it, with the new life that it opens to us at every turn, with the added experience that it brings.

We cannot congratulate the University of Cambridge on the most recent extension of her curriculum by the addition of what is called a Modern Language Tripos. There are surely limits to the degree to which variety of intellectual pabulum is to be provided to suit the popular taste; and we should have thought that the dignity of a great University was not best consulted by rivalling the huckstering facility of a commercial caterer for the widest range of customers. We have sufficiently shown how unfit a University is to give that practical acquaintance with the modern languages, which those who claim for them a large place in education desire. But what we regret in this scheme is not chiefly its probable futility. The more serious error is that which proposes to base a strict and scholarlike knowledge of our own language and literature, not upon the study of those classical models in which all that is best in modern literature has found the chief source of its inspiration, but upon a familiarity, more or less complete, with other modern literatures. The divorce of English study from sound scholarship, which has already proceeded too far, is thus to receive the confirmation of University sanction.

Without dwelling longer, however, upon the advantages of the classical element in education, and upon the evils that may result from its neglect, we are now chiefly concerned with the alternative proposed in the study of English literature. The advantages which it owes to its being a living literature are not, as we have seen, quite so certain as at first sight appears. Such a literature is neither the best fitted to enlarge our ideas, nor does it afford the safest criterion of permanent literary value or of perfect literary form. But no one would deny that the English language and literature, wisely taught and studied, are not only a useful, but to some extent a necessary part of every liberal

liberal education. It is important, then, to see what are the methods by which this new activity has chosen to spread its influence.

Chiefly by that most flimsy and delusive one of lectures, supplemented by handbooks. Let us turn to any educational prospectus, to the list of lectures at any provincial institute, even to the more ambitious calendars of not a few of our Universities, and we can ascertain at a glance the nature of the instruction. An epoch, longer or shorter as it may be, is chosen. The lecturer has evidently formed certain ideas as to the prominent features of that epoch. He must, perforce, develop these ideas in such a way as to be readily appreciated, and he must be careful to let them rest in the memory by the concise definiteness of their enunciation. A supposed cycle of literary phases is arranged, and the authors are then classified, each in his own group, and brought forward in turn to serve as apt illustrations of the theories which it is the lecturer's business to prove. It is easy to select certain features in each author's work, which make him fall naturally into the place that the lecturer has chosen for him: his inconsistencies, his aberrations, his idiosyncrasies, must be smoothed down or disregarded, as likely to confuse the minds of the audience, or to disturb the concinnity of the series of lectures. The student carries away a distinct idea only of the artificial classifications of his teacher; and he turns to read for himself—if he ever does so—with the fixed idea that each author must reproduce the peculiar dress of that company in which he had his place assigned in the well-drilled march past.

We may readily conceive what havoc such a method must work on any individual independence of thought, or on any spontaneous appreciation of what is read. But this, let it be remembered, is a description, not of the worst, but of the best type of lecture on English literature. It is scarcely possible for the teacher to avoid some of those whims of individual taste or criticism, which are of all things most fatal in education. But if he is skilful, and if the scholar is determined to know for himself, the classification may be not without suggestiveness: and, even though independent reading may make the scholar question some of the teacher's opinions, that reading is pursued with a regularity of view which he might not otherwise attain. As a rule, however, the method pursued is more slavish and more mechanical. A certain number of years are mapped out. The names of the authors are chronologically arranged; the works of each are enumerated; a convenient formula is adopted for the description of their various styles.

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The dire but inevitable hand of examining bodies has been extended over the sphere of English literature; and for the sake of a competitive examination it is needful to learn that part of the subject, which may best be produced in definite form at the final ordeal. Under such a system even the plot of one of the Waverley novels is reduced to the most concise and easily remembered shape; the characters are labelled and committed to memory: and what might prove a source of gradually increasing delight as life goes on, and as experience unconsciously teaches us to appreciate new touches of the narrator's skill, becomes a thing of dry husks, carrying with it in recollection only the heated and feverish atmosphere of the crammer's lecture room, or of the competitive examination.

Have we sufficiently considered what all this means? Is there not more than a danger that, in thus dwelling on the surroundings of a literature, mastering its circumstances, and elaborating a theory of its growth, we may forget that there is such a thing as the literature itself? Some object, no doubt, may occasionally be served by such guide-posts in literature, when without them the substance of the literature might be obscure and unintelligible. But they will be of use chiefly in those cases where the student approaches a literature which is strange to the current notions of his own ordinary life, and where he would read without profit, were he not to learn something about the relation of one author to another. The utility of such guide-posts diminishes in proportion as the literature lies close to us. Theories are worse than useless when they keep us back from the body of the literature, still more when they give a false impression of knowledge, based only on a second-hand report. If we torment our school-boys with names, and dates, and classifications of authors, and theories of literary progress, are we not occupying time that might be better spent, surrounding with associations of drudgery that which might some day yield the highest and the most enduring pleasure, and imparting to them what is too often but a specious pretence of knowledge? We are apt to forget that all this labour is at best but a means to an end; that he to whom any part of our higher literature yields an honest, an intelligent, and a healthy pleasure, has already gained a possession which all these preliminary lectures upon English literature can do no more than give. Can we seriously believe that it is a healthy occupation for young minds to learn all these theories and classifications by rote, before they know anything of the substance on which the theories rest? Is it fair to them to reduce to the dull routine of dates and names the only sphere

sphere of intellectual enjoyment in which they may range at will, and in which each step discovered for themselves, each new idea opening up before them, each new mark of genius appreciated, is of ten times more value than all the critical formulæ, all the well-adjusted classifications, that assiduous attendance at the most popular courses of lectures can ever give? It is a trite subject of complaint that the purest poetry of Virgil and Horace may be tainted for us in after life by the recollection of the necessary but dreary discipline through which the intricacies of their grammatical difficulties have to be mastered. The new theory of classical education proposes a royal road which is to carry the pupil quickly to a familiarity with the genius of Greece and Rome without the painful ordeal of grammatical drill. The theory is as absurd as many others that have their origin amongst cliques of educational doctrinaires. But are we to reverse the process with our own literature? Are we to occupy the attention that might be spent on its masterpieces, by elaborate analysis, by verbal criticism, and by prelections that tell us only what these masterpieces are, when they were written, what was the date of their author's birth, and to what school or sect he happened to belong?

In all this, we must repeat, we point to the danger of exaggeration, and to that alone. Classification and arrangement, when pursued in moderation, serve a useful purpose. It is well that we should give to our students some of the results of investigation, and that we should put into their hands some guide in selecting the books that they shall read. But we must not pursue this method, as there seems much risk that it should be pursued, to the exclusion of that direct and personal acquaintance with the greatest specimens of our literature, which, after all, is alone of solid value. Our fathers adopted the method of teaching literature by books of extracts. The selection was arbitrary: the scope and aim of great works were apt to be narrowed down in the presentation of selected specimens to the reader who might be content to know no more. But, after all, it avoided the danger to which our new system is exposed, that our schoolboys should be able to talk with an apparent familiarity of works whose dates and titles they have learned, without having listened to one word of what the author himself had to say. At the present day, it is scarcely possible to judge to what extent the masterpieces of English literature are really known. Their names are current amongst us. The generation now rising to manhood can give us an epitome of their subjects, and can tell us to what category they belong. But

But are they read, in the sense that current periodical literature is read? Do we turn to them, naturally and easily, as to familiar friends? Are we not content with making their titles, and these only, household words? Can they really be said, '*volitare per ora virum*?'

The system which has commended itself so universally to our modern educational doctrinaires has other inconveniences. The lecturer on English literature is constantly coming across stumbling-blocks. Whole masses of our literature, which are not without interest to the student, are not of the class which forms wholesome reading for the young. If we are to trace the rise, the growth, and the decay of the drama in England, we must wade through volumes by the lesser dramatists, which are not without striking ability and unquestionable genius, but which no one would venture to recommend for general reading, and in regard to which the youthful student must be encouraged to take on trust the account which his teacher gives him. No doubt there are passages as objectionable in classical authors; but they come veiled in an unfamiliar diction, and so far overbalanced, even to the dullest amongst those who can understand them, by the consummate art of their surroundings. The body of literature to which they belong still retains its deeper meaning, still works out its higher aim, and by its permanent impression effaces what is occasionally sordid or mean. Where the noisomeness becomes most prominent, it is easy to see that the literature is in decay, and 'has not salt enough to keep the body of it sweet.' But there are whole tracks in our literature where not one ray of honest purpose appears, which reflect only a degraded society, speaking through a coarse and venal medium. Yet for the student of our literature, such tracks have their own lesson, they cannot be omitted from any comprehensive survey of it, nor would it be safe to say that they represent the genius of that literature in decay. What method, then, are we to adopt, when we make the history of our literature an important educational instrument? Can we exclude works of fiction from the list? If we do so, we shut our eyes to one of the fields of literature which is most instructive as a picture of social manners. If we include fiction, where are we to draw the line? Are we to include the scurrilities of the minor satirists? Are Ned Ward, and Mrs. Aphra Behn, and Mrs. Manley, to become part of our educational apparatus? Are 'Tom Jones' and 'Roderick Random' to be prescribed to our youth as part of the tasks which are to fit them for the work of life?

Difficulties like these may appear to be of little importance; but they are evidently present to the minds of those who act as guides

guides in this new domain of education. To encounter them, what we cannot refrain from calling a certain amount of affectation is employed. To be a useful educational instrument, the study of English literature must be made a moral tale. Some underlying purpose is therefore discovered under the wildest vagaries, some ultimate tendency to good under the most noisome coarseness. The dramatists, unknown to themselves, were working towards some great end. The satirists, who poured out scurrilities only to vent their venom or to fill their purse, were, we are told, breaking down privileges, were shaking society, were raising the dust which was eventually to clear the air. A glance at any of the ordinary handbooks of English literature will give instances in sufficient number of the moralizing habit to which we refer, without our resorting to quotations which might be invidious and unfair. Once for all, it may be well to protest against such sentimentality in criticism: whatever its fancied advantages for the purposes of the teacher, it is simply ridiculous and untrue.

Passing from the probable dangers attendant upon a new branch of education, which has yet much to learn, and whose votaries pursue it with too little judgment, we must turn to another aspect of the modern activity in the study of English literature. To judge from the utterances of those who now claim to speak on its behalf, one would fancy that English literature had engaged the attention of no students before our own day. The work of Ritson, of Thorpe, of Nicolas, and of Dyce, is altogether ignored. We, it is supposed, have for the first time opened up the treasures of our early literature, have shown the real source of its inspiration, have ascertained the steps by which our language has been developed. The claim is supported by an endless succession of text-books, a considerable portion of whose material is, we fear, derived from the wider scholarship of our predecessors, and from the laborious investigations of contemporary German grammarians. It would be a thankless task, however, to trace lists of grammatical formations to their sources, and to make plain the meagre claims to originality which can be asserted by modern English scholars. It is the less necessary, because we have more serious complaints against the modern school of English specialists than the extent of their indebtedness to unacknowledged sources. To have brought information into a convenient shape, and to have made it easily accessible, may not be the most dignified of literary tasks, but it has merits of its own. Our more grave objection to this school is, that they have injured that study which they claim to have advanced, by their narrow views, their lack of judgment, and

and their scanty equipment of general scholarship. In obedience to a prevailing fashion, they have exaggerated the Teutonic element in our language and in our literature, forgetful that it is to the much-decried treasures of antiquity, and what we have borrowed thence, that our language owes its flexibility, and our literature the main part of its inspiration. It is only when we set a modern literature side by side with its ancient exemplars, when we see where it varies from them, which of their features it has chiefly repeated, how it has used their suggestions, and what it has added of its own,—it is only then that we can tell what its genius and its characteristics are. To these exemplars we must look as the mould and pattern of literary form. There can be no more worthy study than that which seeks to discern national peculiarities, to trace the native uncouthness gradually acquiring grace, to see how the slender indigenous stock enriched itself by contact with the inheritance of antiquity. But if such enquiries lead us to ignore what is at once the highest standard of literary form and the chief source of literary inspiration, to concentrate our gaze upon a few monuments of scarcely more than antiquarian interest, they are more than likely to lead to a reaction, under whose influence the native stream of our literature may suffer from undue neglect. The study of pre-Chaucerian English may, indeed, yield results of the highest value. A new interest is added to a current phrase, when we find that it repeats some feature in the earlier language. Some special forms of our rhythms have a new meaning to us when we see that they are drawn from the traditions of Saxon poetry. We may see certain rugged national peculiarities emphatically marked in the first efforts after literary expression; religious and political movements that stirred our remote ancestors receive new illustration; and the inborn love of nature is found to penetrate even our earliest poetry. All this has its use and its interest. But it is historical rather than literary: and even as a branch of historical investigation it is apt to be misleading: with real literary criticism it has absolutely no connection. If our English scholarship does not rest on the old foundations of acquaintance with classical models, and careful study of classical idioms, it must assuredly degenerate into the narrow and purblind burrowings of useless antiquarianism.

In order to test the question, whether the special study of the English language and literature, as now conducted, is likely to degenerate, we must look more narrowly at its methods and at the propositions to which our assent is asked. As regards our language, we are assured most dogmatically that its genius is Teutonic: that the tongue spoken by the invaders of the fifth  
century



century is that which has naturally developed out of its own resources into what is best in our modern idiom: that the classical element which has come to it through foreign channels has impeded rather than aided that development, and that the notion of a new language super-imposed upon the old is a fiction untrue to history, and unjust to our Teutonic ancestry. For the real beginnings of our literature, we are taught to look, not to the impulse given by contact with the Romance languages, themselves charged with the genius of antiquity, but to the scarcely articulate efforts of a half-civilized age. We must ignore the flexibility, the wealth of allusion, the niceties of expression, which we have borrowed from the Latin races, and which have made us envied of those whose Teutonic idioms were tempered by no such happy accident. In the uncouthness of alliterative poetry, in the rugged simplicity of Saxon or Anglian idiom, we are told to find the sources of our literature.

The tenets of this school are so uniform, that one may serve as a specimen and pattern for all. Their estimate of the earliest monuments of our literature is one of unbounded admiration. 'Beowulf is to us English what the Iliad was to the Greeks.\* For some centuries onwards our progress is accounted fairly healthy. About the year 1200, we get to Orrmin, 'a man well worthy to have lived in the days that gave us the Great Charter.' It does not appear what connection there is between the Great Charter and Orrmin's literary eminence: but let that pass. 'He is the last of our English Makers' (this is the name we are to use for poets) 'who can be said to have drunk from the undefiled Teutonic well.' In 1300, things had gone far wrong. 'A great change was coming over England . . . the old Teutonic sources of diction' (Mr. Oliphant here slips into a Latin word to which less ardent admirers of Saxon idiom might well object) 'had been sadly dried up, and could no longer supply all her wants: Germany was to have a happier lot, at least in speech.' When we get to 1400, we must fairly confess that we have lost ourselves in the vain effort to follow Mr. Oliphant's reasoning. We had been accustomed to think that Chaucer was as great a sinner as most, in being influenced by the Romance literatures, and in borrowing from the Romance languages. Mr. Oliphant does not deny this: nor does he deny that, when printing fixed our language, it had added a large store of classical words and idioms: he is obliged even to admit that Tyndale has preserved for us many classical words in the version of the Scriptures. In the hands of Chaucer and Tyndale,

\* Oliphant's 'Sources of Standard English,' p. 18.

however,

however, our language did not lose any of its force; so Mr. Oliphant is reduced to the expedient of praising them for not discarding more English words than they did. Even for Milton, whose classical leaning we should have thought tolerably pronounced, Mr. Oliphant is good enough to advance the plea, that he has fine passages which are less classical than the most of his poetry. It is Aristotle who reminds us that there are propositions which no man would advance, 'except when obstinately defending a paradox.' But Aristotle has naturally little authority for Mr. Oliphant.

So far we have dealt with two sides of this much-vaunted activity in the study of our literature. Under its direction, our age claims to have revolutionized education. As regards this, we have seen that deductions may have to be made from our self-congratulation. The merits and defects of this new instrument of education may, however, be left to the test of time. Its advantages, we must hope, will be permanent. The dangers of second-hand knowledge, of misdirected effort, of slipshod and uncertain arguments, may disappear when early exaggerations have been tempered by better judgment. It has further instituted a new type of scholarship, whose pretensions we have not been able to admit. But the errors of a small school of specialists, and the self-complacency with which they claim to have superseded the achievements of earlier and yet more mature scholars, and to have directed attention to the real sources of our language and of our literature, may produce no very disastrous results. At the worst, they may provoke a reaction which is likely to retard the study of which they claim to be the champions. But we come to a matter of much wider and more serious importance, when we ask what has been the result of this new movement on style, on the general standard of taste, and on literary criticism? Have we attained a greater purity of idiom? Have we acquired more of that instinctive taste, on which, even more than on rules, the formation of a good style must rest? Have we learned to avoid carelessness that was formerly common? Do we eschew more scrupulously all affectations and eccentricities? In our criticism, have we reached any firm standard? Has the new generation, trained on this new method, learned to prize more zealously the treasures of our literature, to guard with more jealousy what is really great from any confusion with what is trivial and ephemeral? Is our contemporary literature distinguished by any greater manliness and simplicity? In few things have the past annals of English literature been more rich than in masterpieces of wit and humour. They should have

have new meaning for us now. But have we gained any touchstone which can tell us in what such humour and such wit consist, which can preserve us against that dreariest mortification, of finding, before the sound of the laughter at some contemporary witticism has died away, that the wit and the humour have turned to dead things before our eyes? We seem to have lost the faculty which once produced that wit and humour, by very lack of patience to wait for their slow ripening. With a heated and a feverish taste we seem to strain only after the grotesque, and to be in too much haste to give attention to that humour whose impression is more deep in proportion as its method is more artistic, and its efforts less strained. We fear that what is true here, is true also in more than one department of our literature.

It would be misleading and absurd to find in the exaggerated prominence given to one branch of study, or in the strained and pedantic antiquarianism of a small specialist school, the determining cause of decay either in literature, in criticism, or in style. That we should labour to set aside accepted models, that we should give undue weight to a remote and unfamiliar type of writings, that we should endeavour to arrange into unnatural and pedantic classification the body of English literature, may indeed suggest to us symptoms of decaying originality. But if we are falling backwards in essential genius, the efforts of a school can do little either to retard or to advance our retrogression. Short of this, however, this tendency may work evil. It may injure our judgment and our taste. It may lead us to prefer what is peculiar or strained to what is clothed in simple and sober guise. It may deceive us into mistaking the pursuit of antiquarianism for sound literary zeal. To teach the landmarks of literature by rote, may suggest to many the insincerity of affecting, by means of a formal acquaintance with the outlines of literary history, a real knowledge of literature itself. It may inspire others with the presumption of critical authority. Has it had any such result? To judge of this, we must glance at some of the features of current criticism.

When we attempt to discuss the merits or defects of criticism as it exists amongst us now, we must at the outset ask how far any school of criticism has ever established itself in England? There is no part of the literary faculty about which it is so difficult to speak with any decision of opinion as this. Next to real creative genius, it demands powers the most subtle and the most rare. The critic in the highest sense must be gifted with enough of originality to recognize and to distinguish the signs  
of

of originality in another: he must have judgment enough to pronounce as to the methods by which that originality works: he must have breadth of view sufficient to say whether the effect produced is evanescent, or has in it the solid qualities of permanence. The combination is well-nigh impossible: but only where it exists, can it be said that the needs of one of the highest of literary functions are fully met. It is based on native qualities that belong only to a few privileged races: it is developed only by generations of culture true to the highest traditions: it is brought to perfection only by the most severe intellectual discipline. But with us the calling has fallen into disrepute. Its functions have been too often left to the tyros and to the underlings of literature. There is no task which a literary novice is more ready to undertake than that of criticism. His boldness is only natural: but the liberty accorded to him has been disastrous in its results. Absurd as it seems, the well-known aphorism of Lord Beaconsfield is too often true, that 'the critic is one who has failed in literature or art.'

The fact is probably due to a misconception, much more than accidental, as to the functions of criticism. It is an art which depends largely upon the peculiar characteristics of a race; and we can scarcely hope to rival the perspicuity of insight and the intuitive taste, which are a part of the genius of France. At no period in our literature would it be possible to point to any developed school of criticism, in the highest sense. What is great in literature has always won its way to recognition; but it has often had to work through a long course of doubts, of false judgments, of one-sided and exaggerated laudation, out of which the nation has slowly emerged. More than others, we are prone to judge under the influence of special moods, to concentrate our view upon the passing phase of the day, to forget what constitutes permanent value in literature. We raise an author suddenly to a pedestal far too lofty, we lavish on him praise which is followed by undue neglect, and we have to trust far more to time, than to our critical acumen, to fix his proper place.

But while we have never had a school of highly-developed criticism, we have still something to point to, which might have supplied a foundation for it. When the national genius was at its highest, it refused to submit itself to the stern discipline necessary for the critic's art. It had a function still higher to perform, a superabundant energy that pressed on in its creative work. But, at a later day, the beginnings of criticism amongst us were based upon the soundest, because the simplest, rules. Pope's 'Essay on Criticism' has often been blamed for its truisms.

truisms. It wants originality, we are told, it wants any delicacy or subtlety of insight, it leaves us without any guide as to the deeper and higher qualities of literature. But it was precisely in this that Pope, trite and commonplace as his maxims are, proved the correctness of his judgment. It was his to select from amongst the current commonplaces those which would best submit to concise treatment, which would form the safest foundation for a critical school, the truth of which must be most permanent and of widest application. Pope had none of the breadth and catholicity of view that must belong to the highest criticism; his knowledge was too limited, his experience when he wrote the 'Essay' too meagre, to do full justice to the task. But what he did do, he did well. His maxims are trite, but they are indisputably true. It was his to recognize that—

‘Those rules of old discovered, not devised  
Are nature still, but nature methodized.’

It was his to place upon their proper pedestal those classical models from which we must, perforce, draw our highest inspiration: to preach the maxim which it is now an accepted sign of originality to despise:—

‘You then whose judgment the right course would steer  
Know well each ancient’s proper character:  
His fable, subject, scope, in every page;  
Religion, country, genius of his age:  
Without all these at once before your eyes,  
Cavil you may, but never criticize.  
Be Homer’s works your study and delight,  
Read them by day, and meditate by night;  
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,  
And trace the Muses upwards to their spring.’

As we read over these lines, we feel how much there was of hollowness in their utterance by Pope. His knowledge of Homer was flimsy and second-hand. He wrote as one of a coterie, to whom nature was little but a name. The spirit of antiquity never really penetrated his mind, never became for him a living force. The maxims he repeated were often borrowed: they are expressed in a phraseology which, lucid and sparkling as it is, leaves us with an impression of its insincerity. But the instinct was true which led him to make those borrowed maxims his own, to lay them down as a solid foundation upon which a framework of criticism might be based.

The system of which Pope thus sought to be the founder was sound enough, but it was too artificial to yield fruit. It rested where it began; or if it developed at all, developed into a dreary formalism

formalism under which taste was well-nigh crushed. With Johnson a new school of criticism appeared. It is the fashion of our day to decry his 'Lives of the Poets:' to point out the insufficiency of their information: to represent them as precise, formal, and unsympathetic: to deny to them any place in the higher criticism. Johnson, no doubt, wrote them at an age and in a mood averse to the labour of minute investigation. But, in spite of this, they remain as most marvellous products of keen and incisive originality. Each poet is passed through the crucible of a judgment invincibly independent. If Johnson has been sparing of the labour of careful enquiry, he has lavished on this work the most brilliant of his wit. There are passages of the 'Lives' which can scarcely be surpassed for terse and masculine vigour of style; and the ease of a practised veteran has enabled him to indulge in digressions whose grace makes them linger in the memory long.\* As a whole, the work is pregnant with suggestions, and loses its critical value only because of the exuberant originality that forgets the limits of the subject.

Great as was Johnson's genius, full of suggestions as are his criticisms, the abounding force of his personality did not permit him to be a critic in the true sense. Criticism still remained, during the generation that followed him, chiefly as a branch of rhetorical art. With the growth of the romantic school, it fell into the background: and when revived, it was in the hands of a peculiar school of poetry, who made of criticism rather a domain of metaphysical enquiry than a handmaid of literary art. It attained most nearly to its proper proportions under Hazlitt: but, careful, well-balanced, and full of interest, as are his critical essays, it is doubtful whether he left any school of criticism behind him. Setting aside one or two brilliant exceptions, our modern critic, even when criticism is rescued from the hands of novices and failures, is apt to attempt too much. Following the example set by De Quincey, he strains after paradox so painfully, that he loses sight of the subject, and labours to construct an independent thesis out of what should be merely critical exposition. He is nervous about committing himself to rules, and avoids, with the most studious care, maxims that might appear trite or commonplace. He has to satisfy an audience eager only for what is new, complacent on the subject

\* To readers of the 'Lives,' many such passages will occur. We would cite only the digression in the Life of Edmund Smith, on Gilbert Walmsley. The Life contains little information. Few but Johnson would have ventured to eke out the scantiness of his materials by a digression so little to the point. But to the boldness which rendered it possible, we owe what has always seemed to us one of the most affecting and skilful eulogies in our language.

of its own achievements, and unwilling to acknowledge indebtedness to any models of remote antiquity. By force of this, criticism becomes impregnated with ideas that have no claim to be called literary. The critic must satisfy even the political theories which are appropriated by those who consider themselves the representatives of the intelligence of their age. He must prove himself to be abreast of advanced social doctrines, unless he would plead guilty to that most dreaded of all charges, an obedience to conventional rules. He is bound not only to condone but to praise literary faults and eccentricities, on account of some supposed peculiarity of genius of which such eccentricities are the sign. After an exaggerated outburst of praise, the memory of Carlyle has been covered with obloquy on account of defects of temper and of judgment. These are personal faults, on which, in the first outburst of indignation, we may perhaps be too severe. But has any literary critic been bold enough to speak the truth as to those faults and affectations of style by which Carlyle's works have, in spite of all their graphic force, produced so much widespread evil? Has not every remonstrance been tempered by a craven fear of the false taste which desires excitement, which mistakes eccentricity and affectation for originality, and which accepts a man's work the more readily because it exhibits, in the very guise in which it is put forth, an avowed contempt for the merest decencies of style? We pay the same undue measure of respect to those works which repeat most exactly the favourite ideas which our age fancies to be its exclusive property. We labour to be intricate, and are ready to mistake intricacy for depth. By what else than the freaks of self-deception, could the involved and artificial analysis of George Eliot have been placed on a level in fiction, as it has pleased some critics of the hour to place it, with the massive genius of Scott? We please ourselves by believing that ours is an age of subtle moral introspection, that, in casting aside the ideas of the past, we have discovered a new and higher range of motives. We have substituted for simple rules, a series of pedantic formulæ; and in obedience to the false taste which enjoys the reproduction, in elaborate aphorisms, of its own commonplaces, fiction has invented for itself a new and false ideal. That false taste wrought no result more disastrous than when it bound down the natural genius of George Eliot to the tenets of a narrow and pedantic clique. No literary Nemesis is more certain than that which will come as a reaction against the absurd elevation of that author to the same rank as the first masters of her art.



It is hard to discern in these misdirected ambitions any hope of a mature and well-ordered criticism. We have deserted the guides whose authority was before obeyed; but we seem to have substituted nothing in their place, and to be drifting further into chaos. Whether a critical school could ever have been established amongst us, may be doubtful: but we have at least abandoned, in our own age, those simple rules which might have been its foundation. We are not inclined to attribute the blame for this, in any very great degree, to the one-sided study of our literature. It is undoubtedly encouraged by the natural tendency of the teacher of literature to please his audiences by suggestions of paradox. But it has other causes that lie more deep, and that are of far more general application. The disorder that rules in literature is not without its too faithful counterparts elsewhere. And the fact that such disorder reigns supreme in our literature, the fact that we recognize no rules, that we have no certain test of permanence, and scarcely ask ourselves upon what it depends, that we set up our ideals to-day, and overthrow them to-morrow—should surely teach us to be chary as to the conditions under which we admit this unsettled and vagrant study within the pale of the subjects fitted for the instruction of our youth.

We have endeavoured to show that the study of English literature, which we claim to have conducted with so much energy, has resulted in no very definite or fixed rules of criticism; but that, on the contrary, we have deserted those simple rules upon which criticism must be content in the first instance to rest, and have substituted for them vague and disordered efforts after strained and paradoxical originality. We have tried to prove that the exaggerated importance given to one comparatively meagre source of our literature has led to no marked advance in Anglo-Saxon scholarship as pursued in a former generation, and has tended to increase the neglect of the classical element in our literature, and to give undue weight to a supposed Teutonic influence. We have pointed out the special dangers which are attendant upon the attempts to make a study which is pursued upon no definite lines, which is based upon no large culture, and in which a false and superficial secondhand knowledge is apt to be mistaken for solid acquirement, an integral part of the education of our youth. We have still to ask ourselves whether this new study has led to any perceptible improvement in idiom, or whether it is consistent with a marked increase in the number of these solecisms which are the surest precursors of a careless style, just as

that carelessness is the surest symptom of a degeneracy in literature.

One of the most marked results of the desire to throw off the dominion of the classical style is the licence which prides itself on shaking off the thralldom of any rule. It is easy to condemn a classical style for being stilted: to find in its balanced periods an artificiality which is inconsistent with the natural eccentricity of genius. What is called a classical style is no doubt liable to abuse: but before we discard the security of its rules we must be certain what we have got to substitute for it. There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that it consists in overloading our sentences with sesquipedalian words, or in finding Latinized synonyms for terms in common use. Rightly understood, it aims much rather at simplicity, at that highest art which conceals art. Genius or special gifts may no doubt reach the same end by no such rules, and may by instinct rather than by care attain to the most skilful, because the most simple, language. But such aptitude belongs only to the very few: the standard of style is to be attained by others through careful discipline, and that discipline must be pursued under the guidance of certain models, and with the assistance of certain rules. These rules need wear to us no forbidding aspect. They rather, indeed, increase than limit the freedom of expression. It is but a false freedom that feels itself bound to invent an eccentricity of phrase, to seek a charm through some laboured affectation, never to rest content with a natural or a direct expression. We can conceive no tyranny more irksome, than that involved by the necessity of maintaining such a style. What is at first a careless slip, becomes speedily an affectation, to be repeated of set purpose: it seems to assure a certain spurious emphasis, and is presently imitated as if it imparted an attraction to style. The freedom once assumed, becomes a habit, and what is nothing but a flagrant solecism attains to a recognized position, and quickens the process of decay. It would be easy to multiply instances of perverse carelessness or eccentricity. Is it hypercritical to protest against the licence, now too common, of interposing an adverb between the sign of an infinitive and the verb? 'To mutually respect one another,' and such expressions, are so common that we might suppose the awkward and irrational transposition of the natural order of the words to be followed from the idea that it imparts some additional emphasis. Have we not a right to complain of the affectation which revives the archaic expression, 'understood of the people,' instead of 'understood by the people'? Upon what theory of language does an English writer

writer presume to grace his style by bold translations of foreign idioms? 'It goes without saying,' is a phrase peculiar to French, and which translated into English loses every scrap of intelligible meaning. Still more barbarous, if possible, is the Anglicized version of 'Qu'allez-vous faire dans cette galère?' which is another of the graces of manner frequently resorted to by our journalists. By a similar affectation, our rooms and windows now 'give upon' the street. The travesty of German compound words, which constitutes a prominent feature of the style of Mr. Carlyle, has, we fear, spread itself widely amongst his admirers. Those 'talented' newspaper writers, who have long been 'progressing,' now talk of 'building' railways, 'inducing' bad habits, and 'evolving' ideas, with a freedom which might lead them to use seriously the inscription by which the English schoolmaster sought to evade Napoleon's Anglo-phobia,—'American taught here.' Another class of not less offensive affectations is that which wantonly sacrifices a merit of our language long since illustrated by Whately, which it owes precisely to its not being purely Teutonic—the power of discriminating between the abstract and the concrete, the scientific and the common use of terms in themselves synonymous, by taking the one from the Latin or Greek vocabulary; such, for example, as longitude and latitude, length and breadth, which in German are confused under *Länge* and *Breite*. Such distinctions our modern journalists take a perverse pleasure in annihilating, preferring, with a pedantic instinct, to borrow scientific and technical terms for common use. We are told, for instance, that 'Mr. Parnell is the prime *factor* of the Irish question.' May we not also complain, in a lesser degree, of expressions so novel, and so unwarranted, as a 'new departure' instead of a new movement; 'a separate platform' instead of a different set of opinions; of the 'outcome' of a thing, instead of its result; and of a 'standpoint' in place of a point of view. Before we admit them to the currency, ought we not to ask upon what they base their claim to add any new clearness of definition, or to enrich our language with any idea unexpressed before? May we not still more protest against the strange affectation of introducing slipshod colloquialisms as a means, apparently, of imparting some liveliness to style? 'He is a great orator, is Mr. Gladstone,' is a mode of expression that may constantly be found in the columns of newspapers which aspire to represent the highest literary standard of our time.

If the process of carelessness and disintegration is not to work serious evil in our language, we must look with no favour on eccentricities like these. They represent no added freedom; they

they display no invention; they convey no humorous idea; they are perverse affectations, and no more. It will be something if the energy of English literary study on which we congratulate ourselves, has any effect in checking such tendencies, and re-establishing the authority of standard English. It will not be done by insisting, with tiresome reiteration, on reviving archaisms, and on cultivating what is called a Saxon style. Should they turn their efforts to such a work, the advocates of the rising study will earn our gratitude as they have never hitherto done. It would be a work far more important than that of impressing peculiar theories of literary development on those who have not learned what literature is. We trust our modern English scholars may not be too ambitious to trouble themselves with the dry details of accurate composition.

We must repeat, in conclusion, that we intend to oppose the exaggerations only of the new school. We willingly admit its uses, and we hope much from its success. We have never been disposed to concede to the advocates of what is called scientific education all they claim. But it is with all the more pleasure that we find ourselves in substantial agreement with a late utterance of one of the most distinguished of these advocates, Professor Huxley. In the address delivered at Liverpool in February last, he sketches his ideal of middle-class education. He attaches special importance to the training of the faculties of observation; and to science, using the word in its broader, and not in its conventionally limited, sense. In addition to this, he would have the study of the English language hold a large place in our educational curriculum. But while he justly points out the treasures which that language contains, he is careful to define how their study should be approached. 'I would devote,' he says, 'a very large portion of the time of every English child to the careful study of the models of English writing, and to what is still more important and still more neglected, to the habit of using that language with precision, with force, and with art.' To this he would add the study of German, and of one at least, if not both, of the ancient languages: first, because of 'the singular intellectual value' of such study; and, secondly, because it helps us to know our own language better.

With all of this we most cordially agree. Our fear, however, is, that the study of English is not always carried on under the conditions which Professor Huxley desires. Before we allow it to assume too large a place in education, we must simplify at once its aims and its methods. We must assuredly get rid of much of the absurd nomenclature through which English  
grammar

grammar is now taught: it is questionable, indeed, whether the scientific principles of grammar are not most easily learned through Latin, and may not be given a very secondary place in the study of any modern language. We must pursue the subject with judgment, and without exaggerating the claims of one phase of our language and our literature to the exclusion of all others. We must direct upon it all the side-lights to be derived from the study of other languages, and especially of those to which its debt is greatest. We must make it our principal aim to develop sanity of judgment, and to give a knowledge of its greatest models, not to cultivate paradox or superficial ingenuity.

We must not forget also how complex and how unfit for systematic treatment this new instrument of education is. If we are to teach it to boys and girls, the first and last maxim of the class-room must be, severe restriction. We must attempt to lay down no theories and no rules save those which are simplest and of universal application. We must deal with no authors save those whose genius possesses some sure attribute of permanence, and at the same time admits of definite and simple description. All this will curb the ambition of lecturers, will minister less to the self-esteem of pupils, and will give to their studies a more methodical and less attractive aspect. But thus, and thus alone, can English literature, with all its variety, all its inconsistencies, all its splendid but often disordered genius, become a fit study in our schools and colleges. If we attempt—as we fear is too often attempted—to do more, the certain result will be, on the one hand, to encourage in the pupils a precocious critical ambition, to substitute their amusement for their mental discipline: and, on the other, to lessen the reverence and the pleasure with which the treasures of our literature should be approached, to supplant natural taste by what must necessarily be pedantic rules and axioms. Let us open the door of the treasure-house: but let us do no more than indicate the qualities that have made the standard master-pieces great: in these, and these only, let us educate taste: and, for the rest, let us leave each reader to explore the byways and recesses for himself. And as for style, let us inculcate no gospel of eccentricity. Let us beware of dwelling on any models which seek to impress by a strained, a peculiar, or an affected, style. Let us teach as the first and last rule in composition, that we must pursue the one aim, at once the hardest to attain, but the most certain to reward our efforts—*Simplicity*.

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ART. VII.—Rittich, *Ethnographische Karte vom Europäischen Russland*. 1875.

**A**LEXANDER III., Emperor and Autocrat of All the Russias—

'of Moscow, Kiev, Vladimir, Novgorod; Tsar of Riazan; Tsar of Astrachan; Tsar of Poland; Tsar of Siberia; Tsar of the Chersonese Tauride; Tsar of Georgia; Lord of Pskov and Great Prince of Smolensk, Lithuania, Volhynia, Podolsk and Finland; Prince of Esthonia, Livonia, Courland, Semigalia, Samogitia, Bielowostok, Karelia, Tver, Perm, Viatka, Bulgaria, and others; Lord and Great Prince of Novgorod, Tchernigovsky, Riazansky, Podolsky, Rostovsky, Jaroslavsky, Belozersky, Udorsky, Obdorsky, Kondisky, Vitebsky, Mstislavsky, and of all Northern Countries, Ruler; Lord of Iberia, Kartalinia, and the Kabardine lands and Armenian districts; Hereditary Lord and Ruler of the Teherkess, Gorsky, and other Princes; Lord of Turkestan; Norwegian Heir Apparent; Duke of Schleswig Holstein, Storman, Ditmarsen, and Oldenburg,' &c. &c. &c.—

such are the titles and designations of the monarch who has just been crowned Emperor of All the Russias.

Human nature has a curious love for the pomps and vanities of high-flown appellations, and monarchs have always surpassed their fellow-men in the adoption of extravagant dignities. But numerous and high sounding as are the Emperor's titles, they are not without real significance, for they recal in a striking manner the formation of the colossal Empire over which he reigns.

Ever recurring anxieties in connection with the interminable Eastern Question have of late years forcibly drawn attention to the condition of Russia; and the various elements of weakness or strength in the huge northern Empire have been continually considered and discussed. The number of the Emperor's soldiers is indeed limited only by the numbers of the Russian male population fit for military service, and their fighting capacities were fully established even in the disasters before Plevna. The finances of the country are confessedly in a critical condition, but that fact has not hitherto appeared to exercise much influence on the decisions of Russian statesmen. The conspiracies of the Nihilists are considered to have weakened the Empire; but to what extent is difficult to decide, and there is a well-known tendency in despotic governments to seek tranquillity at home by providing excitement abroad. Nihilism is scotched, but not killed; and that the causes which produced this phenomenon are still rife, was sufficiently proved last autumn, by the simultaneous outbreak of disturbances in all the

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Russian universities, the chief hotbeds of Nihilism and the special recruiting grounds of its devotees. The Nihilists are still a serious danger to the person of the Emperor, and also to many of his officials; but so far they have no hold on the masses; and until they can seriously influence the peasantry, the autocratic *régime* can always recover from such shocks as, without the aid of extraneous circumstances, their crimes can produce. The future results of a long maintenance of the struggle against autocracy, which the Nihilists have undertaken, are certainly to be apprehended; but they form a subject for separate consideration.

Besides, however, more usually recognized difficulties, there is one source of anxiety to the Emperor's government, generally little considered, but which is suggested by the Imperial title we have recited, and which should make Russia hesitate before adopting any adventurous policy that might entail reverses, likely from her constitution to be particularly dangerous to her. The number of heterogeneous nationalities in the Empire, and the remarkable want of cohesion among the different classes of the population, are a distinct source of weakness, and it is the causes and the measure of this weakness that it is our intention to discuss.

We propose, therefore, to consider the social condition of the more important of these nationalities; their relations to one another and to the central government; and, for the general purposes of our enquiry, we must also take some account of the very marked distinctions which, among the pure Russians themselves, so widely separate the different social classes.

It appears often to be the impression, both of politicians and of writers on Russian affairs, that, with the exception of what are still distinguished on maps as Polish provinces, the Russian Empire in Europe is practically homogeneous in its character. This impression, which is most inaccurate, is due to a variety of causes, of which one of the chief is, that students of Russian history have almost necessarily obtained their materials from purely Russian sources; and the natural tendency of Russian historians is to lay stress on the doings of their own race, and to antedate its greatness. None of the still backward Turanian tribes have preserved any national history, to show with accuracy how their lands passed under the sway of the Muscovite; nor, in historic times (with the exception of Lithuania from the middle of the 13th to the middle of the 15th century) have either Finland, Esthonia, Livonia, Lithuania proper, White Russia, Podolia, Bessarabia, New Russia, or the lands to the north-east of the Volga, been governed as independent states, by  
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rulers who were the national representatives of the inhabitants. The annals of these countries are entirely comprised in the tale of the struggles between the Swedes, Danes, Germans, Poles, Hungarians, Turkish races, and Russians, who in turn asserted supremacy over them. The fortunes of the inhabitants of these lands have been but little studied, and their very existence as distinct races is too readily forgotten. Yet if to the provinces above enumerated we add the large and desolate area in the extreme north, still sparsely peopled by Samoyedes and other uncivilized Turanian tribes, we find that the extent of that portion of Russia in Europe, of which the inhabitants might reasonably be expected to be of genuine Russian origin, and to be animated by a thoroughly national sentiment, is reduced within comparatively small limits. And this is without taking into account the Little Russians, whose degree of relationship to their brethren of Great Russia is a matter of fierce controversy among Russians themselves.

Visitors to Russia often fall into the same error as that made by casual students of the history of the Empire. The extent of the country is so great, and the means of communication in many parts are still so imperfect, that to visit even all the chief districts would involve an amount of travelling, and would require an expenditure of time, which few have been able to devote to the undertaking. The capitals, St. Petersburg and Moscow, are the first natural attraction; and after seeing them, the traveller who makes a more extended tour, generally visits the Upper Volga, and perhaps makes his way rapidly down from thence to the Black Sea, to take a hurried view of the Crimea. It is almost exclusively Great Russia which secures the attention of the ordinary visitor; and, whilst speeding along by rail or by river steamer, little opportunity is afforded of studying the nationality or sentiments of the inhabitants of the districts traversed; and at the large towns where a halt is made Russians always preponderate, and the tendency to uniformity is greatest.\* Long distances are passed over, but everywhere the same class of people are seen, and Russian is heard as almost the universal language. The traveller assumes the solid unity of the Russian nation; but he is greatly mistaken. Either west of Smolensk, or east of Kazan, it would be easy to draw lines from the extreme north to the extreme south of the Empire, which a good Russian scholar might follow and never be able to understand the language of the bulk of the

\* The interesting work, '*L'Empire des Tatars et les Russes*,' now in course of publication by M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, proves that distinguished author to be a remarkable exception to this rule.

surrounding population; and, whatever may be the generally received opinion, the establishment of these facts will surely prove that difference of race is still a most important feature in the Emperor's European dominions. In Asia, the nationalities under Russian rule are even more varied and distinctly marked, but the loss of her entire Asiatic possessions would not necessarily affect the position of Russia as a European power; on the other hand, if signs of disruption should show themselves in the European part of the Empire, there is certainly no element of force to be found in Asia, which could be employed to check its progress. For our purpose, therefore, we may safely confine our attention to the more important populations of Russia in Europe.

And here the question incidentally arises, Where under the rule of the Emperor does Europe end and Asia begin? This question has been decided in many different ways by different geographers; some maps showing one boundary and some another; some giving the Oural River as the frontier, and some the Volga. The difficulty, however, evidently lies only in deciding whether the boundary is to be fixed according to the physical features of the country, or according to the character of the inhabiting nationalities.

If physical geography settles the boundaries, they are easily discovered, and will naturally consist of the Oural Chain, the Oural River, the shore of the Caspian Sea from the mouth of the Oural River to Cape Aspheron, and the great range of the Caucasian Mountains from that point to the Straits of Yenikale.

If ethnographical considerations control the decision, the discovery of an accurate boundary becomes more difficult. The most correct line would probably be that of the Oural Mountains to about as far south as the Tchusovaya River, which joins the Kama near Perm; thence along the courses of the Kama to Kazan, of the Volga from Kazan to Tsaritsin, and of the Don from the neighbourhood of Tsaritsin to the Sea of Azov. This line is necessarily only approximate, and includes in Europe some comparatively small districts inhabited by such Asiatic races as the Tatars and Tchuvash, whilst leaving to Asia the modern Russian settlements about Perm and Oufa, and between Samara and Orenburg, as also the military colonies of the Oural and Kouban Cossacks, and a portion of the territory of the Don Cossacks. The really large tracts, however, occupied by the Bashkirs, Kirghiz, Nogai Tatars, Kalmucks, and the Tcherkess or Circassian tribes, who are purely Asiatic in their customs and habits of life, will, although within the physical boundaries of Europe, be found justly assigned to Asia.

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The origin of the Bashkirs, who number some 800,000, is somewhat doubtful. They are generally called Tatars, they speak the Tatar language, and are, for the most part, Mohammedans; but, although Rittich classes them among the Turkish races, some authorities maintain that they are really a Turanian tribe, who have been assimilated by their Tatar conquerors and neighbours. A large portion of them still lead a pastoral nomadic life, continue to wear the long flowing oriental khalat, and live in kibitkas, constructed of light rods bent and bound together at the top, forming a sort of flat-domed bell-tent, which is covered with thick sheets of felt, and furnished after the Eastern fashion with nothing but carpets and pillows. The Bashkirs are now peaceful and harmless, but formerly they frequently revolted, and in 1773 they joined the Cossacks in the serious rising under Pugatcheff. They are not naturally an industrious people, but the rapid diminution of their lands, which are being taken up by purchase and otherwise for agricultural purposes, will soon render the continuance of their nomadic habits impossible; they are by degrees being forced into agricultural and even commercial pursuits, and, apart from the apparent tendency to actual decrease in their numbers, it is probable that, as they adopt the habits of their neighbours, they will gradually disappear as a distinct race, and will become merged in the surrounding Tatar populations.

South of Orenburg and of the districts inhabited by the Bashkirs, commence the desert tracts of country extending far away into Central Asia, occupied by the still purely nomadic Kirghiz. It was only towards the end of the 18th century that Russia succeeded in establishing her authority over these wild wanderers, and at the same time secured her position far beyond the confines of Europe, on the east of the Caspian and on the coasts of the Sea of Aral. The great bulk of the Kirghiz are to be found east of the Oural River, but some 80,000, a division of what is known as the Little Horde, inhabit the steppes on the eastern bank of the Lower Volga. The Kirghiz are a pure Turkish race and of the Mohammedan faith; but they do not observe the Mussulman creed in all its strictness, and it is remarked that the women are never veiled, even when in the presence of Christians. The costume of both men and women is unmistakably Asiatic; the men wear a peculiar headdress, called the 'tubaitchka,' which somewhat resembles a monk's cowl, and the plentiful folds of which are no doubt designed to protect the head and face from the blinding and choking dust of the desert sandstorms. The hereditary chief of the tribe is a lineal descendant of the once-dreaded Genghis or Tchingis Khan,

Khan, and these roaming sons of the desert still revere the name of the famous conqueror, although its present bearer is not allowed to exercise any direct authority over them. The riches of a Kirghiz are, as of old, estimated according to the number of his flocks; mutton is his chief diet, and horseflesh and koumiss are his greatest delicacies. He is seldom to be seen in Astrachan or any of the other European inhabited towns, but prefers remaining in his own 'aoul' or village, where he lives in a kibitka, differing only from those of the Bashkirs in being generally more filthy, and even more poorly furnished. The tribe have a character for inhospitality, and always view strangers with suspicion. Plundering, or tending live stock, including sheep, cattle, horses, and camels, are in the Kirghiz mind the only suitable occupations for free men. They are robbers by nature, and ever ready, when they dare, to exercise their marauding propensities; but those settled in Europe have long learned the futility of open opposition to the decrees of the Russian Government, and they have a wholesome fear of the Cossacks, who are the universal agents of authority in the southern steppes.

A remarkable fact, well known of course to ethnographical students, but which generally causes considerable surprise to those whom chance enlightens, is the existence, in what is geographically known as Europe, of a people of Mongol blood, followers of the Buddhist faith. Below the lower courses of the Volga and the Don, on the unfertile steppes of the governments of Astrachan and Stavropol, some 150,000 Kalmucks of the purest breed wander to-day with their kibitkas, their flocks, and their camels. These remarkable people, with their distinctly Chinese type of countenance, obliquely set eyes and beardless chins, seem extraordinarily out of place when encountered in the European towns on their borders, which the necessity of obtaining supplies or the desire of selling live stock frequently oblige them to visit.

The Kalmucks appeared on the Lower Volga at the end of the 17th century, having slowly migrated from Eastern Asia. The Russians eagerly sought their alliance in their struggles against the Tatars of the south; but when the latter were subdued, the endeavour to force the Kalmucks into similar dependence resulted in the determination of these nomads, after a sojourn of nearly 100 years in Europe, to retire once more into Asia. In the year 1770 the retrograde movement began, and some 300,000 Kalmucks passed eastwards over the Volga; but owing to the accident of the sudden breaking up of the ice over which they were crossing, a portion of the tribe was cut off and  
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remained behind. Like their neighbours the Kirghiz, the Kalmucks, although now never attempting open or organized resistance to the Russian authorities, are only kept in order by dread of the appearance in their aouls of the heavy-handed and ubiquitous Cossack. They are dirty, lazy, and thievish, but they show more disposition to accept some of the benefits of civilization than is apparent among the Kirghiz; some schools have been established among them, and a few of their number have even taken to trade, and to such simple industries as fishing for the fish-salting establishments on the Volga.

Although the Russian Tatars are often spoken of as Mongolians, the term is incorrectly applied, for, with the exception of the Kalmucks, the small body of Nogai Tatars are the only race subject to the Emperor in Europe, in which Mongolian blood can be traced. In the Nogai division of the Tatar family there is an evident fusion of races, and the characteristics of the Mongol and of the Turk are equally apparent. In costume and speech the Nogais resemble the main body of Tatars, and they have in common with them accepted Islamism, but their type of face is thoroughly Mongolian. Formerly their chief seat was in the neighbourhood of Astrachan, and they were a powerful people; but now their numbers are estimated at under 50,000; they are much scattered and divided, few remain near the mouths of the Volga, and their importance is small. The decrease in their numbers has been chiefly caused by continual emigrations of fanatics into Turkey, especially after the Crimean and the late Russo-Turkish wars. At present the majority are to be found on the southern borders of the Kalmuck territory, and scattered in small groups between the Kouban river and the Caucasian Mountains, or along the steppes north of the Crimea.

Still in the Europe of ordinary geographers, between the Caucasian Mountains and the settlements of the Russian Cossacks on the banks of the Kouban and Terek rivers, lies the country of the Kabardintsi or Tcherkess, and of a number of other small and purely Asiatic tribes, who owe to the race just mentioned the incorrect, but generic and famous name of Circassians. All these tribes are Mohammedans, and all are more or less disaffected towards Russia, by whom they were only finally subdued after the Crimean war, on the defeat at Ghunib of Shamil, their renowned Lesghian leader.

The foregoing description of Bashkirs, Kirghiz, Kalmucks, Nogais, and Tcherkess, will sufficiently demonstrate the correctness of the ethnographical boundary which we have assumed, and it also shows that, although the individual importance of each of these races is small, they would certainly, in the event

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of a crisis in the history of Russia, profit by any momentary licence, and would be found in alliance with those who might appear strong enough, even temporarily, to overthrow existing authority.

Of all the non-Russian races in the eastern portion of European Russia, the most interesting and remarkable are the Tatars, properly so called. Their numbers are estimated from 1,000,000 to 1,200,000 souls; but, as Russian official statisticians invariably base such calculations on the inaccurate assumption, that every man who outwardly conforms to the rites of the Greek Church is necessarily of Russian race, it is quite possible that the actual Tatar population is considerably in excess of these figures. As regards Mohammedanism, all attempts at forcible proselytism have long since been abandoned, but there was a time, and particularly in the 18th century, when a large number of Tatars, estimated by some at half a million, were driven, at the point of the sword, to accept the faith of their masters; and under laws which make it criminal for a member of the Greek Church to change his religion, many such unwilling converts have remained the nominal adherents of the Russian national faith, although still belonging socially to the distinct race from which they sprang.

The present political importance of the Tatars is not in proportion to their numbers, and is far from what might be expected of a people who, for some 250 years, were the dreaded and absolute masters of Russia and the Russians, and against the danger of whose threatened advance to overrun Europe the Pope and the Emperor Frederic II. called upon the monarchs of Christendom to unite.

Appearing on the Volga in the year 1223, the Golden Horde established their capital and seat of government at Sarai on the Lower Volga; and from thence, until the final overthrow of the Tatar dominion by Ivan the Great in 1480, the great Tatar Khans directed through their agents, generally Russian princes, and latterly almost exclusively the princes of Moscow, the government of the extensive provinces which lay at their mercy. The wide religious difference subsisting between ruled and rulers, and the fact that the main body of the Tatars never established any settlement much to the west of the Volga, prevented, however, any assimilation between the two races. The use of the high Asiatic saddle and short stirrups, the name of 'Krestianin,' literally Christian, applied officially to the peasantry, the practice of beating the forehead on the earth (*tchelobitie*) in token of submission, the large consumption of tea by all classes, and the seclusion of women of the upper class (of which

which habit traces may still be observed in the households of old-fashioned provincial merchants) are about the only remaining signs of Tatar influence among the Russians of to-day; whilst, on the other hand, the example of the Russians has changed little or nothing in the costume, the habits, or the religion, of the Mussulmans in their midst. A few Russian princely families are descended from Christianized Tatar Mourzas; but the only trace of their origin is in their names; they possess neither ancestral seats nor family heirlooms, and of former Tatar greatness there exist neither public nor private relics. The Tatars failed to leave their impress either on Russian literature or on Russian architecture, and even the ruins of their ancient cities are barely discernible.

The highest position now occupied by Tatars is that of successful merchants. Unlike the German subjects of Russia, they hold no political posts; and in their stronghold of Kazan, where, although no longer a numerical majority, they still represent the chief wealth and enterprise of the town, not more than one-third of the elected municipal council is allowed by law to belong to the non-Christian class. In his own provinces on the Volga the Tatar is usually either an agriculturist or a trader, and occasionally a leather-worker or a preparer of fur; but in the western towns to which he wanders, if a trader he is only a pedlar, and he is more generally, especially in the capitals, a coachman, a waiter, or a house-porter. In St. Petersburg the *dvorniks* or porters at the Winter Palace are all Tatars, as are also the waiters at the principal hotels and restaurants. Whatever vocation the Tatar may adopt, he is, as a rule, a respectable and useful member of society, and the only obstacle to the advancement of the race would seem to lie in the narrowness of mind, and opposition to change, inculcated by the rigid precepts of the Koran.

Although the great body of the Tatars are to be found in the countries bordering on the north-eastern portion of the Volga, a Turkish population estimated at about 100,000, the remains of the once powerful Khanat of Krim Tartary, still exists in the Crimea. Though thus reduced in numbers by successive emigrations, the result of religious fanaticism, the Crimean Tatars are in their manners and customs even more oriental than their brethren in the north. Bakshi-Serai, their ancient and present capital, is a thoroughly Eastern town; and whilst in Kazan, although the women of the upper class remain to a certain extent in seclusion, the veil has been generally abandoned, its use is still universal in the southern valleys of the Crimea. Since the great insurrections of 1671 and 1773 under the Cossack leaders

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leaders Stenko Razin and Pugatcheff, when nearly the entire population of the Volga provinces, of all races, rose simultaneously, the Tatars have never been concerned in any general political movement; and even in Russia's wars against Turkey they have remained faithful to the land of their birth. In recent times riots, even of a serious character, have frequently enough occurred in districts where the indiscretion of the local authorities led the Mohammedans falsely to imagine that their forcible conversion was about to be attempted; but, when unmolested in their religion, their immediate material interests render the Tatars passive and submissive subjects. They have, however, never lost their political individuality, and have no sentimental attachment to the institutions under which they live; and hence in troublous times, if they believed their persons and property to be in danger, they would probably, from purely selfish motives, again act as during the great Cossack rebellions, and join whatever party appeared for the moment successful.

Besides the Tatars, there is to be found between the Oural Mountains and the line of the Volga and the Kama, a large non-Russian population, composed of Tchuvash, Mordvins, Tcheremiss, and other smaller tribes. An ethnographical map showing all their divisions presents an extraordinarily variegated appearance, their settlements being intermingled as curiously as the colours in a kaleidoscope. Of these petty tribes the Tchuvash alone are generally considered to be a Turkish, and therefore an Asiatic race; but as for the most part they profess some sort of Christianity, and have adopted many of the habits of their Christian neighbours, they form a kind of connecting link between the Asiatics and the Finnish tribes of Mordvins, Tcheremiss, and others, whose condition must be separately considered.

The Christianity of the Tchuvash is little more than nominal; they have by no means abandoned the pagan rites and ceremonies of their ancestors, and they include in their belief both Mohammedan and pagan elements. An Evil Being is held to exist under two forms, the one being called 'Shaitan,' which is evidently Turkish, and the other 'Keremet,' which is Finnish. Black is said to be their equivalent for beauty, as red is with the Russians. Their imaginative powers would appear to be considerable, both from what is known of their ballads, and from the fact that the most dire vengeance the Tchuvash mind can conceive is, that a man should hang himself at the house-door of his foe. The Tchuvash women still retain a peculiar national costume. The numbers of the tribe are variously estimated at from 800,000 to half a million, but they are too

scattered to be of any political importance. Their general sympathies are probably rather with the Tatars than with the Russians, whom they know chiefly as annoying tax-collectors.

Strangely dispersed as are the settlements of the Tchuvash, those of the Mordvins are, if possible, even more scattered, extending from the almost central Russian governments of Penza and Tambov to the foot of the Oural Mountains. These people now number only about 700,000, but they were, no doubt, a large and compact nation until the appearance of the Tatars, whose first inroads into Russia were through the Mordvin territory. When the Tatars were subdued, the Mordvins also became subject to Russia. Those who had been converted to Mohammedanism, and the number was probably large, would seem to have lost their distinctive nationality, and to have been merged amongst the Tatars. The remainder, who adopted the faith of the Russians, have continued as a separate race, and have preserved their own language to this day. They are a quiet and industrious people, are occupied almost exclusively with agriculture, and in point of civilization are quite equal to their Russian neighbours.

Of the more important non-Russian races enumerated as dwelling wholly, or in part, to the east of the ethnographical line which we have proposed, the Tcheremiss alone now remain for consideration; and of this tribe, which numbers in all about 200,000, the most considerable compact body is to be found in the Government of Viatka, on the European side of that line. The Tcheremiss are indeed a purely Finnish race, and may be classed with the Permians, Votiaks, Zyrians, and Voguls, who, as well as several smaller and less important tribes, belong to the same stock. Christianity is professedly the religion of the majority amongst all these people; but, as in the case of the Tchuvash, heathen rites and superstitions are often strangely intermingled with Christian observances. Even within the last few years, a traveller through the forests of Viatka observed a most curious ceremony among the Tcheremiss, a number of whom had gathered round a large fire in a secluded spot, and were apparently engaged in offering up animal burnt-sacrifices to some pagan deity. It is remarkable that the Tcheremiss seem to have learned from their Tatar neighbours to appreciate the flesh of the horse, while they will not touch that of the pig. They are now chiefly agriculturists, but their general level of civilization is not high, though somewhat above that of the Votiaks and Zyrians, who live in the wilder forest districts of the basins of the Viatka, and of the Upper Dwina and Petchora, respectively. The Zyrians are, in origin, the

close

close kindred of the more civilized Permians who are to be found in the basin of the Upper Kama; the two together number some 400,000 souls. Large numbers of the latter tribe are engaged, in company with Russians, in the mining industries of the Oural, and would seem to be rapidly undergoing a process of Russification. The Permians and Zyrians appear to be the descendants of the Biurmalanders, a people whose settlements formerly extended to the White Sea, and who are mentioned by a trader to that region in the days of Alfred the Great; while some authorities hold that, at one time, their lands stretched so far south as to include Moscow itself within their limits. The Voguls are an inconsiderable race of rude hunters, and are remarkable only for the fact that they are the near kinsmen of the Magyars.

None of these people are in themselves of any political importance: only it is desirable, when considering the vast extent of the Emperor's dominions in Europe, to remember that what scant population exists in the wide but inhospitable regions of the north-east, is of Finnish and not of Russian blood; and that, as yet, the great majority preserve their distinct nationality, and are far from having been assimilated by their rulers.

Interesting, from various points of view, as are many of the races which we have described in the eastern part of European Russia, it is only when we turn to the west that we meet with really compact and civilized non-Russian nationalities, of such natural force, that their prosperity or distress, satisfaction or discontent, must from day to day seriously influence the fortunes of the Empire.

Between the shores of the Lake and the Gulf of Onega, and the east coast of the Gulf of Bothnia, we find a numerous and perfectly distinct tribe of Finns. They are divided into three families, closely resembling one another, namely, the Karelians on the west, and the Tavastes and Suomes in the heart of Finland, to which the latter give its Finnish name of Suomi. The Finns of Finland have received their civilization and Protestant religion from Sweden. Their Ingrian brethren, who inhabit the basin of the Neva, and the Vods, who lie to the south towards Novgorod, have, on the contrary, for centuries been under the influence of Russia. When once the southern bank of the Neva is passed, the process of Russification is everywhere observable among the remnants of the large Finnish population which formerly extended far south in the direction of Tver and Moscow. As a distinct type, the Vods are fast disappearing, though not without having left their impress on

the character and features of the Great Russians, with whom they have been for ages assimilating.

The most important part of the Finnish race, amounting to about 2,000,000 souls, enjoys an almost autonomous government in the Grand Duchy of Finland, of which, since the cession of the whole of Finland by Sweden in 1808, the Emperor of Russia is the constitutional Grand Duke. Finland has its own laws, financial system, customs tariff, coinage, and elective legislative assembly; and finally, under recent arrangements, its own standing army, which, however, though recruited and organized separately, is designed to form an integral part of the Russian military system. Under the ancient Swedish constitution of Finland, the Diet is composed of four estates; the four orders, nobles, clergy, burghers, and peasants, meeting and voting in separate chambers. Swedish and Finnish are the official languages, but the latter has only recently been adopted as such, Swedish being the natural language of all the more wealthy and educated classes. In the towns, nearly all the more important of which are on the coast, there is to be found a Swedish-speaking population, estimated at about 400,000. The divisions between these and the purely Finnish inhabitants of the Duchy are encouraged by the Russian Government, which favours the Finnish or national party; and as the power of the aristocracy has declined, and education has increased among the lower orders, the Nationalists have made great progress. The real value of this success to the Emperor's Government is perhaps doubtful; for the objects of the so-called Swedish party in Finland are rather to maintain the social ascendancy of the Swedish-speaking classes, and of Swedish literature, than to seek any political alliance with Sweden. There is no party which wishes to exchange autonomy under Russia for incorporation with Sweden; and, wide as may be the differences between Finnomans and Svenkomans, the main desire of both is to obtain the greatest possible independence for Finland.

The traveller through Finland who may be interested in the subject, and understands the languages, will have no great difficulty in arriving at an appreciation of the sentiments of the inhabitants on the subject of their connection with Russia. The class of Russians generally best known to the Finns are *techinovniks* (minor officials) of the worst type, and consequently it will be found that they are anything but popular in the Grand Duchy. The ordinary Finn has, however, too much steady good sense to allow such prejudices to interfere with his judgment on material questions, and, whilst expressing

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his contempt for the Russians as a race, he has little to say against the connection of his country with the Russian Empire. As long as the Finns are allowed to preserve something fairly approaching a national Government, are not interfered with in their national religion, manners, and customs, and do not find their prosperity seriously affected by the internal disorders in Russia or by an adventurous foreign policy, they will remain, as they are now, the loyal subjects of their Russian Grand Duke. But should the Russian Government be so ill-advised as to interfere with their liberties, or should Russian revolutionary commotions or foreign wars affect their material welfare, they would not be slow to express their discontent, and to defend their interests, in the last resort, even by force of arms. The Finns are comparatively few in numbers, but the inhospitable nature of their country, and the extraordinary obstinacy and perseverance of the race, would render the reconquest of Finland a very unpleasant task for Russia; and the difficulty would be greatly enhanced by the fact that both the financial and military organizations of the Duchy are already in the hands of the natives. Yet St. Petersburg could hardly remain the capital of the Russian Empire, if either of the shores of the Gulf of Finland belonged to an independent power.

One of the chief services which Finland renders to Russia consists in supplying a body of excellent sailors for the mercantile and Government marine in the Baltic; the Finns being peculiarly qualified for a seafaring life, and indeed for any calling requiring special hardiness and endurance.

With its severe climate, its unproductive soil, and its endless monotonous forests, occasionally diversified by marshes, rivers, and granite rocks, there is probably no poorer country in Europe than Finland; and the first idea which strikes a traveller is, the extraordinary difficulty which the inhabitants must encounter in overcoming the obstacles presented by nature. Yet the Finns not only live and thrive; employing their rivers with great skill as an important part of an excellent system of water communication; maintaining capital roads with the abundance of stone at their disposal; drawing bounteous supplies of fuel from their peat-marshes and forests; and driving an important foreign trade in timber, tar, and butter; but they have, under Swedish influence, developed a civilization which puts them nearly on a par with the Scandinavians, and which makes the European visitor feel much more at home in their bright clean little towns, than in the larger and wealthier cities of their colossal Russian neighbour.

We have already mentioned that, though now almost lost sight of among the Russians with whom they have assimilated, the Finnish race once extended over large provinces to the south of St. Petersburg. West of Lake Peipus is still to be found a distinct Finnish population, which has resisted in turn the supremacy of Danes, Germans, Swedes, and Russians, and maintains, even to this day, its own language, customs, and literature. The Germans have, in later times, played the same part in Esthonia and Livonia as the Swedes in Finland; but, the proportion of the foreign to the Finnish element being smaller in these provinces than on the northern side of the Gulf of Finland, its influence has been less felt; whilst that of Russia, unfettered by any conditions of autonomy, has had more scope than in the Finnish Grand Duchy.

The Treaty of Nystadt, in 1721, gave Esthonia and Livonia to Russia, as the result of Peter the Great's decisive victories over Sweden. The Esthonians and Lives were once distinct tribes; but now little difference is to be perceived between them. Their dialects are very similar, and that of the Esthonians closely resembles the language of southern Finland, and is readily understood by the southern Finns. The Finnish population in Esthonia is estimated at about nine hundred thousand, whilst the Lives are comparatively few in number, and between the pressure of Esthonians, Letts, and Germans, the Finns appear likely to lose their individuality.

To the south of these Finnish races we find the Lithuanian tribes, who complete the barrier between the Slaves and the shores of the Baltic. The Lithuanians, properly so called, now number about two million souls, in the basin of the Niemen; whilst around the Gulf of Riga and on the Baltic coast are the Korses, Semigalians, and Letts, together amounting to perhaps another million. The province of Courland, finally annexed to Russia by Catherine the Great, derives its name from the first of these races, and the last have given the generic name of Letts to their neighbouring congeners. The Letts of Courland, like the Finns in the north of the Baltic Provinces, belong to the Reformed Church, both having received their religion, together with the elements of civilization, from the Germans or Swedes established among them. The southern Lithuanians, on the contrary, whose territory but barely reached the sea, came but little in contact with the Teutons and Scandinavians, whose settlements were on the coast. Their historical connection was with Poland. The Polish Count took the place of the Swedish or German Baron. Paganism, when abandoned, was succeeded by Roman Catholicism, introduced from Poland; and a considerable

Slave

Slave element was imported into Lithuania, which, with the special measures taken by the Russian Government after the Polish insurrections, may make the process of Russification somewhat easier than among the Protestant populations of the northern Baltic Provinces.

Russia has followed the same policy in Lithuania and the Baltic Provinces as in Finland. Profiting by the difference in nationality between the peasantry and the upper classes, she has put herself forward as the protector of the masses against the domination of the Polish or German landowners and merchants, and has aggravated the discord between the races.

This system of suppression of the cultivated classes has lately been pushed so far as to excite the sympathy of Germany in favour of the German population in the northern provinces, and has created a Baltic Province question, which is the continual theme of angry debate between Russian and German journalists. The first German settlers on the coast were missionaries and traders; but under the influence of a body of military knights, who subsequently amalgamated with the East Prussian Teutonic Order, they soon gained political supremacy, and completely subjugated the natives, whom they held in a bondage, and treated with a severity, which has never been forgotten. Although continually shorn of their privileges by Russia, the Germans have hitherto had the satisfaction of retaining several of their ancient feudal institutions, particularly in matters of justice. Now, however, the last vestiges of their authority are doomed, and the Russian system of administration is about to be introduced in its entirety. The advocates of Russification hope, by this measure, finally to crush the German element; but it is possible that, when the Finnish and Lettish peasantry find themselves at the mercy of the Russian tchinovniks, who will understand neither their language nor their customs, they may begin to forget any petty tyranny of which the Germans have been guilty, and to discover that Russification will affect their own national individuality quite as much as it will that of their former masters. Be the final results what they may, the immediate consequence of the Russian policy has been to produce a disturbance, and a feeling of ill-will between the opposing nationalities, which has recently culminated in a series of small outbreaks and agrarian murders. The German press asserted that in connection with this agitation an attempt was recently made on the life of the German Pastor Schlau at Allasch. The would-be assassin concealed himself, in the approved agrarian fashion, behind a hedge, and fired at the worthy clergyman as he drove along the road. The Russian press declared



declared there was no proof that any serious attempt was made on the life of the parson; the gun may have been discharged by accident, or may not have been loaded!—just as some of the Irish murders were called accidents. On the other hand, the anti-German newspapers reported a murderous attack by a German, at Reval, on the person of an Esthonian, the editor of a local newspaper which stands up for the rights of the peasantry; and the truth of this story was immediately denied by the Germans.

In Lithuania, the distinction of nationality between the different social classes is not so strongly marked as further north, and in any case little is likely to be heard of the grievances of Polish proprietors, who have no open sympathizers abroad. There exists no Polish merchant class of importance, and the nobility, though in large part of Polish descent, are not the representatives of a conquering race, but date from the time when, after the union of the two kingdoms under the Lithuanian king Jagellon, Lithuania and Poland were ruled by the same princes, and when the Lithuanian aristocracy was completely absorbed by the Poles, owing to the superior civilization of the latter. In days gone by, the Lithuanians were a powerful and independent nation, with their own national leaders, and they were remarkable for their fierce courage, but now they are the most peaceful of peasantry, and display far less obstinacy of character than the Letts, Lives, or Finns. They fought bravely on the side of the Poles in the last insurrection, but they were prompted more by religious feeling than by any love of fighting or desire for independence. Community of religion is a strong tie between all classes in Lithuania; and, although the Russian system of administration is completely established, the influence of Roman Catholicism appears to be a serious obstacle to the further progress of Russification.

We now come to that nationality which, in point of numbers and social development, is the most important of the numerous non-Russian elements among the populations of the Empire. Poland, as a living name, is to-day limited to the comparatively few Polish provinces subject to Russia, lying to the west of that portion of the River Boug which flows approximately north and south. The Poland of patriotic Poles is of course very much more extensive, and, besides provinces belonging to Austria and Prussia, includes Lithuania and various parts of White and Little Russia, which were at one time subject to the Polish crown. The extent of Polish influence is a much-disputed question between the Poles and their Russian opponents. It has already been discussed with regard to Lithuania, and must necessarily

necessarily be again referred to in dealing with White and Little Russia. The Vistula governments, as they are called, which are still officially designated as Polish, contain a population, including Jews, of about 7,000,000; and probably from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 Poles are to be found in the adjacent governments to the east. The political weight of a nationality which is so numerous, so compact, and so patriotic, is of course considerable. When Russia appears threatened by complications with its western neighbours, Poland immediately becomes the subject of political speculation; and in the event of war, it would probably be the theatre of military operations.

The Poles are thoroughly alive to their own political importance, and their desire for independence is as strong as in the bygone days of insurrections; but those who imagine that they could still be easily stirred up to resist Russian authority are greatly mistaken. Remembrance of the disastrous results of abortive risings, the development of civilization, the growth of individual material interests, and the diminished influence of the classes to which former national leaders belonged,—all these circumstances have combined to weaken the restless and unsubmissive spirit which produced past insurrections. The Polish patriotic party is for the time quiescent, but its spirit is not broken, and it is full of confidence for the future. The present watchword is, 'Wait.' The leaders are determined not to be again sacrificed as the catspaws of foreign intrigue against Russia, and they will not stir until an Austrian or German army has crossed their frontier. The German, Austrian, and Russian press, in turn, declare that a war between Russia and one or both of her western neighbours is inevitable, and the Poles quietly await the actual commencement of hostilities. Meanwhile they devote themselves to the task of improving their material position, and the policy of the Russian Government has tended to guide their energies in this direction. Not permitted to hold Government posts of even small importance, either in his own provinces or in any other part of the Empire, looked upon with disfavour in the fashionable society of the Russian capital, and yet retained in the country by the necessity of superintending the education of his male children, whom he is forbidden by law to take abroad, the Polish gentleman resides almost perforce in the Polish provinces, and maintains the closest connection with his compatriots in a similar position. The Russian landowner, tempted by the attractions of Government service, or of society about the court in St. Petersburg, or by the superior comforts and greater amusements to be found abroad, is seldom resident on his estates, and generally

generally knows but little of the capacities or requirements of his neighbourhood. The Polish proprietor is rarely an absentee, and, besides devoting his energies to the improvement of his property, he often takes an interest in industrial undertakings. In Western Poland coal is cheap and abundant, and, partly owing to the influx of Germans into the border provinces, plenty of skilled labour is available, whilst the wealth amassed among the large Jewish population provides capital for manufacturing enterprise. Under these favourable circumstances, the material development of Poland during the last few years has been most extraordinary, and recently published statistics show a progress perfectly astounding. The estimated budget expenditure for Poland in 1866 was  $32\frac{1}{2}$  million roubles, in 1880 it was approximately 60 millions, whilst for the latter year the actual receipts gave a surplus of six millions over the actual expenditure. The produce of the tax on industries rose from 226,000 roubles in 1866 to 887,000 in 1880; the stamp duties from 913,000 to 1,668,000; and the excise on sugar from 36,000 to 997,000 roubles.

To the above figures may be added the following comparisons between the increase of some of the manufacturing industries in Poland and Russia, respectively, during the twelve years from 1867 to 1879. The increase in cotton spinning was in Russia 140 per cent., in Poland 700 per cent.; in weaving, 84 per cent. in Russia, and 500 in Poland; wool spinning increased in Russia 150 per cent., and in Poland 500; and cloth weaving 70 per cent. in the former, and 250 in the latter. The increase in the manufacture of mixed woollen textures was respectively 75 per cent. and 333 per cent.; and in printing, dyeing, and finishing, 90 per cent., and 3634 per cent.

These comparisons (which, by the bye, are well worthy the attention of English manufacturers) give incontrovertible evidence of rapid and solid improvement; and as the increase in manufactures is very much due to the influence of Russian protective duties, and Russia is the only outlet for Polish productions, it would appear that, although the Russian exchequer benefits by the surpluses of the Polish budget, the Russian consumer is steadily contributing to the fortunes of Poland.

The Polish peasant is less quick and intelligent than the Russian, and he has perhaps less solidity of character than the Great Russian of the north, but he is decidedly more civilized, more prosperous, and less addicted to intoxication. His priest is his respected guide both in morals and religion; and the national church, to which all classes are deeply devoted, is a bond of union between the peasantry and their superiors, and a  
conservative

conservative influence which has hitherto kept Poland free from all taint of Nihilism and Socialism.

Notwithstanding the apparent advantages of Poland over Russia, the stern fact remains, that in the struggle between the two countries, Poland, although at one time seemingly the stronger, was continually worsted, and this result was mainly due to the lack of unity and really sound national spirit among the Polish aristocracy. It is possible that the cohesion and subordination to authority, which were formerly so conspicuously absent, might now be found to exist as the result of the continued and heavy pressure of Russian autocratic domination, but this time and opportunity alone could prove; and meanwhile, as we have already remarked, the position of the natural leaders of the nation is daily declining.

With this description of the position of Poland, we have completed the review of all the more important non-Russian nationalities, except the Jews; and so much has lately been written on the subject of this race, that it would be superfluous here to add more than a few brief remarks.

Restricted by law to almost exclusive residence in Poland, Courland, and some of the western governments, the Jews number about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  millions, and are necessarily an important social element in the Empire; but politically, their submissive character, the want of recognized leaders, and the absence of any national organization, render them of small importance. They are, and the heavy disabilities under which they labour must keep them, in the position of aliens in the land, and they cannot be expected to bear any particular good-will towards a government which has recently so signally failed to protect their persons and property.

Of minor nationalities in the south and west the most important are the Moldavians, of whom some 800,000 are to be found on Russian territory. Although of totally different origin, they are not in character and habits very different from their neighbours in Little Russia, but their political sympathies naturally incline towards the country which is ruled by their own race.

Whilst ancient Rome is represented in the Emperor's dominions by the Moldavians, ancient Greece has also its representatives in a few scattered remains of the once important Greek colonies, which flourished along the shores and in the neighbourhood of the Sea of Azov. A considerable Greek element has, in the course of centuries, been absorbed on the northern coasts of the Euxine and Sea of Azov, but what now remains is of interest only to the ethnographer and not to the politician.

The

The Germans we have already considered in their more important sphere in the Baltic Provinces; but among minor nationalities in the south we must again refer to them in their status as agricultural colonists, living in detached groups, totally cut off from their own race either in the north of the Empire or abroad, and completely surrounded by Russians who are strangers to them alike in language, creed, and customs. The total German population in Russia is estimated at about 1,000,000, and of this number perhaps the greater proportion are to be found in the detached colonies. These are very thickly scattered over some districts in the south, and are also numerous on the banks of the Volga between Samara and Tsaritsin, and in the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg on the banks of the Neva. Unlike their brethren on the Baltic, the colonists have never attained to any superior social position, and they have exercised but little influence on the Russians around them. Established for the most part by the Empress Catherine, they have devoted themselves unambitiously and consistently to the immediate concerns of their agricultural pursuits, and in that calling many of them have gained considerable wealth. Some few are Catholics, but by far the larger number are Protestants, and their religious example has perhaps strengthened the movement which has developed a large body of 'Molokanis' on the Volga, and of 'Stundist' in South Russia; both sects of dissenters from the orthodox faith, whose general tenets are simply those of Bible Christians.

Beginning with the Bashkirs, our consideration of the numerous and diverse nationalities under the rule of the Emperor in Europe has directed our attention to all the frontier provinces in the east, north, west, and south, of European Russia; until, in speaking of the German colonists between Samara and Tsaritsin, we have returned once more to our starting-point on the Volga.

Hemmed in on all sides by this deep fringe of foreign nationalities, the heart and strength of the Russian people is in the very centre of the country; and it is probably as much to this central position, as to their superior numbers and national qualities, that the Russians are indebted for the maintenance of their dominion over so many races, the subjection of nearly every one of which in turn has cost a severe struggle. The more attentively the circumstances are considered, the greater do the difficulties appear, which the Russians have successfully overcome in establishing their extraordinary political supremacy. In view of the magnitude of the task accomplished, it would at all events be supposed that the Russians themselves were a perfectly

perfectly united and homogeneous people. But such is not the case, and our argument would be incomplete, if we failed to point to their division into the three important and distinct sections, known respectively as Great Russians, White Russians, and Little Russians. Of these the Great Russians are the most important, and it is in Great Russia that we find both the capitals, Moscow and St. Petersburg. It was the princes of Moscow who delivered Russia from her most dangerous foes, Tatars, Lithuanians, Swedes, and Poles; and who, by the absorption or subjugation of the other Russian principalities, gradually established the unity of the nation.

The limits of Little Russia, as laid down in Rittich's ethnographical map, include approximately those south-western governments which would be cut off by a line through the towns of Bielostok, Tchernigov, Briansk, Kursk, Voronetz, and Rostov on the Don. White Russia is the country, for the most part covered with forests and marshes, of which Minsk is the centre: lying between Little Russia and the Lithuanian and Baltic provinces, it extends to the north-east so as to include the towns of Smolensk and Vitebsk. In area and population Great Russia surpasses the other divisions. Its boundaries, except where coincident with those of the neighbouring Baltic provinces, White and Little Russia, are undefined. Great Russia owes its existence chiefly to colonization, and to the Russification of Finnish and other tribes. That process is still going on, and is increasing the influence of the Great Russian to the east and north-east. Russian geographers often show the whole country up to the Oural Mountains and the Arctic Ocean as Great Russia, and the population of all the included provinces is noted as Great Russian. This assumption is, however, incorrect, and from the forty-one millions at which, on this basis, the Great Russian population is reckoned, we must deduct the numbers of the many Finnish and Turkish races erroneously included. There are approximately some sixteen millions of Little Russians; and the genuine Great Russians, sincere adherents of the Greek faith, and speaking as their mother tongue the pure Russian language, are probably about twice as numerous.

The White Russians are estimated at about three millions; but, just as it is sometimes difficult to draw the line between Great Russians and Finns, and between Little Russians and Poles, so also is it far from easy to discover precisely where the White Russian begins to give way to the other Russians, Lithuanians, and Poles, who surround him. The forbidding and inhospitable nature of the greater part of his country long  
kept

kept him more backward than his brethren; but at the same time he appears to have been more susceptible to the influence of foreign rulers where the latter asserted themselves. Incorporated for centuries with Lithuania and Poland, White Russia accepted generally the Roman Catholic or Uniate faith; and the architecture of the older churches in the towns, even as far north as the Dwina, betrays the fact that, although many of them are now used for the Greek rite, they were built for the services of the Latin Church.

The original stock of Great and Little Russians is practically the same; but, while the latter still remain the purest of Slave races, the former have, through the absorption of the Finnish tribes, become a mixed people. It never was correct to say, 'Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tatar,' but it would be fairly correct to say, 'Scratch a Great Russian, and you will find a Finn.' And this assimilation of a non-Russian element has not been without marked effects. The darker and more regular features of the Little Russian frequently present a striking contrast to the fairness and irregular type of his northern brother; and a certain stolidity and power of passive endurance, which is remarkable in the latter, is often wanting in the more volatile character of the Southerner.

During some centuries Little Russia was under the dominion of Lithuania or Poland, and the majority of the landed proprietors in the west, in Volhynia, Kiev, and Podolia are Catholics, and Polish in sentiment if not in origin. A distinct, separate Little Russian aristocracy does not exist. Where the Polish landowner disappears, the Great Russian takes his place; and this fact reminds us that it was not altogether of their own free will that the Little Russians accepted the autocratic rule of the Muscovite Tsar. On the western borders, the Poles, where they did not succeed in introducing Catholicism, founded at least the Uniate Church; and in the frontier provinces it was so thoroughly accepted by the people, that, in many instances in modern days, the Cossack has had to be employed as the only effective missionary in securing re-conversion to the orthodox Greek faith. The mass of the Little Russian peasantry cling, nevertheless, to the Greek Church; and religion was a chief cause of their strife with the Poles, and of their seeking the protection of the Tsar, who shared their faith. When however Khmelnitzki, the Cossack leader, pressed by the Poles, entered into negotiations with Alexis Michailovitch, the Suzerainty of the Tsar was only accepted on the express condition, that the Ukraine and Little Russia should remain autonomous. In their subsequent revolts against Muscovy, the Cossacks drew Little  
Russia



Russia with them, and, although continuing under separate special administration until the reign of Catherine II., both practically lost their independence at the battle of Pultava.

Thus, though sprung from a common stock, the circumstances of history have for ages separated the three great families of Slaves in Russia, and emphasized the distinctions between them. Russian writers, as a rule, make light of these differences, but Russian statesmen have clearly shown their appreciation of them. The Little Russian language, which, though closely resembling, is still distinct from, that of Great Russia, is to-day prohibited both in literature and on the stage. In 1876 a decree of the censor forbade the appearance of even a translation printed in the proscribed idiom; and during last autumn a company of play-actors from Lemberg, entering Russia, were forbidden to act in Little Russian, but by a strange caprice were allowed to give the same pieces when using the Polish language. Again, it is particularly worthy of remark, that Little Russia and White Russia were classed with Poland and Lithuania, when all these countries were excluded from the benefits of the modicum of popular local self-government granted to the provinces of Great Russia, by the establishment in the latter of the institution of the Zemstvo, or local commune.

Little Russians note and feel these disabilities, and they further observe that they have no influence in the government of the Empire; for, having no aristocracy of their own, they are unrepresented in the Ministerial ranks. It cannot be said that there is a secessionist party in Little Russia, but there is a general feeling that the country is hardly treated; and there are recollections, preserved in popular songs, of the happy days gone by, before the 'White Hawk of the North' had pounced on and pinioned the more playful Lark of the South.' The Little Russians have never undergone the lesson in submission which the Great Russians learned from the Tatars; they once enjoyed very democratic institutions; and, as is remarked by M. Leroy-Beaulieu, their political aspirations as a people are higher than those of the more docile northerners; whilst their greater accessibility to revolutionary ideas has been evidenced by the large proportion of Little Russian names which have figured in the Nihilist trials.

'Russia is so enormous and so different in her parts, that to regulate her life according to one invariable pattern is impossible.' In this sentence, translated from the concluding words of an article which appeared in the 'Golos,' is to be found a rare acknowledgment of that special feature of the great empire, which we have pointed out in our sketch of the condition of the  
various

various nationalities and peoples, who are the Emperor's subjects in Europe. We have described the never-ending differences in origin, religion, language, habits, and sentiments, which divide these numerous races; and we have shown that, whilst there is little open discontent at the supremacy of the Russian, there is no feeling of national loyalty, such as binds together some of the opposing nationalities ruled by the House of Hapsburg; and still less is there any approach to such relations as existed between France and her German-speaking provinces on the Rhine, or as now happily unite England with her old foe north of the Tweed.

Of the more important nationalities, none perhaps, except the Poles, have fixed their hopes on the future discomfiture of their masters, but equally are none inclined to make any sacrifices for the benefit of Russia; and if called upon to do so, they will refuse if they dare. The Russians are not, and have not sought to be, loved by those whom they have subjugated, and the foreigner who converses on the subject with either Tatars, Finns, Germans, Poles, or Jews, will soon discover this fact.

With all the advantages derived from authority and from a system of centralization, it is only among the more backward Finnish tribes that Russification makes any progress. Polish and German civilization stoutly withstand the advance of Russianism, and, in spite of every effort of the Russian Government, are still able to absorb those who come within the immediate circle of their influence. In the Baltic Provinces all the higher professions are monopolized by Germans; and the chief traders, the manufacturers, and their foremen, are also Germans; so that the peasant who wishes to rise must learn German, mix with Germans, and bring up his children as Germans.

This process of Germanization finds some curious illustrations on the railways, where it may be observed that the engine-driver and the head guard of the train are unmistakeably German in language and appearance, whilst the Germanism of the stokers and assistant conductors is generally much less pronounced; but before the latter can obtain promotion, it is pretty certain that they too in their turn will submit to the pervading influence.

In the old Polish provinces, where the Polish element is dominant over a Lithuanian or Little Russian peasantry, a less marked but similar movement is observable; and the man of humble origin, who seeks material or social advancement, necessarily yields to the influence of the class to which he aspires to belong.

It is but natural that the Russians should resent this sort of moral triumph of the subject races, but the whole situation is exceptional,

exceptional, and history has never before shown an example of the continued supremacy of a less civilized people over those more civilized. If the position were reversed, and the more numerous Russians had been subjugated by the smaller but more cultivated nations, they would be certain to rebel at once. In the actual circumstances of the case, Finns, Germans, and Poles are restrained by their individual material interests, and we have the curious anomaly of a moral rebellion of the rulers against the ruled, which has recently found a certain vent in the anti-German agitation, of which Skobeleff for a moment posed as the leader.

In its struggle with the foreigner, Russian society labours under the great disadvantage of being divided within itself. So great is the want of cohesion, and so marked are the distinctions, between the different classes amongst Russians, that we can only compare them to the castes of the East. The 800,000, who belong to the first rank and are styled noble, have more or less adopted Western ideas, but they are without territorial or any other influence, except that derived from their employment in the Government service; and, whilst they maintain their exclusiveness, their superior cultivation can have but little effect on those below them. The towns are few and far apart; and the townspeople again are divided into classes among themselves, and have no corporate solidity. The clergy, who are said to number 600,000, were until lately an hereditary caste, and it was unlawful for the son of a priest to be anything but a priest. The law has been changed, but the effects of the system it represented remain, with the result that as a body the clergy are without influence. The connection between the peasantry and the various superior classes is of the slightest nature, and the 'moujik' still looks on every one who wears what he calls German clothes as practically a foreigner. By virtue of their immense numerical majority, the peasantry represent in fact the Russian nation; but they are extraordinarily backward in civilization, and their progress towards such a higher level as might diminish the distance between them and the other classes is painfully slow.

Whatever in other respects may be the might of Russia, she is certainly wanting in that great element of national strength, internal union and agreement. The army and the autocratic power are the only elements of cohesion, and the latter is becoming ever more dependent upon the former. The army is a homogeneous whole. Differences of nationality, as of class, are lost in that huge grey-coated mass, and it is daily becoming more evident that he, who can command the army, can alone

rule Russia. It was this fact which made many Russians nervous at the position acquired by the late General Skobelev; and, cherished as his memory is by countless thousands, there are those in high places who experienced a great feeling of relief when the ambitious career of the national hero was so suddenly closed.

This extraordinary importance of the army leads to some very serious reflections as regards the future of the Russian Empire. If a policy too ambitious and restless should be pursued, Russia may yet encounter a Sedan; and then who can estimate the extent of the consequences? Not only would the position of the Government and the dynasty be most critical, but the very existence of the Empire might be found to be endangered. If the throne be shaken, the army demoralized, and the nation convulsed, what force is to hold together all those heterogeneous nationalities, races, and peoples, whose position we have described? And if a foreign army on Russian soil sought a material guarantee for the results of its victories, where could such guarantee be discovered? Where could sufficient money be found to buy out an invader, and who would dare to collect it from a peasantry suffering under the misfortunes attendant on unsuccessful war? Dismemberment of the Empire is evidently the only possible guarantee which the victor could exact, and the temptation to demand it would be strengthened by the fact that its accomplishment would be easy.

He who said '*L'Empire c'est la paix*,' found that when peace was broken with unsuccessful results, empire vanished with it. Our argument has shown that, if a peaceful policy be maintained, Russia has no immediate serious danger to fear from her alien subjects; but there are grave reasons why the policy announced by Alexander III., in the Imperial Rescript recently addressed to M. de Giers, should be steadily adhered to by those who guide the destinies of All the Russias.

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ART. VIII.—1. *Parliamentary Papers on India, 1883.*

2. *The Indian Government Gazettes, 1882–1883.*

IT has sometimes been said that the full term of Viceregal office is too short to mark an epoch in Indian history. Lord Ripon has already found time to prove the fallacy of this observation. In half the term allotted to him, he has by a succession of injudicious and revolutionary measures squandered the brilliant inheritance bequeathed to him by his predecessors. In drawing a picture of 'India in 1880' \* we flattered ourselves that, notwithstanding constant oscillations in the foreign policy of that country, and the frequent interruptions of famine and war, the general continuity of its internal administration had stamped the impress of Western civilization and social progress upon Indian history. Every Viceroy who had succeeded Lord Canning had added some link to the chain of peaceful conquests, which seemed in 1881 to have attached firmly to the ruling country the most powerful of the dependencies of England. We also pointed out the wide and varied field of industrial and commercial enterprise open to British capital, and we anticipated from the cordial co-operation of Englishmen and Indians the dawn of a new era in the history of 254 millions of our fellow-subjects. Out of the profound calm and mutual confidence established between the governed and governing classes, which were the leading features of the scene in 1881, Lord Ripon has in 1883 called up such a storm as has rarely been witnessed on the sea of Indian politics. Reckless of traditions and of realities, he has shattered the continuity of Eastern policy, and brought the administration well-nigh to a dead-lock. He has worried the Civil Service into an attitude of sullen silence. He has exasperated the European colony, which is not only the most powerful minority in India, but the mainspring of that private enterprise on which the material development of the Empire depends. The masses are bewildered by a succession of new departures from every principle of government, which they have been taught to regard as stable and fixed. One class only is reaping the advantage of the general disquiet. The stormy petrels of society, the political organizations which command the native press of India, are hounding on the Viceroy, and endeavouring to widen the breach between the head of the Government and his subordinates. In tones not merely abusive but threatening, they are lashing the European community into indignation, fanning the flames of jealousy between race and

\* See 'Quarterly Review,' No. 308, July, 1881.

race, and preaching sedition to the unstable ranks of the illiterate and superstitious classes of society. Ever since the mutiny, it has been the policy of English Viceroys to close the chasm which divides the various races of India, and to unite the conquered people with their conquerors in the splendid task of promoting the growth of a national sentiment, and of ensuring the country against famine. But in an instant the balance of interests, upon which peace and progress depend, has been destroyed; and the deep distrust, which the party of progress must feel for the caste-system and the selfish aims of Brahmanism, has been revealed.

In view of the situation which Lord Ripon's breathless zeal has created, we have been assured that the so-called extravagances of his recent policy are but the logical result of measures which have rendered the governments of Lord Lawrence and Lord Mayo famous in history. The names of these great statesmen are ostentatiously recalled in the correspondence to which we shall presently refer. But such allusions cannot deceive the student of Indian history. The revolutionary measures, which in less than twelve months have generated a vindictive public sentiment in every province of India, would, if they were endorsed by the public opinion of this country, give the lie to the public approbation which contemporary history showered upon the two Viceroys, who are no longer able to repudiate the construction put upon their actions. Lord Lawrence built his whole administration, and reconstructed the Empire after the great rebellion, upon the prestige, or *ikbal*, of the district officer. It was an axiom with him, that bureaucracy destroyed individuality and independence. He looked to the civilization of the vast area of India, and of its multitudinous races, by the individual energy of the Collectors scattered throughout the country. He sought their advice, encouraged them in self-reliance, and taught them, by his example as well as by his precept, to identify themselves with every movement of the people entrusted to their care. Lord Ripon has systematically rejected their advice, scorned their experience, and publicly announced that his scheme of self-government is to be based on the largest elimination of local control, and on the free distribution of titles of nobility conferred by the Viceroy. Lord Mayo laid the foundations of self-government in the alliance of local officers with local boards, and their freedom from central control. He revised the code of criminal procedure, and, whilst he rendered Europeans amenable to district courts, he gave them the right of trial by European magistrates. As the head of the Government, he viewed with grave apprehension the  
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the tendency of his European officials to stand aloof from the European settlers; and he encouraged the Volunteer movement, and by every means in his power sought to improve the relations between the non-official and official classes of English society. He saw that not merely the strength of British rule, but its beneficial influence in pioneering industries and promoting the material welfare of the masses, depended on the co-operation of private enterprise; and he foresaw the advantage of stimulating the influx of English capital, by protecting the rights of the European settlers, and by associating them with officials in the splendid task of civilizing India. Lord Ripon, in the pursuit of a morbid policy of sentimental symmetry, has treated politics as if they were an abstract science, which could be studied and applied in the recesses of his office at Simla. Without even consulting the European colony, he has threatened to deprive them of the privileges which Lord Mayo's Act conceded to them. So little touch has he kept with the public feeling of the community to which he himself belongs, that he has exhibited to the world the extraordinary spectacle of an English Viceroy introducing a legislative Act which has provoked a storm of indignation, without the slightest suspicion that his measure ran counter to public opinion. He has publicly admitted that he never foresaw the opposition which his policy has encountered; and the dumb millions of India are anxiously enquiring what guarantees exist that the public administration will march abreast of their wants, when it cannot feel the pulse of English feeling.

This brief retrospect must suffice to show that the present Viceroy is only deceiving himself, when he endeavours to throw the responsibility of his eccentric policy upon his predecessors. Lord Ripon's character is not cast in an autocratic mould. We do not accuse him of a vain desire to impress the affairs of an empire with the stamp of his own personality. His failure is due rather to a weakness of character, which receives its impressions from others, and dares not recede from a false position. We have witnessed in Ireland the disastrous results of an infatuated hostility to the experience of history and to the patriotic warnings of opponents. Lord Ripon left England when party feeling ran high, and a spirit of destruction and revolution was the only guide which he carried with him. Unfortunately the Indian constitution provides few checks upon the actions of a headstrong Governor-General. The annual migration to Simla insulates the Government of India for three-quarters of the year. The Viceroy lives from March to December in a different atmosphere from the  
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Governors of the provinces. The free circulation of public opinion is impossible at an elevation of nearly 7000 feet above the plains of India, and at a distance of a hundred miles from the nearest Indian town. Of the ten great provinces of India, only two, Madras and Bombay, are ruled by Governors who are independently selected by the Home Government. By a rare coincidence, it has happened that the important appointments of the three Lieutenant-Governors of the Panjab, the North-Western Provinces, and Bengal, who rule over more than 137 millions, have been made by the present Viceroy. The administration of Assam, Burmah, and Berar, has also fallen to officers nominated by Lord Ripon. The choice of his own lieutenants in command is no mean addition to the almost despotic powers of an Indian Viceroy. In estimating therefore the responsibility for the situation created by Lord Ripon, it is necessary to bear in mind three circumstances. He left England with the prejudice, which his former colleagues shared, against an even tenour of Conservative progress. For the greater part of every year he is banished from contact with independent opinion, and is surrounded only by his court and his secretaries: and he has by a rare fortune been called upon to select his own instruments for carrying on the administration of the greater part of India. But there remains the control of the Home Government. Here also the position of the present Viceroy is exceptional, and his sole responsibility is intensified. A Government which made room for Lord Ripon, by removing his predecessor, cannot afford to quarrel with its own nominee. Nor has the present Government enjoyed either leisure or inclination to do so. The situations which it has created, in Ireland and at the Cape, are sufficiently engrossing. Were the hands of the Prime Minister less tied, he would hardly care to interfere in Indian politics. The unanimous condemnation of the English press of India must suggest to the Radical section of the present Government the irrational opposition of a privileged class defending an obsolete political survival, and resisting an encroachment on indefensible rights. The loud approval of the native press, despite the virulent disloyalty of its tone, is the welcome appeal of a down-trodden population offering incense to the gods who have sent them Radical rulers. Control from home means, in the present state of affairs, the somnolent acquiescence of superior authority in any revolutionary proposals which it may please Lord Ripon to suggest.

The press of India, and in the last resort that of England, constitute the only remaining check upon the Viceroy. The  
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European newspapers of India have unanimously condemned his recent policy, and declared that he has forfeited public confidence. As an expression of English sentiment, the English press of India is entitled to every respect. But the difficulties of a Babel of tongues, the weakness of their literary staff, the enormous distances of one province from another, and the proverbial indistinctness of native opinion filtering through its numerous castes and classes, have prevented the English newspapers from ever claiming to represent popular native opinion. For the Anglicized fringes of coast they can speak with some measure of authority. For the Mofussil, or counties, they do not profess to speak. The mind of Indian society can only be read by the patient observation of those who, like John Lawrence of old, live in its midst. The native press, with a few honourable exceptions, is the organ of a small educated minority, who in time past monopolized all power in India, and are still watching with Asiatic patience for a chance of recovering the ground that civilization is ever wresting from them. Eastern selfishness is not more faithful to the past than Eastern mysticism. The attitude of Brahman society recalls the grand description given by Matthew Arnold in the well-known lines—

‘The East bowed low before the blast,  
In patient deep disdain:  
It heard the legions thunder past,  
Then plunged in thought again.’

The Hindu press is in a special degree the weapon of the political organizations, which are secretly sapping the foundations of British rule. There are in the whole of the Empire, with its 254 millions, only 360 newspapers which are published once a week or every day, and their vigour is in proportion to the strength of the societies which aim at the subversion of our rule. Thus it is a significant fact, that in the Bombay Presidency, which Sir Richard Temple lately told us was a centre of disaffection, there are 120 papers, whether weekly, daily, or monthly, whose language is generally violent. The population of the British districts of Bombay is only 17 millions. The sister Presidency of Madras, with 31 millions and a more diffused system of education, is content with only 35 newspapers. Half of the papers in India are sold at a loss; and, as their daily *farrago* consists of unqualified abuse of Englishmen, it is not difficult to appreciate the object of their existence. With a few exceptions, the whole native press of India is libellous, and, since the editors of three-fourths of the papers are Brahmans,  
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it is idle to consider their utterances as expressive of public opinion. We cannot therefore regard it as a healthy sign that, whilst the native press is daily denouncing the public service of India, the missionaries, and the European community, it should single out Lord Ripon for special encomium, and urge the Indian population to memorialize Her Majesty for a prolongation of his term of office.

Before we review the extravagant and inconsistent measures which have exasperated national feuds and thrown Indian administration into confusion and turmoil, it is convenient to recal briefly the events which made 1880 an epoch in Indian history. When the present Viceroy assumed the reins of office, no brighter prospect ever presented itself to a statesman. Abroad, as well as in India, our military power was respected. The population of several provinces had witnessed the self-devotion of their rulers in the humane cause of saving their lives from famine. The district officers had sacrificed health and sometimes their lives for the good of the people, and had thus attached the natives to them by stronger ties than that of mere authority. Lastly, a new era had dawned upon the industries of India, and English capital was actively surveying a new field for the conquests of peace.

The British Government of India rests, in the last resort, upon its military strength. The brilliant march to Candahar and the total rout of Ayúb Khán's force shattered at once the malevolent rumours of the decadence of English power, which the native press of India had insinuated. The Afghan war closed with fresh proof of the success of the British arms. Unlike the wars which had preceded it, it left no empty exchequer behind. Major Baring, in submitting his bill for thirteen millions, was able to report a surplus and to undertake financial reforms. He bore honourable testimony to the prudent financial administration to which he succeeded in the following terms :—'So far as the flourishing condition of the finances, which is indicated by the figures given above, results from financial administration, the credit is due not to the present Government, but to its predecessors.'

But the splendid and difficult task of Indian administration does not rest wholly on the foundation of its financial and military organization. The test of our security is not merely the power, but the acceptability, of a rule which cannot expect to be popular, because it is foreign. If our attempts to govern India are based only on fear, and not upon a cordial apprecia-

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\* See Financial Statement for 1882-1883, paragraph 71.

tion of the visible benefits which all classes of society derive from our rule, then they must sooner or later end in failure. Judged by this test, the existence of foreign rule was justified by the results achieved by Lord Ripon's immediate predecessors. Twice within the last decade had British energy decisively beaten an enemy, which no native dynasty ever dared to meet, and to which the great company of merchants offered but a partial and ineffectual resistance. That enemy was famine, and the theatre of war was the three great provinces of Bengal, Bombay, and Madras. In a single year of the administration of Lord Cornwallis, ten millions perished of starvation. In the famine campaigns of 1873, 1876, and 1877, a population of eighty millions were successfully defended at a cost of eighteen millions sterling. The average daily number who received gratuitous relief was 900,000; whilst the average numbers employed on relief works were 1,680,000. History gives no example of a triumph so beneficent or so gigantic as that which Lord Northbrook and his successor achieved in the course of the last decade. We are apt to dwell too exclusively on the security of British rule as its chief title to the toleration, if not to the affections, of the Indian people. The reclamation of thousands of square miles of frontier from foreign incursions, the suppression of an uncivilized disbanded soldiery, the laborious tracking down of social outlaws, and the extermination of infanticide and the trade of murder, are doubtless results of which England may be proud. But the present generation has not experienced the suffering which lawlessness entailed, nor can it realize the utter powerlessness of native Governments to arrest it. With famine and disease the case is different. We cannot stop the course of nature's forces. We cannot add a few inches to the rainfall. But we have proved that British organization and the self-devotion of English officers can successfully interfere between eighty millions of afflicted people and starvation. No school books are required to teach this lesson. No political intriguers can deny a fact which the people have witnessed. In estimating therefore the political situation when Lord Ripon arrived in India, it is necessary to remember the deep gratitude of the famine-stricken population to their rulers, and the cordial relations which existed between the district officers and their native fellow-subjects.

The liability of the Indian constitution to attacks of chronic famine forced upon the attention of Government the necessity for extending railways, and for providing a variety of employments for a population whose labour was likely to be placed under the interdict of drought. The money markets of Europe, proverbially

proverbially sensitive, had taken note of the victories both of war and of peace which the last decade had witnessed. Rich in the possession of raw material and of labour, India could not maintain a constant warfare with famine, and yet accumulate capital. The security of life and property inspired confidence, and an equal administration of justice encouraged the settlement of European capitalists. India could supply every requisite of production except capital; and the co-operation of England's wealth with the natural resources of India promised a rich harvest to both countries. No sooner had Lord Ripon landed in India, than he recognized that a new era of industry was about to dawn on the country. He proclaimed that the development of private enterprise would be the guiding spirit of his administration, and, in so doing, he admitted that the foundation of public confidence had been laid by his predecessors.

Public confidence is not an act of arbitrary creation. It comes from a plant of slow growth. It is the fruit of a wise and continuous policy. That a country so vast as India should have achieved such moral and material progress since 1857, was a sufficient testimony to the soundness of the principles which Lord Canning and his successors had followed and bequeathed. Lord Ripon's advent was hailed as promising to the country a programme of peace and of the expansion of its magnificent resources. His dangerous illness enlisted public sympathy on his side, and for the first year of his administration it seemed likely that he would enjoy a popularity hardly second to that of Lord Mayo. The expectation was confirmed by the prudent management of the finances entrusted to Major Baring, by the stimulus given to private enterprise, and by the cautious declaration of the Viceroy's earlier policy in regard to the extension of self-government. His agrarian legislation in Bombay, following in the steps of Lord Lytton, gave Lord Ripon a fresh title to public confidence. It is true that society was intensely alarmed by a whisper that it was his intention to arm the native population, and to repeal the Arms Act. But the storm blew over; and Anglo-Indians were reassured by the proof of the Viceroy's deference to official experience and to the unmistakable logic of facts. It was not until the end of May 1882 that the scheme of self-government, safely launched in the Financial Department, was transferred to another department more immediately under the Viceroy's control. From that date there was introduced a succession of departures, not only from the policy previously announced, but also from the fundamental principles on which Lord Mayo's Decentralization scheme

scheme had been based. The civil servants of the Crown were ordered to stand on one side, and to make ropes of sand. The plan laid down by Lord Mayo and developed by his successors was found to be shortsighted, and an entirely new policy was substituted for that which had received Viceregal approval nine months before. Upon an atmosphere surcharged with resentment and alarm next came the Native Jurisdiction Bill. It was published in February last, and immediately received such an absolute condemnation as would have stifled in the birth any legislative measure in any other country in the world. Lord Ripon's policy seemed to vibrate between measures logically inconsistent, and therefore it excited profound distrust. In short, these two measures have brought about a crisis in Indian administration, and it behoves all Englishmen, who feel that they have any interests at stake in India, whether financial or national, to review the present situation with impartiality and patience.

The vital difference of opinion which has arisen between Lord Ripon and the provincial governments of India, on the subject of his local self-government scheme, cannot be rightly understood without reference to the past history of local boards. It is an axiom, accepted by all parties in India, that it is desirable to associate the leading representatives of native society with the local officers in the task of local administration. The unfitness, however, of the masses of the people to defend their own interests against the aggressive selfishness of the sacerdotal and educated minority, has interposed a series of perplexing administrative problems in the way of creating the spirit and machinery of free institutions. Notwithstanding these obvious difficulties, the policy initiated by Lord Mayo has produced encouraging results; and before the present Viceroy was seized with his strange infatuation, he too admitted the progress attained, and seemed content to work upon the same lines. Even Lord Mayo's scheme was not wholly original. When the great Company transferred their imperial responsibilities to the Crown, it was found that they had already created the germs of free institutions. With their usual sagacity they had excluded generalizations, and considered towns apart from rural districts. They had conferred municipal constitutions on several of the former, and given town-boards a general control over the taxes which they were authorized to levy. They particularly enjoined caution in the extension of municipalities; and in a despatch to the Governor-General, the Court of Directors ordered that the privilege of self-government should not be forced by zealous collectors upon an unwilling people. The  
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gift was to be bestowed on those bodies which were sufficiently advanced in intelligence to respect their own independence, and liberal enough to administer the powers conferred on them with impartiality. Under the Viceroys a rapid extension of municipalities has taken place. In the whole of British India there are only 1561 towns which contain a population of 5000 and upwards. The number of municipalities is close on 800. Meanwhile, it is worthy of note, as illustrating the novelty of the experiment, that the native states have looked coldly on a policy which is radically opposed to Asiatic sentiments; and, in those states which have not been lately administered by British officers, there are not a dozen municipalities, or local boards, in an area which cannot fall short of one-fourth part of the whole of India.

The history of rural boards is of more recent date. That distinguished statesman, Mountstuart Elphinstone, had sketched on paper a scheme for giving to the counties some share in county self-government. But it was Sir Bartle Frere who first proved by practical experience that the system could be effectively worked. The backbone of any scheme of self-government is finance; and at first the funds entrusted to local county-boards were raised voluntarily. About fifteen years ago, greater financial stability was given to a few of the local boards by legislation. Local Acts created a permanent local fund, and entrusted its expenditure, on roads, schools, dispensaries, and the supply of strictly local wants, to local committees. Lord Mayo at once discerned the wisdom of this policy. On December 14, 1870, he introduced his Decentralization scheme, which freed the local governments, and through them the local boards, from the fetters of centralized financial control. He recognized that local interest, supervision, and care, were necessary to success in the management of funds applied to local wants, and that these advantages were sacrificed if every local outlay required the sanction of a distant bureau. He wrote: 'the object of this resolution in its full meaning and integrity will afford opportunities for the development of self-government, for strengthening municipal institutions, and for the association of natives and Europeans to a greater extent than heretofore in the administration of affairs.' The keynote of Lord Mayo's policy was association, and not the supersession of officials. His resolution was followed in 1871 by legislation in every province of India, except Bengal, where the fatal legacy of Lord Cornwallis's permanent settlement created at first a difficulty in the way of providing local taxation. Local rates Acts were passed, and municipal Acts were amended. The governed were associated with



with their rulers in the honourable and beneficent task of promoting the moral and material advancement of all classes of the urban and rural population. In short, the history of the extraordinary progress which India has made in material wealth in the last ten years; its improved communications, giving fresh value to agricultural produce; its advance in education, both political and intellectual; its recuperative power after attacks of famine; and finally, the friendly relations subsisting between the district officers and the native populations; all these are but the history of the administration of its municipal and rural rates by local committees under official supervision.

The system of administering the rates, relieved by Lord Mayo from the capricious intervention of superior authority, has been fairly uniform throughout India. The members of the municipal corporations have been selected with impartiality; and, although their meetings are presided over by the Collector of the District, popular feeling can always assert itself against official control. Government has rarely interfered, and the towns have practically managed their own affairs. Outside the municipal jurisdictions, a wide network of independent rural boards has covered the whole country, with the exception of very backward or mountainous districts. The unit of local administration is usually coterminous with the district or with the jurisdiction of the collector. The collector presides over the district board, which consists partly of officials, native and European, and partly of non-officials, occasionally European and native, but usually exclusively natives. The non-official portion can, if they are united, obtain a majority. Subordinate to the district board, which often exercises jurisdiction over an area of 4000 square miles, are subdivisional boards, presided over by the highest district officer of the locality, aided by native colleagues, official and non-official. The non-official members are usually selected by Government, but occasionally by the people themselves. A district board will generally have seven or eight subdivisional boards under it. The duties of the boards are to frame budgets for the expenditure of the local rates, to decide on what objects they shall be expended, and to supervise the construction of the works which they sanction.

It is obvious that, without destroying the cardinal principle of associating the district officers with local administration, cautious reforms might have been introduced, in proportion as the political education of the people advanced. The official control might have been reduced; larger funds might have been entrusted to the boards; and the constituencies allowed to elect their own representatives on the principle of caste representation

tion to which the people are accustomed. There were, indeed, special reasons why Lord Ripon was bound to undertake the task of reform. The famine wars had unhinged the local administration. The Bengal famine of 1873, and the prolonged famines in Madras and Bombay, which commenced in 1876, exposed a weakness inherent in divided responsibility and in the minute subdivision of administrative units. In face of a foe which broke up the social system, even brutalized the natural instincts of humanity, and threatened to depopulate whole districts, it was necessary for Government to drill and organize all the forces of administration. Civilization could never have entered upon such a campaign without a careful concentration of power, which was destructive to the independence of local boards. Labour and gratuitous support had to be provided for the famine-stricken population of one-third of the Empire. The imperial funds were unequal to the task, and it was necessary to compel the fortunate districts to assist their distressed neighbours. Rapidity and uniformity of action could only be secured by official pressure. The subdivisional boards felt the chief weight of the crisis. In a country in which the spirit of nationality is weak, where charity is powerful, but confined to the caste or the family, local committees were unwilling to look beyond the wants of their narrow circles. But it was a crisis when local wants had to be subordinated to public necessity, and reluctant boards were compelled to provide for the defence of society. The famine policy of the Government of India thus gave a temporary check to the progress of self-government. It was a small price to pay for the victory that was won, but still it left a debt which in due course of time the central authority was bound to repay. There was thus imposed upon Lord Ripon the task of reconstructing the scheme of local boards, and of re-establishing their independence. Their functions had been suspended by his predecessors, and the interruption had left behind a certain paralysis of freedom, or at least a sense of injured dignity, which produced murmurs of discontent.

In what spirit the Viceroy undertook the task, is the next question to which attention must be directed. On September 30, 1881, Lord Ripon published in the Financial Department his first declaration of policy. The tone of the resolution justified the public confidence which his whole financial administration had inspired. The policies of Lord Mayo and of Lord Lytton were recited, and a further development in the assignment of funds was announced. Hitherto a fixed sum had been given to provincial governments, to cover any excess of provincialized expenditure over provincialized receipts; but henceforth a certain

certain proportion of the imperial revenue of each province was to be devoted to the same object. The responsibilities of the supreme and local governments in regard to famines, wars, and abnormal disasters, were also clearly defined. The resolution signed by Mr. Secretary Hope, now one of the Viceroy's colleagues in Council, went on to record the general satisfaction which was afforded to the Viceroy by a review of the past history of self-government in India, and the success which had attended the efforts of the district officers. The following extract, which exhibits a marked contrast to a subsequent declaration of policy, deserves attention :—

‘Considerable progress has been made since 1870. The bulk of the local rates and cesses now existing has been imposed since that date. In some provinces a portion of these have been entrusted to the management of committees; in others, such as Bombay, the committees previously existing have made great advances in resources and efficiency. Municipalities have increased in number and usefulness. At the same time there has been greater inequality in the progress in the direction of self-government attained in the different provinces than their respective circumstances justify. The provincial governments, whilst now being largely endowed from imperial sources, may well in their turn hand over to local self-government considerable revenues at present kept in their own hands.’

The proposal was avowedly only an extension of the scheme with which Lord Mayo's name was connected. In further pursuance of his policy, the local governments were asked to consult their district officers, and, after a scrutiny of their accounts, they were invited to submit their reports to the Government of India. Lord Ripon's proposals were cordially received. District officers lost no time in suggesting what funds could be entrusted to committees for expenditure. They observed that the proposals of the Supreme Government would secure simplicity and uniformity, by giving each local board a substantial and independent interest in the improvement of the revenues which they collected, and in the restriction of local expenditure. The tribute paid to the success of self-government was felt to be deserved, and the collectors and their assistants were anxious to co-operate more fully than heretofore in the cautious development of a policy to which they, no less than the Viceroy, attached deserved importance.

Their satisfaction was not destined to be long-lived. The Viceroy had comfortably settled himself in the cool retreat of Simla, when the Home Department took up the pen and cancelled the document which had issued from the Financial Department. Amidst all the oscillations of Indian policy, history can find

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no parallel for the extraordinary departure which was now announced. In May 1882 a fresh resolution was issued, which declared that the present scheme was not put forward as an improvement in the administration, but as an instrument of political and popular education. Thus was announced the new policy of sentiment and doctrinairism, which has brought Government to a dead-lock. An onslaught then commenced on the district officers, who were publicly informed that 'the failures of previous experiments are due to the fact, that attempts at local self-government have been overridden and practically crushed by direct official interference.' No attempt was made to explain away the approval which had been expressed in the resolution of September 30 last. Not an allusion was made to the famine-policy which had been laid down by the Government of India, and which the Civil Service had been ordered to carry out. Branded with the alleged failure of previous experiments, the servants of the Crown were next warned that any miscarriage of the new policy, which not one of them had either recommended or approved, would be attributed to them:—'If the officers of Government accept loyally and as their own the policy of the Government, and if they come to realize that the system opens to them a fairer field for the exercise of administrative tact than the more autocratic system which it supersedes, then real and substantial progress will soon be manifest.' The grand scheme for infusing into Indian society the spirit of free institutions was then unfolded. It consisted of three parts—the almost entire elimination of officials, who were no longer to be associated with the boards, the fullest adoption of the elective principle, and the distribution of titles of nobility, in order to induce respectable natives to present themselves for election. The first principle was in such startling contrast with the traditions of the past, and even with the previous declaration of the Viceroy's policy, that it is desirable to quote the exact words of the famous manifesto:—

'It does not appear necessary for the exercise of these powers that the chief executive officers of towns, subdivisions, or districts, should be chairmen or even members of the local boards. The Governor-General is aware that many high authorities hold that the district officer should always be *ex officio* chairman of all the local boards within the district, and should directly guide and regulate their proceedings. This was, indeed, the view taken by the Government of India itself in the circular letters of October 10 last, so far as the constitution of district boards was concerned.'

We shall presently refer to the obvious objection to which Lord Ripon's revolutionary and ill-considered scheme is exposed.

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At present we are concerned with the effect which it produced. The resolution of May was received with astonishment and incredulity throughout India. Lord Lawrence had insisted on the fact, that the first condition of a stable and progressive government was a strong and equitable administration in the hands of capable and well-paid district officers, whose individual vigour should be felt in every corner of each district. Lord Mayo and Lord Northbrook acted upon that maxim. In 1881 Lord Ripon had given no intimation of his intention to break away from the traditions of the past. Yet now he published a programme of internal administration, from which the district officers were to be entirely excluded. Sir Henry Maine, in a paper published four years ago by the Government of India, described the gradual growth of the administration in these terms:—‘Each step onwards has been suggested by experience of the past, and no step has been taken until it was believed to have the approval of the local experts most in credit.’ Lord Ripon had not merely set at nought the opinions of the local experts, but he had proclaimed the fact to the world. The political agitators of India, with the native press at their back, took immediate advantage of the situation. The wheels of local administration were clogged by factious opposition, and appeals flashed to Simla against every official action. The recrudescence of anti-missionary zeal, obstruction to local authority, the revival of religious and social antagonisms, and an estrangement between Europeans and natives, were the earliest symptoms of the general dislocation of the administration, and all these symptoms have since become aggravated and now assume a more dangerous form. Lord Ripon had devised a wholesale measure, and the consequences were wholesale.

The brunt of the battle fell, as it always must in India, not upon one of Lord Ripon’s newly-appointed lieutenants, but on the more independent government of a local Presidency. Bombay had been singled out for praise in 1881; it now shared the general condemnation passed on the few scores of British officials, who in less than fifteen years had failed to crush caste and acclimatize Western institutions in an Eastern soil. On Sept. 19, 1882, the Governor of Bombay, Sir James Fergusson, assured the Governor-General of his earnest desire to confer on local boards as large powers as were possible and compatible with efficient and impartial administration. But he and his colleagues considered it essential to the success and safe working of the new scheme, that the district officials should preside over the boards, and should exercise a general power of supervision over their proceedings. ‘The power may be used sparingly and

discreetly, but it should exist, and the Bombay Government cannot therefore consent to a step which, it is convinced, must frustrate the object in view and ensure the utter failure of the experiment.'

Every province of India awaited with interest the result of this challenge. It was necessary for the Governor-General to make a prompt example of a Governor who, living in the midst of his subordinates at Poona, had dared to express the general mistrust which Lord Ripon's experiment inspired. In the resolution of September 30, 1881, the Viceroy had written: 'In other provinces, such as Bombay, the committees previously existing have made great advances in resources and efficiency.' It was necessary now to qualify this approval, on which the local government seemed rashly to rely. The reply of the Government of India, dated October 4, 1882, which was published in the official Gazette, accordingly stated:—

'The Governor-General in Council is not prepared to accept unreservedly the further suggestion, which underlies the argument of the resolution under acknowledgment, that the existing system in the Bombay Presidency is either in itself or in the mode of its administration so perfect as to make any change undesirable. It is, indeed, sufficient to read the description of the President's powers given by the Bombay Government, to see how inconsistent they are with anything like independent action on the part of the local bodies.'

The reply of the Supreme Government went on to say that

'there is ample evidence, coming from all parts of the country, that it is only by removing the pressure of direct official interference that the people can be brought to take sufficient interest in local matters.'

The previous orders for excluding the district officers from district boards were therefore repeated.

The emphatic refusal of the Viceroy to reconsider his decision placed the local governments in a difficult position. In the Central Provinces only has the difficulty been temporarily solved. The Chief Commissioner was able to plead that his districts were extremely backward, and he has accordingly been allowed to modify the scheme, so as to leave the local authorities in possession of ample powers of control. The system is defective, as the control is to be applied from the outside; and it is universally admitted that the experiment will fail. But progress has been reported, and the tension is relieved by the semblance of acquiescence. In Bombay and Madras there is a dead-lock, and no practicable solution of the difficulty as regards rural  
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boards has yet been suggested. In Bengal the Lieutenant-Governor is at open issue with his secretary on the subject, and the scheme which has been suggested is for the present hung up. The North-Western Provinces under the able command of Sir Alfred Lyall are still considering the matter, but the Lieutenant-Governor is opposed to the exclusion of the local officials. In the Panjab, which is familiar ground to readers of the 'Life of Lord Lawrence,' the Lieutenant-Governor, a man of unimpeachable honesty but extremely Radical views, gave an assent to the Viceroy's scheme, and referred it for detailed elaboration to a committee of experts most in favour with the Government. The 'Lahore Commission' have unanimously decided against the elimination of the district officers. Thus in every part of India affairs have come to a dead-lock, which is the talk of every bazaar throughout the country, and from which nothing can rescue the administration except the retreat of the Supreme Government or the authoritative interference of Parliament.

Englishmen may well pause before they decide to overrule the unanimous verdict of the Indian Civil Service, to whose opinion successive Viceroys have deferred, and who are at present driven into an attitude of silent opposition. The points at issue are extremely plain. In the first place, a scheme of self-government, which rests upon the elimination of European advice and control and upon the elective principle, assumes the existence of qualifications which do not exist, namely of education and of personal freedom. It is an axiom that primary education is not only the shield of the poor in the days of government by fixed rules of law, but also the only instrument of progress in the direction of self-government. The principle of political education presupposes that the mass of the population have been enfranchised from gross ignorance and the bonds of caste, and have attained that elementary knowledge which is the first condition of self-defence and self-help. Yet no one can pretend that this first condition has yet been realized in India. Neither the Report of the Education Commission, which is now being prepared by a Committee at Simla, nor the full Census Report, is yet before the public. But from the provincial Reports on Education, and from Parliamentary papers which have been published, we find that only one in a hundred of the population is at school. If we add all the children at school to all those which are just able to read and write their own names, we shall still find that in every province, except Madras and Bombay, the proportion of the illiterate classes to the whole population exceeds 90 per cent. In the Panjab it is 94, and in Madras, which is the most educated province of India, it is



86 per cent. We need not contrast these figures with those of any European State, in order to bring home to the common sense of English opinion the wide gulf of crass ignorance which must be bridged before more than 90 per cent. of the whole Indian population can protect their own interests. But it is essential to bear in mind that, whereas 90 per cent. of the male population of the Brahman caste, of the Parsees, and of the European and Eurasian community, are educated, the low castes and aboriginal races are absolutely ignorant, and the proportion of the great agricultural community who can read or write is very small. The whole power which education confers is therefore vested in one Hindu caste, and that caste is notoriously intolerant of the rights of others. A less promising field for the surrender of British supervision and of the leaven of British moral tone surely never presented itself.

The general ignorance is the first difficulty, the tenacity of caste is the second. The Hindus number 188,000,000, of whom not 14,000,000 are Brahmans. The aboriginal races, numbering 7,000,000 on the narrowest acceptance of the term 'aboriginal,' have hardly entered the federation of civilized communities. Seventy-five per cent. of the 50 millions of Mahometans are congregated in three provinces, which occupy but one-third of the whole area of the country. Thus over ninety thousand square miles Hinduism holds undisputed sway. Caste has not lost its grip over the Hindu community. The disintegrating forces of railways, English laws, and commerce, have apparently weakened the structure of Indian society. But the pliability of Hinduism, and its extraordinary power of assimilating the forces that threaten it, have saved the system from destruction. The claims of the minority of Brahmans to tyrannize over other castes, to refuse to them education and power, have not abated one jot. In the Hindu provinces more than 90 per cent. of Government appointments are held by Brahmans. The press is almost entirely in their hands. History must be re-written, and the testimony of every Anglo-Indian is false, if the Brahmans are cordially attached to our rule. In short, our work in India is that of a belligerent civilization, defending the masses against the exclusive claims of the sacerdotal class, who left India as we found it—a land of disorder and oppression—and who have secretly opposed every reform that we have introduced. Whilst society is thus constituted, and whilst the masses are still uneducated, Lord Ripon asks the responsible district officers to retire from the local administration, and to hand over the members of local boards to the terrors of excommunication and to the unchallenged control of the Brahmans.

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We are not surprised at the exultation which the Viceroy's proposal has occasioned in the Brahman press of India. But there are other rocks ahead. We pass over the danger, already glanced at, of creating a network of organization throughout the Empire, and placing the administrative control in the hands of a disaffected class. We refer now to certain economic dangers, to which all classes of Indian society are equally liable. There is a strong tendency amongst Asiatics to avoid direct taxation, and to impose taxes upon the necessities of life and articles of commerce. By this means the upper classes save their pockets at the expense of the masses. A common development of this tendency is the imposition of town-duties, nominally called octroi, but in reality transit-duties. It was only lately that Manchester realized the danger which, from this cause, threatened our cotton and iron trades with India. The Viceroy was compelled to interfere, and he ordered a general revision of municipal taxation, and the introduction of a proper system of refunds, in order to protect the trade of the Empire, which only filters down to the masses through the municipal centres. Another danger, into which native boards fall, is that of neglecting or opposing sanitary measures. Yet imperfect drainage and the pollution of water-supplies kill annually more people in India than war and famine combined. All the great rivers in India are worshipped, and the Brahmans claim the right of bathing and washing their clothes in them. The water gets polluted, and the other castes who are compelled to draw their drinking water below the polluted source carry home cholera and disease. These are no idle alarms. They are part of the traditions of native administration against which our civilization is at war, and the elimination of official advice and control means a general surrender of the functions of government. Lord Ripon's measure not only assumes a condition of society which does not exist, but it is opposed to every maxim that has been acted upon since our rule took definite shape. It is for Englishmen to decide whether the new departure is justified, when it casts a slur upon the past, and embarks the British Government, who are but trustees for the interests of the whole population of India, upon a destructive and revolutionary policy for the future.

We have seen that the Viceroy, in his policy of extending self-government, acted independently of local official opinion. He remarked indeed to the Government of Bombay, that 'ample evidence before the Government of India coming from all parts of the country' was opposed to the official condemnation of his scheme. But we have gauged the value of the  
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native press, and indicated the grounds of the warm approval accorded by the organs of the educated minorities and of the sacerdotal orders. The pendulum was now to swing back again with the force of reaction. His next measure of symmetrical reform was to be 'based on the universal consensus of opinion in its favour recorded by the local governments.' How that opinion was obtained will presently be seen.

This measure is 'The Indian Criminal Procedure Amendment Bill,' commonly called Mr. Ilbert's Bill. It is generally admitted that justice is more valuable to society than the grandest constitution. The European and Eurasian community of India, who speak English, exceed 200,000. But, though numerically weak, they constitute a most important element in Indian politics. Their education and natural force of character exert a powerful influence on the progress of events. They are also the channel through which the much-needed capital flows into India and is applied to productive enterprise. Whether the subject be regarded from the point of view of race or of capital, it has always been considered a matter of primary importance to keep up the confidence of Englishmen and their descendants in the administration of the criminal law. The Procedure Code, Act X. of 1872, came into operation on January 1, 1873, but it was elaborated during Lord Mayo's term of office. It bore the impress of his political sagacity and his spirit of compromise. Under its provisions, all the Queen's subjects born, domiciled, or naturalized in the United Kingdom or the chief colonies, and their legitimate children, or grand-children, were placed under the jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace, who were themselves British subjects. Their right of appeal to the High Court was reserved. In the Presidency-towns, where the jurisdiction of the High Court could be promptly applied, and where the force of public opinion afforded full guarantees against injustice, native magistrates were empowered to exercise jurisdiction over European criminals. The number of Europeans or Eurasians, who are annually brought up before the up-country courts, is naturally small, but the privilege of trial by the European magistrates has been jealously guarded by the whole community. No complaint was ever raised by the natives of India against the rights of Europeans in this matter, until Lord Ripon's injudicious measure stirred up class animosity and gave free rein to the embittered passions of the native press. Personal privilege is the basis of Indian law. Certain native noblemen of high rank are exempt from the ordinary civil courts. Persons of position, and ladies, who do not appear in public,  
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are exempt from attendance in a criminal court to give evidence. Hindus, Parsees, and Mahometans, have their separate laws as to inheritance, succession, and matrimony. Thus the common sentiment of India has acquiesced naturally in the privilege cherished by Europeans that they should be tried by Europeans.

Circumstances compelled Government to amend the Act of 1872; and the new law, which was passed last year and came into operation this year, re-enacted the provisions of the old law applicable to Europeans. Suddenly, in February last, without any public warning, and without any reference to the Chambers of Commerce or to the other recognized organs of public opinion, a Bill was introduced into the Legislative Assembly for amending the Act which had become law in the previous month. The European community awaited with impatience, but with quiet dignity, a further exposition of the grounds upon which Lord Ripon had decided to legislate in such hot haste. The new Bill proposed to confer jurisdiction over them upon all district magistrates and sessions judges, whether they were native or European. The district magistrate, it must be understood, is the chief magistrate of each district. The Bill also gave power to local governments to invest with similar authority any other native civilian, whether appointed by public competition or by the exercise of a Governor's patronage under the statutory rules, and also upon Assistant Commissioners in non-regulation provinces, and on cantonment magistrates. If the Bill became law, two covenanted civil servants only would immediately possess the new powers as a matter of right, five more would probably come into the powers in the next ten years; but the permissive sections would enable the local governments to invest hundreds of magistrates, not belonging to the Civil Service, with similar powers.

Such was the comprehensive measure suddenly launched on the sea of Indian politics, which was already stormy; and it produced such an outburst of indignation as has rarely been witnessed. The indignation gathered force when the secret history of the measure began to be unfolded, and the 'universal consensus of opinion' proved to be the opinion of one of the Viceroy's lieutenants, unsupported by any reference to the sentiments of the community whose rights were threatened. Sir Charles Aitchison, who had supported the self-government scheme, was even ready to go further than his patron in this fresh measure. But the independent governments of Madras and Bombay were more cautious. The Bombay Government limited their support to the entrusting of the new powers to members of the covenanted civil service, who had attained the position of a district magistrate

trate or a sessions judge. The Madras Government was evenly divided, but Mr. Grant Duff foresaw rocks ahead. He wrote, 'It is perhaps a pity that a question was raised now which affects so few people; but I see no answer to the claim made by Mr. Gupta, which is logically defensible. It may be that to admit that claim may wake up bad passions which are now slumbering; but I trust this will not be so.' But the Madras Government limited its recommendation to the case of the covenanted native civilian. So did Sir Alfred Lyall, who further qualified his recommendation of the appointment of native members of the covenanted Civil Service to the Justiceship of the Peace by the words, 'provided they have proved their fitness to exercise the jurisdiction.' Such were the opinions of the leading governments; but it was observed that not one of them had been invited to consult non-official opinion. Their opinion also had been invited on the proposal to invest covenanted civilians of a certain rank with jurisdiction, whilst the Bill which claimed to be based on a universal consensus of opinion opened the door, at the discretion of Sir Charles Aitchison and other local Governors, to a far wider class. Lastly, the unusual tone of the reference to the provincial governments excited mistrust. Whilst inviting an opinion Lord Ripon had expressed his own, and there were special reasons in the existing state of relations between the local and Supreme Government which gave significance to a course so unprecedented in official correspondence. The letter, dated April 28, 1882, contained this clause:—

'It is certainly anomalous that a native member of the Civil Service, holding the position of a district magistrate or sessions judge, should be debarred from taking up cases which his European assistants may try, and of which he himself if appointed Presidency Magistrate would have full power to dispose.'

The debate which took place when the Bill came before the Council intensified the excitement. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, the responsible ruler of a province containing 69½ millions, in which British private enterprise had sunk 100 millions of capital in indigo, tea, sugar, jute, and other industries, opposed the measure, on which his opinion had never been asked. His words, coming from a public servant who had served in India since 1850 and had only lately left the Viceroy's council, were ominous. He said:—

'My Lord, I do feel that in the whole of my experience of India this is without mistake the strongest, the most united, and the most unanimous expression of public discontent that I have ever known.

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I believe that the last stage will be worse than the first, and if any one entertains the idea that this is a transient or evanescent outburst of feeling, I believe that events will falsify that anticipation. I would therefore urge that the Bill be withdrawn.'

Unfortunately this sensible advice was not accepted. Within a few hours after the debate the Viceroy left his capital for Simla, and, in the words of one of his colleagues, left India 'to simmer in agitation.' His Excellency's speech in Council, as reported in the Calcutta newspapers which the post brought to England, supplied the intervening links in the history of this extraordinary measure. One of the Viceroy's late colleagues, Sir Jotendro Mohun Tagore, lately a member of the Legislative Assembly, happened to be related to one of the two native civil servants who would acquire jurisdiction under the Bill. His solicitude for the dignity of his house, which he considered would be promoted by the investiture of his kinsman with powers over Europeans, had inspired the Native Jurisdiction Bill. The plea of administrative necessity was a flimsy pretence, which was withdrawn in the course of debate. It was admitted that no complaint on the subject had ever been addressed to the Supreme Government, and that the judicial machinery for the trial of Europeans was more than sufficient for the task of trying the rare cases which occasionally came before the courts outside the limits of the cantonments. In short, the Viceroy had deliberately sacrificed the sentiment of the whole European community for a mere idea.

The three practical issues involved in the Criminal Procedure Bill are very simple; nor are they difficult to decide, except when they are obscured by invincible ignorance of the facts. The trial of all classes—Europeans, Eurasians, and natives—by European magistrates, works well, gives general satisfaction, and is singularly free from the abuses to which it might seem liable from the infirmities of human nature. The trial of natives by natives is a privilege not only uncalled for by themselves, but a more than doubtful boon, which they know to be fraught with danger. The trial of Europeans and Eurasians by native magistrates is pregnant with well-known germs of the grossest injustice, and would prove one of the most perilous experiments ever made, without any ground of a practical grievance to be remedied. The propositions which we thus plainly state are to be tested by the real conditions of Indian society, of which few who debate the question on party grounds have any exact knowledge. How many, for example, of those who are discussing the present crisis as a party question, in and out of Parliament, have any clear idea of the European population

tion of India, except soldiers, civil servants, and missionaries? Of course, India can never become a British colony, but there is in it a body of European colonists—planters, mill-owners, proprietors of mines, tea-gardens, and so forth—men who are risking their all to promote industry and enterprise of all kinds, on which the natives have neither the desire nor the energy to embark—the pioneers of those improvements on which the prosperity of India depends. Is the security of these countrymen of ours to be utterly disregarded, and their lives, liberties, and the fruits of their industry and enterprise, to be left at the mercy of native magistrates, whose unfitness for the trust can be demonstrated? Are they alone to be deprived of the right of trial by their peers, which is the heritage of all the subjects of the British Crown, from the highest noble to the remotest settler who is protected by ‘capitulations’? They are beset by snares from the jealousy, intrigue, and hate of native rajahs, land-owners, and other foes and rivals. The usual weapons of this warfare are false charges, supported by gross perjury, and got up with an ingenuity often marvellous. If in an isolated locality, where there is no press nor public opinion, a charge of this kind is got up by the native faction against a European, whatever may be his class or station, he would have no chance of justice or safety with a native judge. A native dare not, except in the Presidency towns, go against his caste, his interests, and his people.

That this is no imaginary danger will be conceded by all who are personally acquainted with the administration of justice in India, and was pointed out to the Government by Sir Stewart Bayley in the debate of March 9 :—

‘There is another aspect,’ he said, ‘to the case of the opposition which I think deserves most attentive consideration, and this is the real danger which the isolated European living in the Mofussil runs from having false cases trumped up against him. It is right that I should state publicly that this danger is a very real and a very serious one, for probably no member of the Council has had the same experience as I have of the lives led by planters in the Mofussil. My own experience has given me a strong feeling on this matter, and any one who knows the extreme bitterness with which disputes about land are fought out in the Mofussil, and the unscrupulous methods to which recourse is had in conducting these disputes before the Court—methods to which a planter cannot have recourse—will understand how precarious his position may become, and how essential to him it is that the law should be well and wisely administered.’

Let us not fear to face the truth about the crisis in India. The warning uttered by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal on March



March 9 has been confirmed by subsequent events. The agitation has become more widespread and intense. If there is an occasional calm, it is the calm of the centre of a cyclone. We need no further proof of the dangerous consequences of delay. Every hour that the present crisis lasts throws back the legitimate aspirations of the native populations by whole years. A reaction is inevitable, and in the interests of the natives, as much as of the European community, public opinion at home should insist upon the immediate retreat of the Viceroy from an untenable position.

The future historian will find it difficult to explain the strange inconsistencies of Lord Ripon's Indian career. His financial administration has been successful. The abandonment of the customs duties suggested to the Indian community a somewhat too ready deference to English agitation; but the reduction of the salt duties, and the improvements effected in the accounts and in the provincial assignments, have undoubtedly strengthened the position of the Indian Exchequer. In this important department of his administration the Viceroy has won and deserved credit. But the two great measures, to which we have alluded, exhibit a reckless departure from the sound traditions of the past. The elimination of the district officers from the internal administration of the country boards would paralyse the Executive in times of trouble or famine, and in times of quiet would arrest progress. If the measure is persisted in, it will throw back the history of India by centuries. It may be urged that between the development of Lord Mayo's policy and Lord Ripon's departure of May 18, 1882, there is but a difference of degree, but the chasm is so wide that it separates statesmanship from folly. The history of the Native Jurisdiction Bill illustrates at every step the danger of confusing practical politics with sentimental administration. Until the Viceroy endorsed the illogical sentiment, that the right vested in European magistrates to try a European criminal implied a stigma upon the native magistracy, no such notion ever entered the head either of an Englishman or of a sensible native. Political institutions are not even rough-hewn, much less shaped, in a Utopian workshop, but are the result of the growth of society, and of the adaptation of its inherited institutions to the growing wants of the community. No administrative inconvenience has resulted from the trial of a score of foreign prisoners by the hundreds of European courts which we have established in India. The English community had confidence in the justice administered by such courts, and it is almost insanity to sacrifice that sense of confidence to a piece

piece of logical sentiment, or to the vanity of a junior native civilian. It has been pleaded by the Viceroy himself, in defence of the second measure, that he never foresaw the opposition which it would encounter. Such a confession is creditable to his honesty, but not to his sagacity. It can only enhance the general mistrust and alarm which the Bill has excited. When we enquire what justification existed for arousing such discontent, we are met by an answer which is far from satisfactory. We are told that it gratified the native press. Can it be possible that this explanation strikes the keynote of the whole policy pursued by Lord Ripon in connection with the two great measures which we have reviewed? Was 'the ample evidence coming from all parts of the country,' which impelled the Viceroy in the direction of his self-government scheme, supplied from that source? Was the bare suggestion of the Viceroy's Hindu colleague, that his Bombay kinsman should be empowered to try Europeans, a sufficient motive for attacking the privileges of European settlers, and scaring capital from the country?

We are puzzled otherwise to account for measures so opposed to past experience and universally denounced by public opinion. If these are the voices which have lured Lord Ripon on his dangerous voyage, we must enquire upon what foundations the new Indian policy is built. With a few rare and honourable exceptions, the Hindu press of India is a press which defends caste, and in the same breath attacks anomalies. It speaks in the voice of the ryots and the masses, and at the same moment opposes every Bill which, like the Deccan Ryots Act, is framed for the protection of the cultivators against the usurer or rack-renter. It professes loyalty, and suggests rebellion. It repeats the Shibboleths of Reform, and denounces every improvement in finance or administration. It boasts of the intellectual advance of Indian society, and denies to the lower orders even the right of elementary education, or of social contact with the twice-born castes. It is in fact, as a rule, the organ of discontented Brahmans who have lost or failed to secure appointments, and the voice of sedition. No service would be rendered to India by translating and publishing the venom of its utterances. But a few specimens, taken at random, will illustrate its character. Mr. Justice Stephen is described as 'the author of Draconian laws which bore the natural fruit of Lord Mayo's assassination and that of Chief Justice Norman.' The English settlers are held up to the people of India as 'cruel plunderers who suck the life-blood of the ryots.' The missionaries are 'wild fanatics';  
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and the Eurasians are 'Helots who deserve no privileges.' The officials are 'enemies of freedom and unjust judges.' The Indian populations are reminded that they far outnumber the European community, and that the 'great revolution of 1857 was a vindication of their rights, which wrested from their conquerors a brief interlude from tyranny.' It is urged that the loyalty of the masses is the sole foundation of our rule, and that 'the future of India rests in the hands of the people themselves.'

The issue which English public opinion must decide is the simple question, whether we are to rule India in the interests of the vast population, or at the bidding of the noisy minority. If it is our duty to lift ideas out of the groove which centuries of the tyrannical rule of caste and Brahmanism have cut for Indian society, we must not descend to the level of the Hindu press. The English officers, whose moral tone can alone apply a lever to the administration, are scattered and few in numbers. We cannot afford the loss of power involved in their exclusion from the scheme of self-government. Our brave acceptance of responsibility, and faith in the mission entrusted to us, have made our Indian Empire a monument of British energy and self-devotion. The time has now arrived when Englishmen must decide whether the continuity of a grand and successful policy is to be interrupted. We have no doubt what the verdict of public opinion will be; but we are satisfied that the critical situation of Indian affairs admits of no delay, and that it is necessary for Parliament to take effective steps to bind the Viceroy to a course of action more consistent with British instincts and tradition.

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ART. IX.—1. *Circulars of the National Reform Union.*  
Birmingham, 1883.

2. *The John Bright Celebration.* London, 1883.

3. *Speeches at the Cobden Club Dinner,* July 1883.

IN the course of a few weeks, the Ministry will have completed its legislative work for 1883. We know already pretty nearly what it will offer to the public as the result of eight months' labour and talk, and its friends are evidently not without some gloomy presentiments concerning the reception that its offering will meet with. Everybody can see, without the aid of political interpreters, that scarcely anything has been done which the nation were led to expect, and that the Ministry has muddled public business as no Ministry ever muddled business before. Fruitless discussions have been provoked; one false step after another has been taken, and, whether in taking it or retracing it, much time has necessarily been lost; measures have been brought forward in hot haste only to be dropped; promises have been made which every practical man must have foreseen could not be kept; and the only expedient which now occurs to the Government to get its blunders condoned is to throw the blame of them all upon the Conservative Party. The projects which the country was told to regard as of the very first importance have been laid aside, or never taken up. It is true that there will be a new Bankruptcy Bill, but that is a measure which many men of business regard with considerable distrust, believing that it will give rise to quite as many evils as it will destroy, and that there are possibilities of jobbery opened up under its various provisions, which will by-and-by produce no slight astonishment in the commercial world. It will be time enough to congratulate ourselves on this addition to the body of our laws when we have seen it some little time in working. In any case, the success of the President of the Board of Trade cannot console his colleagues for their numerous disappointments. Bitter must be the grief of Sir William Harcourt over the untimely decease of his 'London Reform' Bill, supposing that he really cared anything for it, of which, we admit, there is no positive proof. He had probably expended as much pains upon the construction of this Bill as he generally does upon the manufacture of an 'epigram,' and, after all, he was not even allowed to bring it forward. There might at least have been a great oration, and a leader or two in the 'Times,' on the introduction of the infant prodigy to the House, even if afterwards it had to be surreptitiously dropped

dropped by the roadside. A massacre of the innocents we all look forward to at this season of the year, as part of the annual programme; but the parents may at least console themselves with the proud thought that their offspring have been seen, and perhaps admired, by the world. It is different when a man is called upon to take his innocent out of sight and make away with it in cold blood. Sir William Harcourt, whose passion for reform and true Radicalism is well known, must have felt this sacrifice all the more, because the chance of reforming London does not come to every man twice in his life. But his colleagues are nearly all in the same plight. The Attorney General has had to surrender the Criminal Procedure Bill, after devoting weeks of time and attention to it. The Tenants' Compensation Bills are in a precarious state, and the Criminal Appeal Bill is not much better off. It is only natural and reasonable, therefore, that Ministers should begin to view with apprehension the approach of the time when they will be asked to give an account of their stewardship.

There is nothing to show, or next to nothing, and yet all the new and improved appliances for the expeditious despatch of public business have been in operation. The new Rules of Procedure were granted upon Mr. Gladstone's demand, because he declared that without them he could not undertake to carry on the business of the nation in a satisfactory manner. We must all remember the immense importance he attached to these rules; every letter that he wrote, every speech that he made, was full of them. If a deputation went to see him about the Sunday question, or the cattle disease, he treated it to a long disquisition on the necessity of arming him with the new rules. For a time, he talked of nothing else. As soon as possible, the new weapon was placed in his hands. Then he discovered that one thing more was still needed. Upon being asked to name it, he declared that it was the principle of Devolution. The caucuses did not quite understand him, but the 'mandate' was issued for devolution. That, too, has been set to work, and still the Prime Minister has to come before the country with empty hands, or with hands which might almost as well be empty, so little of good do they contain. So far as a somewhat bewildered public are able to judge, there have been three or four Parliaments going on at Westminster at one and the same time, with discussions, resolutions, amendments, filling the air from morning till night, and reports which overflow into the supplements of the newspapers—unless in cases where the newspapers have deliberately suppressed them altogether. Thus, then, Mr. Gladstone has had everything that a Minister could desire—  
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a large majority inside the House, the popular voice, or what answers for it, outside ; any number of faithful 'organs' in the press ; the 'gag' law, devolution, evolution, all that a man most difficult to satisfy could demand, and certainly much more than either of the Pitts, or Canning, or Peel, ever dreamt of requiring as the condition of managing the national affairs. The Session of 1883 ought to have been renowned in Parliamentary annals as one of the most brilliant on record ; the opportunity could not have been more favourable, for the Opposition was weak and discouraged, and, some people even add, disorganized. The Premier had been invested with something very like autocratic powers, and once more there was a Ministry of 'all the talents.' It must be left for Mr. Gladstone's adulators to explain how it is that he is generally found at the close of a Session with business more hopelessly in arrear than it was when he opened it, and with his followers secretly out of heart with themselves and their leader.

There may be many different explanations offered of this curious circumstance, but no one, whether friend or foe, can ever allege that the Prime Minister is deficient in energy, or in the ambition to carry out great projects. His schemes for the future are always on a scale of magnificence worthy of an Oriental imagination. We look back with curiosity, for instance, on the great plans which filled his brain just before he came into office on the present occasion. They must have been matured with great care, for he wrote a couple of magazine articles about them, and perhaps those articles had their share in making him Prime Minister again, for the public always believe in bold promises. We would not, however, lay too much stress upon this, for we do not see how any man with an eye for facts, could doubt that the last election was decided by three agencies, and by three alone,—bad harvests, the Irish vote, and the caucus ; all the speeches and articles, and 'campaigns,' of the whole period having had scarcely any influence upon the result. Does anybody suppose, for instance, that the Irish vote, which confessedly turned the scale in most boroughs, was brought about by Irishmen studying the Midlothian speeches ? or that the agricultural vote in counties was diverted largely from the Conservatives by rhetorical declamations against the wicked Turks ? People who fancy any such thing can have but little insight into the motives which control the popular will, especially under a Democratic franchise. We do not, therefore, assert that Mr. Gladstone's wonderful programme of 1878-9 put him where he is, but perhaps it helped him, especially as at that time the Government of the day was devoting the greater part

part of its attention to foreign affairs. Mr. Gladstone came forward and demanded that something should be done for Englishmen. He drew up a list of two-and-twenty subjects, upon which he considered legislation was needful, and a year or so afterwards he passed the list under another close scrutiny, and arrived at the conclusion that the only fault to be found with it was that it was too short. He therefore added to it nine more 'burning questions,' and the public very naturally inferred—for it is quick at drawing inferences, as no one knows better than Mr. Gladstone himself—that he would be prepared to deal with them whenever he was given the chance. To look back at this list is interesting now, although the interest is of rather a melancholy kind, like that which a subscriber to the opera feels at the end of a season when he refers to the opening announcements, and finds that all the best operas have been struck out. We make up the record complete from the two manifestoes \* :—

1. London Municipal Reform; 2. County Government; 3. County Franchise; 4. Liquor Laws; 5. Irish Borough Franchise; 6. Irish University Question; 7. Opium Revenue; 8. Criminal Law Procedure; 9. Responsibility of Masters for Injury to Workmen; 10. Reduction of Public Expenditure; 11. Probate Duty; 12. Indian Finance; 13. Working of the Home Government of India; 14. City Companies; 15. Burial Laws; 16. Valuation of Property; 17. Law of the Medical Profession; 18. Law of Entail and Settlement; 19. Corrupt Practices at Elections; 20. Expenses of Elections; 21. Reorganization of the Revenue Departments; 22. The Currency; 23. Law of Bankruptcy; 24. Of Banking; 25. Of Distress; 26. Of Charities and Mortmain; 27. Of Loans for Local Purposes; 28. Of Game; 29. Distribution as well as Re-distribution of Seats; 30. Savings Bank Finance; 31. The Bright Clauses of the Irish Land Act.

And by way of propitiating the influential interests which might be offended by omission from this enumeration, Mr. Gladstone cleverly added an acknowledgment of other 'subjects'—'such as the . . . *Church establishments*,' leaving his meaning to be defined by his readers in accordance with their own hopes or inclinations, and by an adroit reference to a 'striking and powerful sermon of Mr. Spurgeon.' These are the lures by which the 'masses' are attracted, and no one alive is so skillful in using them as the Prime Minister. As for the 'list of subjects' just cited, it might be found an instructive exercise for some one to read it out at the next gathering of a Liberal five or six hundred. That it could be explained away by its dis-

\* Duly signed by Mr. Gladstone, and published in the 'Nineteenth Century,' September 1878 and August 1879.



tinguished author we do not doubt, but to the ordinary disciple, who takes only common English and common sense as his guides, it must present several very cruel difficulties.

It is quite evident, however, that, come what may, some reason must be given to the people for the unsatisfactory state in which business will be left next month. The more active leaders of the party have seen this necessity coming upon them for some time past, and they have consequently been industriously casting about for such a reason. At last they hit upon one which few could have imagined without their aid, and which, when it was first presented, seemed a little too preposterous even for Birmingham. It was that the Ministry could not get through its work because of Conservative 'obstruction.' Fortunately, Mr. Bright was encouraged to come forward and repeat this cry, and it was then found possible to force some explanation from him in the House of Commons. There never was a more striking instance of a man struggling in vain with a charge which he knew from the first was not to be substantiated. He could give no instance of deliberate obstruction on the part of the Conservative Party. He could not sustain his accusation by even the smallest shred of proof. At Birmingham he had used one remarkable expression, which we hope will not soon be forgotten. He spoke of the 'Irish rebel party,' and again in the House of Commons on the 18th of June he declared that the object of that particular party was to 'dethrone the Queen from her sovereignty in Ireland.' Now leaving the question of obstruction for a moment, let us consider what these words mean as coming from Mr. Bright. The party which he now denounces as rebels, seeking to dethrone the Queen from her sovereignty in Ireland—and we find no fault with the description—is the very party with which Mr. Bright acted as a Cabinet Minister in 1881–82. It is the party with which his colleague, Mr. Chamberlain, first negotiated the Kilmainham Treaty, and of which he said that 'the avowed objects of the Irish Land League were perfectly legal,' and that interference with it 'would have been to have prevented reforms,' and 'the tenants of Ireland would have had no organization to fall back upon.' The leaders of this party, and its followers, remain absolutely the same as when the Ministry of which Mr. Bright was a member entered into negotiations with them—the 'rebels' were 'to co-operate cordially for the future with the Liberal Party in forwarding Liberal principles;' while the Ministry engaged to let Mr. Parnell and his friends out of prison. There was a thorough understanding between the Government and those whom Mr. Bright  
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does not now hesitate to denounce as rebels, and it was an understanding which obliged Mr. Forster to implore his late colleagues not to 'relinquish the authority of the law,' and to refuse to 'pay blackmail to the law-breakers.' It was said at the time that Mr. Forster had been untrue to the Radical cause in making this appeal, but what, after all, did his admission amount to, compared with Mr. Bright's? Mr. Forster condemned the men who violated the law, but he did not stigmatize the Irish party as rebels.

How long is it, we may fairly ask, since Mr. Bright has had this detestation of rebels, especially of Irish rebels? Did he attempt to stand by Mr. Forster when all the Radical forces were trying to hound him down? Or did he see anything wrong in Lord Hartington's support of Lord Dalhousie at the Liverpool election, Lord Dalhousie having distinctly and openly sought the alliance of the Home Rulers? That was not only a bid for the Irish vote at Liverpool, but all over the country—and it was a successful bid. The Irish everywhere understood Lord Hartington's letter to mean that if the Liberals came into power their demands would be conceded, and consequently they voted for the Liberals, as was admitted at the time by journals of all shades of opinion. 'The Irish vote,' said one,\* 'was cast against Lord Beaconsfield's supporters in 1880, and it turned the scale in favour of the Liberals in many large towns.' 'The Irish,' said another, 'in the English and Scotch constituencies represent a large, and in many constituencies a vital, factor in the Liberal majority which was polled in 1880.' The nature of the alliance could not have been unknown to Mr. Bright, any more than its objects. He knew quite well what the Irish wanted, and he defined their wants at Birmingham on the occasion of the recent 'celebration.' So far as Mr. Bright is concerned, the Irish alliance has answered its purpose; he has quite done with it. And therefore he does not hesitate to speak the plain truth about it. But his disregard of the claims of truth all through the Sessions of 1880-82 is rendered all the more conspicuous by his recent admissions. Why did he ever consent, even for a day, to lend his countenance and support to a party which he knew was seeking to overturn the authority of the Queen? Having done so, it would have been no more than decent if he had refrained from coming forward and publicly denouncing his former allies as traitors. We cannot well be surprised that the Irish in the House, on the 18th of June last, should have displayed so much resentment towards him on account of his

\* The 'Times;' the other reference is to the 'Pall Mall Gazette' of November 21, 1881.

double-dealing. It is the course of conduct such as he has pursued which is rapidly breaking down all faith in our public men, and giving rise to the popular belief that the word of a statesman is only meant to be taken at the moment, and *for* a moment; that he alone, of all men, has a perfect right to repudiate any word or act, however solemn in its nature it may be, the moment it stands in his way. Whether 'statesmanship' will be better thought of in England than it is now when the new ideas are carried to their complete development, may be a point open to controversy; but it is not open to controversy that Mr. Bright has done his part towards leading the younger generation to feel that consistency and straightforward dealing are by no means indispensable in a statesman; that it will not be imprudent even to regard them as old-fashioned and useless impediments to free action and movement. Nor is there much room left for doubt as to the true nature of that great admiration for the Irish which Mr. Bright has generally professed, and never more loudly than when he was eager to secure their votes for his party.

And this is what Mr. Bright pretends to think of 'obstruction'—that it is a new device prepared by the Conservatives and the 'rebels' for the annoyance of Mr. Gladstone, and the hindrance of public business. Where, then, has he been passing his days and nights during the last few years? Does he never read anything more apposite to the moment than Bancroft's 'History of the United States' and Young's 'Night Thoughts'? Mr. Bright would derive instruction of a far higher value from an attentive study of Mr. Gladstone's writings. We do not advise him to begin with the 'Essay on Church and State,' but to try a deliverance of a more recent period—in point of fact, an article entitled the 'Country and the Government,' duly signed by Mr. Gladstone, and published in the 'Nineteenth Century' for August 1879. If Mr. Bright had been properly acquainted with this before his recent 'celebration,' he would probably have altered his tone a little in reference to obstruction. And there are others beside Mr. Bright whose views may possibly be enlarged by an attentive perusal of the following passage:—

'The public has lately heard much on the subject of obstruction in the House of Commons. It is a subject of extreme interest. The questions raised by the mention of it are not so easily to be disposed of as is commonly imagined. There can hardly be a greater outrage than to prolong debate for the purpose of discrediting a Government in its transaction of the public business, or of disparaging the dignity of Parliament. But to prolong debate even by persistent reiteration

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on legislative measures is not necessarily an outrage, an offence, or even an indiscretion. For, in some cases, it is only by the use of this instrument that a small minority with strong views can draw adequate attention to those views. Adequate attention means attention proportioned to their real value, or to the public impressions connected with them, and the inconveniences which may follow from their being disregarded. There are abundant instances in which obstruction of this kind has led to the removal of perilous or objectionable matter from legislative measures, and thus to the avoidance of great public evils. In other cases obstruction has been freely and largely practised, even by a great party, with no other apparent effect than that of retarding business, and thus damaging the Administration of the day, whose credit is always involved in its effectual despatch. I refer especially, as will at once be understood, to the Army Purchase Bill. But without doubt such a party would, if challenged, indignantly assert its title to insist and persist according to its sense of the public interests involved, and would defy the accuser to the proof of its having gone beyond the measure of its duty so defined. Now, if a great party may obstruct, it is hazardous to award a narrower discretion to a small one; for it is precisely in the class of cases where the party is small, and the conviction strong, that the best instances of warrantable obstruction might be found. Where the party is large it has ample means of procuring for its views a sufficient consideration, inasmuch as large it could not be unless those views had already met with very general attention, and as it is to supply a lack of attention that persistent debate may most equitably be used. The upshot of the whole matter seems to be that it is not wise to make formal charges of obstruction, unless there are the means of effectually dealing with the offence; and that the offence hardly can be so dealt with in cases where the subject in debate is wide, and of real public moment; still less in a case where it is one on which the public has lively susceptibilities marshalled on the side of the obstructor: least of all, where he can show that by his tenacity he has been enabled to modify the action of the Government and the provisions of the law.'

A peculiar value must be attached to this little homily on obstruction, for it comes from the greatest living authority on Parliamentary usages, and it derives additional force from the fact that, at the time it was written, the Radical leaders were actively engaged in carrying out an organized system of obstruction, concerted with the Irish 'rebels.' No two men were more prominent in this work, in the Sessions of 1878-9, than Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke. These are facts which it is highly important to remember now, because the Radical 'campaign' for the winter is clearly to be based on the charge of obstruction, and we strongly recommend the Conservative party not to despise or disregard it on the ground that it is false.

false. Most of the charges brought against the last Government in 1880 were false, but they did not fail on that account. It must be remembered that nine men in ten out of doors are not in a position to decide whether or not the cry of obstruction against the Conservatives is well founded. They do not read the Parliamentary reports, except in a condensed form, and they have nothing more than a most general idea of what goes on within the walls of Parliament. When the Radical leaders tell them that no work has been done this Session because the Conservatives would not permit any to be done, they are very likely to believe it. It will be wise, therefore, on the part of the Conservatives to grapple with this charge boldly and promptly, and not to suppose, because it has been dropped for the moment, that it will be dropped altogether. We shall hear enough of it before the close of this year, and we warn our friends not to try the plan of treating it with 'silent contempt.' That plan will not answer when the Radical trumpeters are abroad. The best way is to oppose facts to the falsehood; and fortunately this can easily be done.

In the first place, it must be made clear to the people that obstruction was first taught scientifically in the Liberal school. This was in the Session of 1879, on the Army Regulation Bill. Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Courtney, and other well-known Radicals, practised it for weeks together; once they kept the House dancing through the division lobbies till four or five in the morning. As one of the Irish members subsequently declared, the Home Rulers learnt the method from 'gentlemen now sitting upon the Treasury Bench.' This system of obstruction was continued down to the close of Lord Beaconsfield's Administration, Mr. Gladstone looking on, for months together, and never once objecting to it, or in any way expressing disapproval of the policy pursued by his followers. There was no reason indeed why he should condemn it, for, as we see from the foregoing quotation, he looked upon obstruction as not only justifiable, but even necessary.

Then it must be borne in mind that, though broad charges of obstruction have been raised against the Conservative party during the present Session, not a particle of evidence has been adduced in support of them. Mr. Bright, on the 18th of June last, was distinctly called upon in the House of Commons to produce evidence of this kind, and he acknowledged that he could not do it. Sir R. Cross then said, 'I defy any member of the House to define, with place and circumstances, any instances in which Conservatives members have lent themselves to any obstructive measures whatever. If such charges are made,

made, we have a right to ask that time, place, and Bill should be specified, *and I defy any member of this House, in whatever part he sits, to bring forward one single instance.*' Now this was surely a challenge direct enough for all purposes, but it brought forth no response. Mr. Gladstone spoke afterwards, and spoke at his usual length, but he did not venture to meet Sir R. Cross's very proper demand for time, place, and Bill. It will be easy enough to talk of obstruction in the autumn and winter, in some place a hundred or two hundred miles from London; but the audience must be reminded of this scene in the House of Commons, on the 18th of June, 1883, when the leaders of the Government and of the Radical party were called upon, in the face of the country, to produce even one instance of deliberate obstruction on the part of the Conservatives, and when they virtually admitted that they were unable to do it. Mr. Gladstone is not the man to have allowed such a challenge as that of Sir R. Cross to pass unnoticed if he had been in a position to meet it. The House of Commons is not only the best, but it is the only place, where questions as to Parliamentary procedure can be judged with due information and knowledge of all the circumstances. Brought, then, into the proper court, the authors of these charges shuffle, prevaricate, and finally break down. At Birmingham, in March last, Mr. Chamberlain declared that he would not hesitate to say that the Conservatives had obstructed legislation. Mr. Canning once observed that the man who said he liked dry champagne would say anything. Mr. Chamberlain would not, perhaps, say anything, but it is very certain that he often says things which he cannot prove. He may again make this particular charge against the Conservatives—at Birmingham; but he has not dared, and he will not dare, to do so in the House of Commons, for there he knows that exposure would at once overtake him.

One more fact of this same kind we commend to the notice of our Conservative friends when they are dealing with this cry of obstruction, especially in the country, where any cry is supposed to 'go down.' It is that on the 29th of May last a meeting of the Liberal Party was held at the Foreign Office to receive an explanation from Mr. Gladstone on the state of public business and the position of the Government. It was a very suitable occasion for convicting the Conservatives of obstruction, for the chief object of the meeting was to answer the question, then and since so common in the country, 'how is it that you have done so little?' But not a syllable about obstruction dropped from Mr. Gladstone's lips; he knew that he had no proof to bring forward, and therefore he did not make the charge; and this, no doubt,

doubt, was prudent, considering that the same evening he might have been required to substantiate it in the House. Mr. Dillwyn, Mr. Jesse Collings, and other Radicals—not 'weak-kneed brethren,' to use the favourite expression of the orthodox writers, but real 'iron-clad' Radicals—also made speeches, and not one of them hinted at this charge. It has never been made, in fact, except in places where there was no one present with authority and information to refute it.

What, then, do the Radical 'organs' mean by talking about obstruction? This question will be best answered by a reference to one of those organs supposed to represent the special views of Mr. Chamberlain. This journal published not long ago a letter from an 'iron-clad,' in which it was made clear that what the Radicals mean by 'obstruction' is fair *discussion*. It was contended that the minority in the House ought to be summarily dealt with. 'They must be disarmed,' remarked the writer; 'justice allows it; self-defence demands it. Take away their one weapon. Declare forfeit their claim to be heard. Compel silence, and they lapse into impotence for mischief.' There is the true ring of the Birmingham caucus about this letter, even if it did not have the Birmingham post-mark upon it. It is the old and familiar right of free-speech which the Radicals are determined to suppress, if they can—during the time they are in power only, it will of course be understood. For certainly no one values free speech more highly than a Radical when he is out of office.

If we seek for the true cause of the present chaotic state of public business in Parliament, we shall find it, we must repeat, in the mismanagement and blunders of the Government itself. If these were fully brought before the notice of the constituencies, there would be no danger of the Radical leaders gaining a verdict on a false issue. Look, for instance, at the enormous waste of time which has been brought about by the infatuated course taken on the Bradlaugh case. If the Government had acted with any firmness in the first instance, or with any regard for the opinion of the House, the Bradlaugh debates would never have been necessary. Consider, also, the time which was lost over the absurd attempt of the Government to prevent the House of Lords appointing a Committee on the Land Act, and again on the bungling in connection with the Bill for rewarding Lord Wolseley and Lord Alcester. Mr. Gladstone proceeded upon the theory that a pension, and nothing but a pension, could properly be voted by the House, and then, after long discussions, the Bill was withdrawn, and another Bill was introduced for bestowing a 'lump sum' upon the victorious commanders.



manders. And so the business of the country was brought almost to a dead-lock, and night after night could be wasted in purposeless debates, or thrown away in counts-out, of which there have been no fewer than a dozen during the present Session. And yet a Radical luminary has actually found out that what we want in the present day is a Parliament in perpetual session. 'Parliament should sit all the year round,' he insists, 'as the courts of justice sit, and members should be compelled by the electors to attend to the business of England.' It might with far greater plausibility be contended that Parliament has more time upon its hands even now than it knows what to do with, or it would not allow twelve nights—two and a-half full working weeks—to be obliterated by counts-out before the end of June.

The same lack of judgment and foresight has produced endless difficulties abroad as well as at home. In the Queen's Speech, the country was informed that Cetewayo had been restored to his territories 'with a view to the preservation of peace and order.' Everybody, who possessed any knowledge of South African affairs, was quite convinced that the return of Cetewayo, so far from leading to peace and order, would inevitably be the signal for a renewal of bloodshed. And so it proved. South Africa has been plunged into anarchy, and hundreds of human beings have been destroyed, in order that the policy of the last Government might be reversed, and the crotchets of a few pseudo-philanthropists be carried out. There is not a word to be said for the policy of the present Ministry in relation to South Africa, from beginning to end, and not a few of its members and supporters are fully as well aware of this as Sir Bartle Frere himself. They comfort themselves with the thought that the country will never discover the mistakes which have been committed—a thought which was expressed by a Radical journal in what is usually called a 'cynical,' but what appears to us to be a perfectly candid manner. 'Grant for the moment,' said this advocate of the Ministry, 'that the Tories are right about South Africa, still the mass of electors do not care a jot about South Africa.'\* Not care a jot about some thousands of our fellow-creatures, our 'own flesh and blood,' although not quite of the same colour outside? This certainly is a startling admission to find in the columns of a journal which favoured the world with reflections like the following when Mr. Gladstone returned to power:—'It is painful even to think of the millions throughout the

\* 'Spectator,' May 19, 1883.

world—from the slaves who meditate escaping [from whence?] to the wretched Christians whose daughters are carried off by the Kurds in Armenia—whose heartfelt thanks will go up to Heaven because the great friend of the oppressors has been overthrown,\*—the Friend of the Oppressors being, as the reader will instinctively divine, poor Lord Beaconsfield. Why it should have been so excessively painful to think of millions rejoicing over the overthrow of oppressors has never been explained; but surely the exultant throng must by this time have come to the conclusion that they made a grand mistake. What the Kurds are doing, we cannot say, but South Africa has been deluged with blood, and there was some loss of life, even in Egypt, in spite of the fact that there was 'no war.' Lord Wolseley has recently told the world† that if Arabi had taken the advice of his military counsellors and blown up the Suez Canal, 'the war might have been going on now'—in other words, that luck and accident had a good deal to do with our rapid success in Egypt. But while it lasted, large numbers of Arabs conceived themselves very much oppressed by England, and no sympathy was expressed for them by any one but Mr. Bright, and even he did not speak till all the mischief was done. Worse even than this is it to be told that the nation does not care a jot for South Africa. It is in every way to be regretted, if true, for South African affairs will continue to be a source of trouble and anxiety for some time to come. There, as in Ireland, Mr. Gladstone has been sowing a plentiful supply of dragon's teeth, and it is not quite the highest view of morals that can be taken, to contend that we need give ourselves no concern about his acts, because at present the people are indifferent to them.

The people, it is certain, will not always be indifferent. Too late to repair the mischief that has been done, but not too late to render justice alike to Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, they will understand the work we have been doing in South Africa, and judge faithfully between the two parties which have successively directed the policy of England. It is true that some of the Radical papers tell us that the people of South Africa are 'only savages,' but even savages ought to have just treatment, and it is not true that the South Africans are savages. Mr. Forster has shown‡ that missionaries have laboured among them, and with marked success, for upwards of fifty years—missionaries among whom are enrolled the great names of

\* 'Spectator,' April 3, 1880.

† In his evidence before the Channel Tunnel Committee.

‡ In a speech in the House of Commons, March 16, 1883.

Livingstone and Moffatt. But progress of every kind is at an end now. In the Transvaal, all is complete chaos. Mr. Forster put the plain truth before the House four months ago, when he declared that 'our loyal subjects have been forsaken; therefore they are despoiled and ruined, and the Convention is not merely broken, but treated with absolute contempt.' And he went on to show that, if the consequence of thus deserting our allies was carried out to its logical conclusion, it would imply 'our withdrawal from the Cape altogether.' Supposing this was done, continued Mr. Forster, 'you could not stop at the Cape; logically, withdrawal from India would result.' But no word came from the Treasury benches in deprecation of this ominous forecast.

Since these words were uttered, the South African settlements generally have been thrown into a worse condition than ever. We have given back Cetewayo to a people who did not want him. We have left our fellow-subjects in the Transvaal to the mercy of the Boers. Mr. Gladstone declared, when referring to the Convention with the Transvaal, that 'the Government would recollect and faithfully maintain the interests of the numerous and extended native populations.' What were Mr. Gladstone's intentions at the time it would be hard to say. We know now that nothing whatever was done for the protection of the interests of native populations, and that the Boers were left free to trample the Convention under foot, just as they had previously done with something more important than a Convention. But the Government decided not to sit down in utter helplessness. At first it resolved to send out a Special Commissioner, who was to be at liberty to ask some questions and to 'consider' others. The Earl of Carnarvon took the liberty of asking in the House of Lords whether the Commissioner was to be properly 'backed up,' but this was too practical a question to be dealt with on the spur of the moment. Then came another change. Instead of sending a Commissioner, the Government would receive a deputation from the Transvaal. There was an acknowledgment that our position in South Africa is a 'very complicated one,' which has long been past all dispute; but anything which might be taken, by the Boers or other persons, for a policy of 'backing up,' was deprecated by Lord Derby. The natives were to be left to themselves. And yet Mr. Gladstone had solemnly promised that he would never thus betray them. 'We felt it our duty,' he said, 'to take the best securities for the welfare of these native tribes, counted by hundreds of thousands, who inhabit the Transvaal, and towards whom we could not forget the responsibility we had assumed.'

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And at the same time he warned the Boers that they must not presume, because he had yielded after suffering defeat at their hands, that renewed concessions could always be obtained. 'Those men are mistaken,' he said, 'if such there be, who judge that our liberal concessions were the effect of weakness or timidity, and who think that because we granted much it was only to encourage them to ask for more.' And now what is the next move? A deputation from the Transvaal is to be received, and the organs of the Government explain to us that this is but the forerunner of a total revision of the Convention. Our exacting friends the Boers are to be encouraged, as Mr. Gladstone says, to 'ask for more.' They will only have themselves to blame if this time they do not ask enough.

Now it must not be forgotten that, in the judgment of all well-informed persons, we owe the Transvaal difficulty entirely to the Radical Party. The Boer leaders were taught to believe that England would not fight for her 'interests' in South Africa—and as events turned out, they were told substantially the truth; and they were assured that the Liberal Party would make it all right in England for them. Mr. Courtney, now a member of the Ministry, was in constant correspondence with them, and, as a colonist told the world a couple of years ago, the insurgents in the Transvaal 'could not help feeling very much encouraged in their designs of establishing a Republic by the violent English election speeches of a certain section of politicians.' Mr. Gladstone worked hard for the Boers in Midlothian, and, again to quote the colonist, 'the speeches of Messrs. Gladstone and Courtney on the Transvaal policy were published in the form of a pamphlet, and distributed broadcast over the whole of South Africa.' Not till long after these speeches had done their work, and Mr. Gladstone was in power—that is to say, towards the close of 1880—did the Boers venture to raise the standard of rebellion. Then came the surrender and the Convention, followed by repeated announcements from Mr. Gladstone that no more would be yielded. For the Convention was no sooner made than the Boers tried to cast it off; they treated us in the true spirit of a conquering foe. But the Prime Minister—although he had made speeches for them in 1879, and given them the full benefit of his influence, and had brought about a war which came to an ever-memorable end—assured them how that he had, so to speak, come to the end of his tether. He could do no more. 'It was supposed in that country,' he said in 1881,\* 'that they had only to ask a little more than they

\* Speech at Liverpool, Oct. 27, 1881.

hoped to get; but having yielded all that justice demanded, *we had no more to give.*' Upon that point Mr. Gladstone was very decided, but the Boers by this time understood something of the man with whom they had to deal. They no longer feared any opposition from England. They knew that the day would come when the Convention would be read in the lurid light of Majuba Hill, and they have not had to wait very long. Not the least of the humiliations which have fallen upon us in South Africa is the semi-official announcement of our inability to defend our colonists, after they had received the express assurance of the present Prime Minister that no harm should befall them. But there is no remedy. The people, it is only too true, do not understand what is going on in these distant regions, and are not willing to take the trouble to understand it. But the consequences of the wrong-doing to which we have been parties, if not the direct cause, will not pass away with Mr. Gladstone's Ministry. For many a year to come we shall continue to be harassed and perplexed by the embarrassments which we owe to the wavering, timid, and injurious course taken in our recent dealings with the South African settlements.

All these evils were unnecessary—as unnecessary as the indignation which has been stirred up in India by the Bill to place Englishmen under the jurisdiction of native magistrates—a measure we have thoroughly discussed elsewhere in these pages. A few writers in this country, who know nothing whatever about the great work which we have done in India, or the conditions under which it is still carried on, have clamoured loudly for the passage of the Bill, looking at it solely from the 'rights of man' point of view, and governed by the belief that anything which disturbs and overturns existing institutions, must necessarily be good. Had the results which we have achieved in India been accomplished by any other people in the world—by the Americans, for instance—there would be no bounds to the admiration which would be expressed for them. Our public works alone would have been considered a glory to any nation, apart altogether from the immense efforts which have been made for the education and enlightenment of the natives. Englishmen in India, as a rule, have been animated by the highest sense of duty, and have performed it under the most trying circumstances, often with their lives in peril, with separation from their children darkening their homes, and with the reward of finding their characters bitterly traduced whenever they take up a newspaper from home. These conditions have become harder than ever since the Radicals have drawn India into the arena of party

party conflicts. Never before was such a set of men allowed to trifle with a great empire and two hundred millions of people. No other nation but the English would allow them to make it the subject of their ruinous experiments. Even now, however, it has yet to be ascertained whether the country will stand aside passively and be content to let them have their own way. The Radical journals of London, Manchester, and Birmingham, may succeed in creating a wild uproar, but they are not infallible. The strong tide of public opinion has drowned their voices more than once, and we need not despair of seeing the same retribution overtake them again.

The great cry of these journals to the Government is now, 'be firm—be intrepid'—for it will be observed that the word intrepid is often in their mouths since the Egyptian war. It may be admitted that these appeals for firmness are not altogether unwarranted by the history of the present Administration. When the slightest pressure is brought to bear upon it, which it has reason to suppose comes from a 'popular' source, its rule has been to give way instantly. It found itself opposed by some such resistance as this on the great scheme to alter the mode of collecting the income tax, and it turned back at once. All its intrepidity was gone in a flash. It fancied that the maintenance of the Contagious Diseases Acts was unpopular, and it forthwith consented to a course which did away with all the usefulness of these Acts, and left vice once more to do its fell work unchecked. The result will be that, in such towns as Plymouth, Portsmouth, and Devonport, all the progress which had been made towards the suppression of a dreadful scourge will be completely lost. A deputation from those towns waited upon the Home Secretary in May last, and told him plainly that before the introduction of the Acts in question, the condition of a considerable part of the population was 'deplorable,' and they begged the Government to continue to enforce the provisions which had worked so well. But the Ministry had heard a noise outside, and their fears were excited. Sir William Harcourt admitted that the deputation had reason on its side. 'He fully recognized the favour with which the Acts were regarded in the towns where they were in operation.' Much good had been done—'many females had been reclaimed, and had since become respectable members of society.' All this was true, and more; but there had been objections to the Act, and those objections had made themselves heard in the House of Commons, and after that the Government did not like to persevere in a course which might be unpopular. The local authorities are unwilling to take upon themselves a responsibility

bility from which the Government shrink, and consequently the only power which is of any avail for the limitation of a gigantic evil must fall into abeyance. And this is represented as another grand triumph for the party which is pledged to promote 'moral ideas' and the 'elevation of the human species.' The Ministry is afraid to perform its duty, and therefore it announces, in a more or less circuitous fashion, that it intends to follow the safest course, which is to let everybody do as he likes—that being the very essence of truly popular government. There has been more than one indication of a growing readiness to take the same line in regard to Compulsory Vaccination. After these exhibitions, it is not surprising that the Radicals should be somewhat apprehensive that the result of several important public meetings, in India and England, will be the withdrawal of Mr. Ilbert's Bill. They warn the Ministry that the eyes of the people are upon them, although some of their number are apparently of opinion that the people, as a matter of fact, care no more for India than they do for South Africa. And we should be glad to see more decisive evidence than we at present possess that in this opinion they are wrong.

But whether wrong or right, it will be noticed that it is only the voice of the Radical which is heard in the present day. For all practical purposes the Liberal Party consists but of the youngest section of it. A certain number of offices are held by the representatives of the old party, but the real power is with the new and aggressive faction. It is natural that it should be so, and we have warned the Whigs more than once during the last few years of the fate which was coming upon them. Their position, we admit, has been perplexing. It is no slight thing to sever a connection with party which has lasted through generations, and with which innumerable friendships and ties are associated. We are not prepared to say that the Whigs are to blame for not having deserted the organization to which they belong, or that they could have done so with a good grace since Mr. Gladstone first came into power. For he has, no doubt, honestly done his best to prevent their being swamped by the Radical invasion, and more than once he has been sharply attacked for allotting so many offices to his Whig friends. He would probably have received treatment still more rough if his assailants had not been a great deal more afraid of him than he was of them. The new-fangled Radical, flushed with his success in some constituency which is anxious only to make itself heard in England, is, after all, a poor creature compared with Mr. Gladstone. Skill in advertising oneself, restlessness in struggling for a front place,  
a turn



a turn for local wire-pulling, adroitness in using the press, all these qualities, with a large admixture of pertness added to them, would go but a small way towards making up a Gladstone. It may be that we shall, in future, be ruled chiefly by little men; that giants like the present Prime Minister will be only seen or heard of in portrait galleries and in histories of England. Every generation has its own leaders, and as a rule those leaders are suited to it. We can imagine, although we may not much respect, a state of feeling in a community which would induce them to prefer a Chamberlain, or even a Bradlaugh, to Mr. Gladstone. At present, however, he is in the foreground, and whatever may be his faults—and we have never disguised our opinions about them—it is all too clear that he is infinitely more worthy to stand there than any of the younger men who are so impatient to get rid of him, and to begin the new *régime*. We cannot say that he has always been faithful to his political associates, but at any rate he has stood sturdily by his Whig friends of earlier days. He may have jilted his first love, but he has been remarkably true to the second. It vain his Radical associates have protested against his attachment to the old Whig oligarchy, or warned him that it would never do to put so many 'aristocrats' in office. Now and then an 'aristocrat' has found the pressure too strong for him, and has (to use a Democratic phrase) 'caved in,' with assurances of unalterable respect and affection from those who have thrown him over. But Mr. Gladstone himself has not been a party to any surrender of this kind. He has stood by the Whigs, and it may be that the Whigs could scarcely do less than stand by him.

Between the Whigs and the Radicals, however, there is no possible bond of union, either now or in the future. No concessions from the former to the latter are likely to be accepted, because it is impossible that they should go far enough. There cannot be, in practical everyday life, an 'aristocratic Radical,' unless he happens to be very slenderly endowed with this world's goods; and when an aristocrat *does* avow himself a Radical, he seems to be doomed to receive scurvy treatment from the recognized leaders, 'pour encourager les autres.' Some little time ago, Lord Rosebery delivered an address to the 'Birmingham Junior Liberal Association'; he went there as an invited guest, and Mr. Chamberlain was described in the 'Times' as his 'host.' Lord Rosebery was safely delivered of his address, and Mr. Chamberlain, in whose eyes mere niceties of feeling are what his constituents would call 'gammon,' seized the opportunity of denouncing the class to which Lord Rosebery belonged as composed of persons 'who toil not, neither do they spin,' and who  
live

live by 'levying an unearned share on all that other men have done by toil and labour to add to the general wealth and prosperity of the country of which they form a part.' Lord Rosebery is as much a member of that class as the other noblemen to whom Mr. Chamberlain referred, and he must have felt that to be invited to a man's house, and then to have dirty water thrown in his face, was not quite the treatment which he had a right to expect. There is no obvious reason why a man should adopt rude and violent manners because he calls himself a Radical. A few weeks later, Lord Rosebery, hoping perhaps for better luck, attended another public meeting, this time at the Westminster Aquarium, where many strange things go on. There, too, he made a speech, and what was the reward he received? Another Radical got up and declared that there were too many aristocrats in the Ministry, and he went on to play the part of echo to Mr. Chamberlain, for practice makes even echoes perfect. After all this there came the savage remarks of Mr. Peter Rylands in the House, and the equally offensive allusions of Sir W. Harcourt. Lord Rosebery retired, 'in good order,' as his friends said; badly demoralized, as most people thought. It is whispered that he is only under a temporary cloud—that he will soon reappear in the firmament, a more beautiful object than ever, as Minister for Scotland. But Scotland does not want a Minister, if we may trust—as we may certainly do—the word of the oldest and most influential representative of Scottish opinion. The following are the remarks which appear in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for July on this not unimportant point:—

'If such a department is to be called into existence, we have no hesitation in saying that it is for the special advantage of some *protégé* of the Ministry, and not on account of any desire or need that exists in Scotland for a machinery to manage its affairs separate from that of the rest of the country. The experience which the Scotch have had of their interests being committed to a particular Minister was that such an arrangement never gave general satisfaction; nor was it until their politics were merged in those of the country generally, that it ever obtained legislative justice. With the exception of a handful of Scotch Liberal members who feel that their own importance would be enhanced, and a considerable group of place-hunters who would like to see the good old days of Caledonian jobbery revived, there exists no desire north of the Tweed for being cut off from the rest of the country. . . . The proposal was at the outset so obviously conceived in the interest of an individual, and to pay off personal obligations, that we have no doubt it will be dealt with by Parliament in a spirit of firm and effectual opposition. . . . The measure will be generally looked upon as an attempt to convert Scotland into an appanage of Dalmeny.'

That seems to dispose of the Scottish Minister business pretty effectually. And Mr. Gladstone has recently declared that the Cabinet is too large already, and that the addition of another member must not be thought of. He would not have applied this *douche*, perhaps, in the midst of the Midlothian 'campaign,' but ready adaptability to circumstances is one of Mr. Gladstone's greatest merits. Altogether, then, the experience of Lord Rosebery has not been very promising for the future of aristocratic Radicals, but we can hold out no hope to them of better fortune. As a general rule, they will be looked upon with contempt by the 'dyed-in-the-wool' Radical, and by others they will be regarded as men who have been untrue to their own class and their own interests. The rising 'statesmen,' and the 'fluent journalists' who act as the *claque*, are not working to make young lords, or old lords, Secretaries of State and Prime Ministers. Under a purely Radical Administration, such as we shall certainly see before many years are over, the aristocrats will find themselves out in the cold, and the 'machine' politician with his allies—including the literary man of all work who can write on both sides of a question, and in two places at once—will go up and possess the good things of this world. That is what the united brotherhood are aiming at; not at keeping power in the hands of the 'Venetian oligarchy.'

The Whigs had their chance in 1880, and they let it slip. It will never come back to them again; no prophet is needed to tell them that. When Lord Hartington received the Queen's commands on the 21st of April in that year, the game was entirely in his own hands. He might have formed a Ministry with the entire approval of the people, for he had thoroughly well earned success, and deserved it. All the labour and anxiety of carrying on the Opposition for four or five years had been forced upon him, and the country knew that it was but just that the recompense should fall into his hands. But every moment of hesitation and delay was dangerous. The Radicals preferred Mr. Gladstone to Lord Hartington, for much might be wrung from him—and they hoped for even more than they received, although to have two Republicans placed in the Cabinet is a tolerably good beginning. The *claqueurs* were set to work; Mr. Chamberlain and 'my friend Schnadhorst' were not idle. The country was soon convinced that once more it had to be 'saved,' and that there was but one man who could save it. In a few hours all was over. Lord Hartington paid a second visit to Windsor, but the dread of responsibility was too much for him. There are many situations in which a man must dare all or win nothing. Lord Hartington and Lord Granville together could not screw their courage to the sticking point, and

and the cards fell from their hands. They will never be able to pick them up again.

Since 1880 the Whigs and the Radicals have kept up appearances tolerably well before the world, but the line which separates them is more distinct than ever. The Whigs, as being the weaker side, would fain hide it; the Radicals are continually chuckling over it, and attracting to it the attention of the passers-by. The latter want to get rid of their allies, for they are no longer afraid of their forming a junction with the Conservatives. The Radicals are strong enough, as they believe, to resist the combined forces, even if they were combined; and that consummation may yet be a long way off. Any Radical paper of the day will afford materials enough for enabling its reader to form an opinion as to the feeling of Radicals towards Whigs. The nearer the paper has been to the sources of inspiration, the more conclusive will be its evidence. Very frequently the *communiqué* will be in the form of a letter, which is less compromising than a leading article. Thus we lately read of a certain scion of a great Whig house who had received an appointment, that, although he had 'done his best, by review articles and otherwise, to purge himself of the Whig stain,' yet Mr. Peter Rylands ought to have been invited into the Ministry instead of him. The Whig stain! Shades of Russell (not Mr. George), Somers, and Montague, has it come to this? Is this the only tribute which the Liberals of the nineteenth century are prepared to render to their famous predecessors? What gratitude can the true representatives of the old Whig houses in our own time reasonably look for? To be associated with them is, it appears, looked upon as a disgrace—a 'stain' to be wiped out by fair means or foul. And if a Whig deserts his colours, he merely seems to change his position from bad to worse. What makes Mr. George Russell's case peculiarly hard—harder even than Lord Rosebery's—is that he took the trouble to write an article\* for the express purpose of proving that 'Whiggery' is indeed 'dished' at last; that it 'has no proper place in our quarter of the Liberal party'; that it has 'lost touch' of the true faith, and is 'identified with the most exaggerated claims of actual and expectant landlords.' To be sure, it is a younger son who talks like this, but there are still several actual and expectant landlords in the Bedford family, and it is usually thought that a man might be better employed than in seeking to injure or disparage his own kinsfolk. And in spite of Mr. Russell's eager consumption of this

\* In the 'Nineteenth Century' for June.

huge dish of humble pie, the Radicals have nothing for him but harsh words and sour looks. He is looked upon as a wolf in sheep's clothing; not one of the true flock, like worthy Mr. Peter Rylands.

No Conservative need waste time in denouncing the conduct of 'aristocrats' who avow Radical opinions. The doom of all such men is certain. There will be no room found for them in the Radical Party of the future, and it may well be doubted whether their coalition with any other party will be either possible or desirable. The last link which binds them to power is Mr. Gladstone. No doubt, dreams are still entertained in certain quarters of a 'third party,' with some Whig of unimpeachable principles at its head. But they are dreams fit only for the amusement of the *gobemouches* of the lobby and the clubs. There will be two parties in the field, and only two, and the Whigs will be crushed between them. Never has a once powerful party drifted so rapidly to a more ignoble end.

There is, indeed, no excuse for any one to be in doubt as to the nature of the Radicalism with which we have now to deal. Mr. Bright, a few weeks ago, delivered several elaborate addresses, but there was not much new in what he said. After a time, the perpetual repetition of the same old story loses its interest, and a desire seizes us to turn over the page and come to something else. It does, however, concern us much to know what are the principles of the men who are stepping into Mr. Bright's place. If we were like Mr. Bright himself, we should at once say that we foresaw and defined those principles long ago, and we should show how literally the predictions we made have been fulfilled. But we waive that right. Let us once more look into the programme of the future; and there is no one who has of late taken so much pains to unroll it before us as Mr. Chamberlain. It is true that he has deprecated the criticism which he invites. The public have been assured that it is a great mistake to talk about Mr. Chamberlain; that it renders him a man of importance; that he does not like it; that we shall make him a leader in spite of himself. But the plain truth is that Mr. Chamberlain receives, and must continue to receive, all this notice, not because he has any remarkable gifts to boast of; but because he has made himself the foremost representative of the Radical school. While he occupies this position, it is the duty of every man by whom politics are regarded as part of the affairs of everyday life, requiring to be treated in a thoroughly practical spirit, to mark well what he says. To go before the people with a Revolutionary scheme, to leave it to work in their minds slowly and surely,

surely, and then to turn aside all criticism by pleading that it is of 'no consequence' what has been said—this is what would suit Mr. Chamberlain perfectly. His skirmishers in the press, sometimes masquerading as Conservatives, tell us that he is a man of no importance, while his Radical friends—who are often, perhaps, the very same persons—assure us that he will be the next Premier. At any rate, he is at this moment a Cabinet Minister, and a party 'Boss' of great notoriety—the first real 'Boss' we have ever had in England; and as such we must insist upon treating him, leaving him and his 'professional' friends to settle the question of his modesty between them.

This new 'tribune' has recently endeavoured to strengthen his influence by announcing that he is to be regarded as the political heir of Mr. Cobden. We cannot accept him in that capacity. What is more, he would not have ventured to assume the position if he had been properly acquainted with Mr. Cobden's life and writings. That Mr. Chamberlain is ill-informed concerning the political history of this country he has shown on a dozen occasions, but he ought at least to learn something about Mr. Cobden before posing as his successor. He has told us\* that Mr. Cobden 'anticipated without the slightest alarm the widest possible suffrage which human ingenuity could devise.' We do not know what he anticipated, but we have Mr. Cobden's own word that he was *not in favour* of the 'widest possible suffrage.' 'What is the principle you select?' he asked on one occasion.† 'I will not take the principle of population, because I do not advocate universal suffrage; but I take the ground of property.' What right, then, had Mr. Chamberlain to make the statement we have quoted? Simply none whatever. Again, Mr. Cobden wrote to Mr. Bright, 'I do not feel so confident as yourself that a great extension of the franchise would necessarily lead to a wiser system of taxation.'‡ In fact, Mr. Cobden had no very high opinion of the bulk of the people, whom he described—as Mr. Morley, with fatal candour, has pointed out—as 'wrapt in opaque ignorance,' full of 'egregious vanity,' 'so plastered with flattery for which he (John Bull) seems to have an insatiable appetite that he has become an impervious mass of self-esteem.' And he warned Mr. Bright that the day might come when '*less scrupulous leaders would carry off the masses.*' Mr. Chamberlain never seems to have met with that passage, or if he has, he

\* Dinner of the Cobden Club, June 30; 'Times' report, July 2, 1883.

† Speech in House of Commons, July 6, 1848. Collected Speeches, p. 544.

‡ Morley's 'Life of Cobden,' ii. 98.

judiciously avoided quoting it at the recent dinner of the Cobden Club. Privately, however, it may have increased the high opinion which he seems to entertain of Mr. Cobden as a prophet.

'I am not aware,' says Mr. Chamberlain, 'that Mr. Cobden ever fixed a date for the fulfilment of his prediction,' concerning the universal acceptance of Free-trade. Then it is time that he was made aware of it. It is rather hard that the task should devolve upon us of giving Mr. Chamberlain instruction in the principles of Mr. Cobden; but we must do it, since his literary friends seem to have failed him. 'I believe,' said Mr. Cobden in one of his chief speeches,\* 'that if you abolish the Corn Law honestly, and adopt Free-trade in its simplicity, there will not be a tariff in Europe that will not be changed in *less than five years* to follow your example.' Five years! Is that what Mr. Chamberlain calls not fixing a date? And Mr. Cobden's prediction was made in 1846, and Europe—to say nothing of America—is absolutely further than ever from adopting the principle of Free-trade. In spite of all the bold assertions which sometimes are made, the United States are overwhelmingly Protectionist in feeling, and no Free-trader could get elected to the smallest position on the question of Free-trade alone, no matter how much he quoted Mr. Cobden, or paraded the empty boasts of Mr. Bright.

But, says Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Cobden wanted religious equality. We do not know what that means; but we can inform Mr. Chamberlain that Mr. Cobden was *not* in favour of advocating the abolition of Church and State. If he will read attentively the damaging 'Life' of Mr. Cobden which he praised so highly, he will find this out for himself. As for his assertion that Mr. Cobden was in favour of electoral districts and the payment of members, we require proof of it. We are not acquainted with any passages in Mr. Cobden's writings or speeches which demand those changes, and, considering the 'opaque ignorance' which Mr. Chamberlain has shown of his works, it is only reasonable to ask for some better evidence than his bare word that any such passages exist. The professors of the Cobden 'cult' would all be the better for a little study of the life and words of their master. One of them—and this is a very curious instance—speaks of Mr. Cobden as the most 'simple and frugal of men.'† And yet in the wonderful 'Life' we read that in 1845 a 'sum of money' was subscribed for him in Manchester, that in 1846 he again

\* 'Collected Speeches,' p. 185.

† 'Pall Mall Gazette,' July 2, 1883.



received a subscription to the amount of nearly 80,000*l.*, that in 1858, 'several thousands' more were handed to him, and in 1860, 40,000*l.* more. And yet Mr. Cobden was a frugal man. He may or may not have been so in his personal habits, but of what value is personal economy to a man if he can make away with something like 200,000*l.* in the course of a very few years?

Three things are sought for by Mr. Chamberlain at this moment; they are manhood suffrage, equal electoral districts, and the payment of members of Parliament. The Church, also, must be disestablished. Not long ago, it would have been thought a somewhat odd proceeding in a Cabinet Minister to go about the country with a sort of huckster's cart filled with wares which his colleagues regard as contraband; but we get used to everything now. Mr. Chamberlain's function is, as he says, 'to put the dots on the i's,' or, as he expressed it on a former occasion, in phraseology which might perhaps have been improved by some of his literary friends, 'to make things go quicker and more satisfying.' That the Church was doomed we knew long ago from Mr. Chamberlain. The hatred which he bears to it is sufficiently explained by his sneer at Christianity in his Cobden Club speech. 'Nearly nineteen centuries have passed,' said he, in partial explanation of the failure of Free-trade predictions, 'and still the doctrines of the Christian religion have not received universal acceptance; and I suppose we should think it a little presumptuous to describe the Apostles as very worthy fishermen who were neither philosophers nor statesmen, but who were chiefly to be remembered as the authors of a variety of predictions which have been falsified by events.' It is not often that an English public man has addressed an audience in this strain, but it must be remembered that the Radical of to-day denies vehemently that we are a Christian nation, and Mr. Chamberlain may see no harm in modelling his speeches upon that theory. Down with the Church—that, from him, is a reasonable cry. He has told us once before that 'it had been a hindrance to all political and intellectual progress;' that it was a 'political manufactured, State-made machine;' and that the Liberal Party would be 'blind to the teachings of the present and deaf to the evidence of the past, if they did not take the first opportunity to remove that perpetual stumbling-block in the way of progress.'\* And his raid upon the landowners of the country ought not to have excited the surprise it did, for he has told them that the 'condition of things with regard to land involved a

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\* Speech at Bradford, Nov. 14, 1877.

great injury and wrong to the labourers employed on the soil.\* It is the declaration of opinions such as these that has made Mr. Chamberlain a Cabinet Minister, and if he goes beyond most of his colleagues, he gains the more hearty applause at public meetings—a fact which we commend to the serious notice of all who think that, because he is loud, pretentious, and blatant, he can be safely disregarded. It is said that there can be no harm in his doctrines while he has colleagues in the Ministry who are largely interested in land—‘Lord Hartington,’ for instance, ‘with his future rent-roll of 200,000*l.* a year, or ‘Sir William Harcourt, with the archiepiscopal traditions of his family.’† Lord Hartington may or may not perceive the inevitable end of the course which his Radical associates are pursuing; he may be deluded with the not uncommon idea that the ‘middle-classes’ will one day rise up as one man in support of the landlords, and that the ‘instincts’ of the people will prevent any interference with the rights of property. Or he may feel that if something goes, much will still remain; a good deal may be taken from 200,000*l.* a year, and yet a man may be left in comfortable circumstances. Or, lastly, he may believe that nothing would be gained by his retiring from the field, and leaving every position in the hands of the enemy. If he is unable to control Radical opinion from within the Cabinet, how much less could he do so from without? This consideration may weigh much with the Whigs generally, and in some measure may account for the anomalous ground they occupy. To depart from the Liberal ranks altogether would be to leave everything to the mercy of the Democrats and Socialists. The latter may still win everything in the end, but if an evil cannot be averted, it is sometimes a gain to postpone it. But whatever may be Lord Hartington’s view of the matter, or however potent with Sir William Harcourt may be the archiepiscopal traditions of his family, it is not likely that either will have much weight in influencing the final direction of legislation on the land question, or any other question concerning which Radicalism is united. It is to be hoped, therefore, that people will appreciate at its proper value the argument, which has now done good hard service, that revolutionary principles cannot be entertained in a Cabinet of which Lord Hartington and Lord Granville are members.

The land and the Church are to be the first objects of assault, and Mr. Chamberlain may say, as he said once before, ‘I care little which of these great questions we first attack.’ If Royalty

\* Speech at Rochdale, November, 1877.

† The ‘Spectator,’ December 30, 1882.

would take itself out of the way, without causing further trouble, so much the better. Then the people could have given to them the three boons—manhood suffrage, equal electoral districts, and payment of members. One or other of these may be proposed this very Session, even in the last days of it, by way of proving that the Government are in earnest, and of giving their supporters something to hold up for the admiration of their constituents during the recess. Lord Granville, when questioned in the House of Lords as to Mr. Chamberlain's speech, made a statement which attracted no attention at the time, but which was certainly worth notice. 'Her Majesty's Government,' he said, 'expect that during the present Session they will be able to bring in a *Bill or Bills on Parliamentary Reform*, and that will give in the most authentic and effective manner the views of the Government on the subject.' No one, of course, supposes that the Bill or Bills could be passed this Session; it or they can only be intended for what is called 'campaign use.' A measure may be drawn up containing everything which is supposed to be pleasing to the democracy, and the caucus will be left to make its attractions known during the autumn and winter months. It will be another bid for the support of the masses, and they will be told that not only this beneficent scheme, but others even more generous, would be speedily passed by the Government if the Tories could be hindered from discussing them, obstruction and discussion, as we have already shown, now meaning one and the same thing. The Ministry cannot redeem the promises of the past, and they will try to save themselves by drawing a heavy draft upon the future. Something of this sort will be attempted, and Mr. Chamberlain's three-fold proposition may as well be allowed to stand as not. If it is a great success, it can be adopted; if it is coldly received, it can be put aside in favour of a more tempting bait. We do not ourselves believe that Mr. Chamberlain understands entirely what he is asking for. Equal electoral districts would involve consequences which would greatly tend to reduce his admiration of the system, and a total change would be introduced in the present composition of the House of Commons. He has found this device, in common with others which he has coolly appropriated, in the United States. So vast is the area of that country, and so complicated is the action of its State governments upon the Federal Government, that it works as well as any other system which could be devised: only it is combined with a very limited representation of the people in comparison with ours, the total number of representatives sent to Congress being 325. We have little doubt that it would

would be a great advantage to reduce the number of members of the House of Commons to something like the same number, for the great and incurable fault of the House as it stands is that it is too large. The population of the United States is now much greater than that of England—fifty millions, in round numbers, against thirty-five and a quarter millions—and yet it can do with less than half our number of members in the popular House. But Mr. Chamberlain, though not deficient in audacity, has not ventured to propose to cut down the House of Commons to three hundred members or thereabouts.

The next expedient he has also borrowed from the United States. He would have members paid for their services. The Americans do it, and so should we. In America, when this plan was adopted, a man who was taken from his occupation to represent his 'section' in Congress, would very often have had no means of livelihood if a salary had not been provided for him. There was no wealthy or idle class able and willing to give up their time for nothing. And even now there are many States in which it would be difficult to find men who could afford to go to Washington for half the year at their own expense. In such places there are no rich manufacturers, who have acquired fortunes by their own industry or by that of others, and who are in a position to give up the rest of their days to politics. In England, as we all know, numbers of men are ready to serve in Parliament without payment—only too ready, as the new Bribery Bill may suggest. But the proposal to pay a salary to a member is likely to catch the ear of the working-men, every one of whom may say or think, 'perhaps the lot will fall upon me,' not yet perceiving, what he will be driven to perceive some day, that Mr. Chamberlain has 'not taken his coat off' to put *him* into Parliament. Political philanthropy has its bounds, and they are very soon reached. We will suppose, then, that the President of the Board of Trade has brought the country to accept his proposition to decline allowing men to represent it in Parliament for nothing, and to pay them fixed salaries. How much is to be given? He would not, we should hope, offer less than is paid to an American Congressman, that is to say, 1000*l.* a year, and travelling expenses. A man could not live very well upon less, considering the incidental expenses which every member of Parliament is obliged to meet. Now this sum, for the House of Commons alone—for we take it for granted that no one will offer the Lords anything—would amount to 658,000*l.* a year, leaving out travelling expenses. Mr. Chamberlain therefore proposes to add at once to the expenditure of the country an amount exceeding the whole

whole cost of Royalty, pensions, annuities, and every charge included; and this is his notion of 'retrenchment and reform.' The cost of government in this country, as Radicals above all others have persistently taught, is much too high, although it is nothing like so great as the general cost of government in the United States. Mr. Chamberlain proposes to increase it by an annual charge of 658,000*l.*, without any corresponding advantage being conferred upon the nation, and indeed without any popular demand for the outlay; for although it is thought that the artisans and labourers will be enthusiastic in favour of this scheme, it is by no means certain that they will see the desirability of giving 658 men 1000*l.* a year each for work which they now get done for nothing. We should much rather trust the honest opinion of the working classes on such a question as this, than the manufactured opinion which is prepared for them by demagogues.

It is evident, indeed, that the workmen have ideas on these subjects which are not always accurately interpreted by their self-constituted spokesmen. Quite recently, for instance, the 'National Reform Union' sent to all its branches a circular asking for suggestions in reference to the proposed new Reform Bill. One of the demands thus elicited was 'that the illiterate voter should be disfranchised,' a proposal which by no means accords with Mr. Chamberlain's plan of universal manhood suffrage. That genuine working men should have greater facilities for entering Parliament is more and more to be desired, for there are not a few cases arising every week in which their sound common sense would correct the extravagances of persons who have climbed to power over their shoulders. It is the politician by trade, adroit in using the working men for his own purposes, who is the really dangerous element in the politics of the present day. If we could get rid of him, and his caucus and his claque, and substitute for him an intelligent working man, it would be one of the most thoroughly Conservative changes which we have seen in the present generation.

We have touched upon these questions because it is very certain that they will be brought before the people during the recess, and we believe it to be of great importance that they should not be left to the manipulation of Radical leaders. The work of strengthening a party must now be done chiefly outside the walls of Parliament, for the number of persons who read Parliamentary debates is so continually on the decline that we cannot expect to see the newspapers go on publishing them at full length. The Radicals have done their best for years past to degrade Parliament, and they have succeeded almost

almost beyond their hopes. The combined efforts which were made all through the Sessions of 1878-9 to 'thwart' Lord Beaconsfield, the endless bickerings that took place, the nights that were spent in talking against time, all produced a feeling of intense weariness in the country; and this has been deepened by what has taken place under Mr. Gladstone's management of the House. The people see the Ministry bringing forward measures which have never been well considered, and after days, and perhaps weeks, of wrangling and word-splitting, these measures are either withdrawn, or so altered that no one is able to recognize them. The only principle of government which seems to be definitively established is that everything shall be regarded as an 'open question.' It may be described as the four-and-twenty-hour system of legislation; the Bill which is passed to-day may be turned inside out to-morrow, if a little clamour is raised, or if a few votes seem to be placed in jeopardy. Surely it is not surprising that the proceedings in Parliament should attract less and less attention, especially when to other causes of its decline is added the fact that the general level of its debates has sunk so low. A page of Parliamentary discussion is now the dullest and heaviest reading in the world, and, as a matter of course, the majority of people skip it, and even close political observers find it quite enough to run their eyes hastily down the columns. The important bit can generally be picked out in a very few minutes; the rest is what a recently dethroned philosopher described as 'windbags.' Now and then a set oration is delivered, carefully prepared beforehand, or a speech with some originality and energy in it is made on the spur of the moment. But how many such speeches have been made this Session? Not half a dozen in both Houses. Members of Parliament have deliberately acted in the way best calculated to prevent an audience gathering round them, and they must now expect to see the newspapers treating them much as newspapers in America treat members of Congress—that is to say, giving perhaps a column or so to the discussions of each day, but condensing speeches into a few lines. It is very rare indeed for a speech in Congress to be reported in full or at any considerable length, except in the official paper. The Radicals will no doubt succeed in producing the same popular estimate of the British Parliament, and the fate of parties will be decided on the 'stump.'

In one respect the opponents of the Conservatives will have a great advantage there. They are adepts in misrepresentation, and they do not feel themselves in any way bound to pay a scrupulous regard to facts. Promises without end or limit drop from

from their lips, and if they break them, they have nothing more to do than to throw the responsibility upon the Conservatives. If they are reminded of what they have done, they merely reply that it is 'ancient history,' and then they go back to a period much more ancient—to 1830 or to 1846—for the materials of an attack on the Conservatives. But we must accept the conditions of party warfare as they exist; and since the platform is to be used so extensively, we must not refuse to take our due share of it. Some of the most effective out-door speeches of the last six months have been delivered by Conservatives, and it will be found that there is much fresh work to be done during the recess. It is to be hoped that no one will be deterred from making a careful review of the history of the present Ministry by the cry—raised sometimes against Conservatives in journals which profess Conservative principles—that there is nothing new in what they say. This taunt is sometimes found to discourage speakers who are comparatively unused to public life, but they will understand by-and-by that it must be brushed aside as an invention of the enemy; and if they look for 'something new' in the journals which lecture them, they will be reassured by discovering that they can never find it. The facts must be brought clearly before the nation, for the evidence which they will supply is strong enough to seal the fate of the present Ministry. Timid Conservative speakers may console themselves with the recollection that Mr. Bright—and they need not desire to have more friendly audiences than he can boast of—does not achieve his successes by saying anything new. He has been telling us identically the same tale for thirty years past, the only variation being that, whereas we used frequently to hear of Mr. Cobden, his name is gradually sinking out of sight. Yet it was to Mr. Cobden that Sir Robert Peel declared he owed his chief support in his Corn-law measures—not to Mr. Bright. We still sometimes hear of Mr. Cobden, it is true, but it is in connection with the somewhat absurd club which bears his name, and which has gained an unpleasant notoriety for the squabbles which are constantly taking place in and around it. Every now and then a number of respectable-looking gentlemen are seen to be hastening from it, evidently having had more than enough of their associates; and they are followed by an angry and jeering crowd of true Cobdenites, noisy, quarrelsome, in every way unpleasant. Then the Radical journalists bring out a great pile of dirty linen to be washed in public, and tell us that the seceding members were always a discredit to the club, and that their room is much better than their company. And this is what is called doing honour to Mr. Cobden. That he  
would



would rate this kind of honour very highly if he could see what is going on, we greatly doubt. While he was living, he always showed a decided partiality, as we have shown, not for empty compliments, but for honours which could be seen and felt, like the 200,000*l.* which we mentioned just now, and which he frugally got rid of as fast as it could be begged or borrowed.

To the founders and promoters of the new development of Cobdenism, and all the other isms, including atheism, belongs the future—so they tell us, and we cannot disprove what they say. On the other hand, we hope it will be admitted that Mr. Gladstone is still a power, and, although the great combination of talent which is now beating the big drum outside its show has very little regard for Mr. Gladstone, he will probably be able to present a better defence of the Ministry than Mr. Chamberlain's ingenuity is capable of supplying. What his secret opinion may be of the prospects of his Government, it would scarcely be fair to ask him to tell us. He went so far as to assure us, a few weeks ago, that none of the symptoms of disintegration are visible which were noticed in 1873, but if he observed any such signs then, he was remarkably silent with regard to them. The present Prime Minister is not always the best judge of the opinion which is entertained of him by the people. He resigned in 1873 because he had been defeated by three votes on a measure not of the first importance. No one ever supposed that he would have taken that step if he had not been thoroughly convinced that the country was cordially with him. The dissolution of January, 1874, was not resolved upon because Mr. Gladstone had detected signs of 'disintegration' in his party, but because he fancied that the signs told him the Conservatives were about to get a crushing defeat. A similar miscalculation, on the other side, was made by the Cabinet in 1880; and now it is nearly time for Mr. Gladstone to take his turn in repeating the mistake. If his continuance in office depended upon a vote of the House of Commons, and if the vote could be taken by ballot, he probably knows perfectly well that the leisure and privacy which he is said to covet so ardently would soon be at his command. But the rank and file of his supporters are not yet so sure of their ground as to venture upon any desperate act of insubordination, and therefore there is a superficial agreement among them which encourages Mr. Gladstone to think that his Administration stands firm, and that all its shortcomings and errors can be conveniently transferred to the Conservatives. This will be the key to the autumn manœuvres. 'We are very sorry we have not done more,

more, but consider our difficulties; they are enormous. One of our colleagues will explain what they are. It is true that we are the strongest Government seen since the days of Pitt—strong enough to render any opposition useless; but we could not transact our business. There was a subtle influence at work. What it was will be explained by Mr. Chamberlain when the Conservatives have all dispersed, and there will be no one to contradict him.' We must also expect to see renewed pressure brought upon the Irish electors, in England as well as in Ireland, with fresh hints of the great concessions which the Liberals are prepared to make. It is unquestionable that the Irish vote is becoming of increased importance to both parties, but the Conservatives are free from the reproach of having employed dishonourable means to secure it. They have made no compacts with the Irish leaders; have entered into no secret treaties; have paid no 'blackmail to the lawbreakers.' They have dealt fairly and justly towards Ireland, neither deluding it at one moment by professions which can never be carried out, nor disheartening it at another by measures of unparalleled severity. The Irish people have learned by sad experience how bitterly they may be deceived by giving ear too willingly to the cajoleries of Radical politicians. Whether they will henceforth take warning from a lesson so dearly bought will be shown in due time; they know that there is one thing at least which they have not to fear from the Conservative Party, and that is treachery. It will promise no more than it can and will perform. Already the Radicals are setting their traps afresh for the Irish vote. They avow their willingness to have another friendly conference on the question of Home Rule, and pretend to mourn over Mr. Gladstone's unaccountable obstinacy in refusing to take his Land Act to pieces, and allow Mr. Parnell to put it together again. This is what they mean by the 'immorality' of an Irish alliance. It is immoral for any party but their own. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, all have laboured to convince us that for the Liberals to join hands with the Irish, and afterwards to spring Coercion Bills upon them, is the most brilliant stroke of latter-day statesmanship. In Ireland, as elsewhere, they would submit everything to competition. Both parties should bid against each other for popular support. After the election, the pledges may be kept or not, as circumstances may seem to warrant. It may be, of course, that the Irish will again persuade themselves that their only hope is in Radicalism. In that case, the long story of the disappointments and the sorrows of Ireland is as yet far from finished.

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It is not from a fair appeal to any portion of the community that we have anything to fear. A lingering doubt or despondency in the minds of Conservatives would be gone if they could make sure that the truth about the occurrences of the last few years—or even of the last year—could be brought home to the minds of the people. We must try what we can do; but we will not say there is a certainty of success. On this point, as on many others connected with contemporary events, we often remember a little anecdote which is doubtless familiar to most of our readers. Pitt, as it is well known, professed to feel no alarm or disquietude at the tremendous incidents which were passing under his eyes in France. No such turmoils could ever break out in this country. He was one day conversing with Burke on the subject, when Burke gave utterance to some thought of gloomy presage concerning the future of England. Pitt, as usual, treated it lightly. ‘I am not at all afraid for England,’ said he; ‘*we* shall stand till the Day of Judgment.’ ‘Ay, sir,’ replied Burke, ‘but it is the day of *no* judgment I am afraid of.’ That is all the Conservatives have cause to be afraid of now—but it is much.

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *A Dissertation upon the Use and Importance of Unauthoritative Tradition, as an Introduction to the Christian Doctrines: being the substance of a Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, May 31, 1818, upon 2 Thess. ii. 15.* By Edward Hawkins, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College. 8vo. 1819. (pp. 88.)
2. *Memorandum respectfully submitted by the Provost of Oriel to Her Majesty's Commissioners under 'The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge Act, 1877,' with reference to a New Code of Statutes framed by the College—March 5th, 1879:* (pp. 11).

IN the heart of Oxford, hemmed in by public thoroughfares,—on a small plot of ground which has been the possession and the home of one society since 'the age of Scotus and Occam and Dante,'—stands a college of which from A.D. 1828 to A.D. 1882 the subject of the present memoir was Provost. It derives its familiar designation from the mansion (called '*le Oriole*') which anciently occupied part of its site and had been the property of Eleanor of Castile; its actual title being 'the House or Hall of S. Mary.' In the words of Cardinal Newman (himself a fellow and chief ornament of the same house from 1823 to 1846),—

'The visitor, whose curiosity has been excited by its present fame, gazes with disappointment on a collection of buildings, which have with them so few of the circumstances of dignity or wealth. Broad quadrangles, high halls and chambers, ornamented cloisters, stately walks or umbrageous gardens, a throng of students, ample revenues, or a glorious history,—none of these things were the portion of that old foundation; nothing in short, which to the common eye a century ago would have given tokens of what it was to be.'

But Oriel under the Provostships of Eveleigh, Copleston, and Hawkins, earned for itself a great reputation; achieved a name which is already a household word wherever the English

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language is spoken. Will the present writer be disappointed, (he asks himself) in his hope that by drawing with an affectionate hand a sketch, however slight and imperfect, of the last-named of those three Provosts, he will win the thanks of not a few generations of Oxford men who already carry with them, indelibly imprinted on their memories, the image of that dignified presence,—that reverend form,—that familiar face? EDWARD HAWKINS had in truth become an historical personage long before his resignation of the active duties of his office in 1874. And though we ejaculate '*Floreat Oriel*' as fervently now as when we used to breathe the toast in his company over the Founder's cup,—(filled inconveniently full of hot spiced wine on 'the gaudy'),—we cannot conceal from ourselves that the College over which he actively presided for 46 years will henceforth hold its onward course under essentially changed conditions. EDWARD HAWKINS was the last 'PROVOST OF ORIEL.'

'Our family,'—wrote his great-grandfather in 1737, (Mr. Cæsar Hawkins of Ludlow in Shropshire, to his son Sir Cæsar Hawkins, the first Baronet,)—'had a good] estate at Pottersbury in Northamptonshire; at Long Compton in Warwickshire; and at Blackstone in Worcestershire. And my great-grandfather had a Regiment of horse in King Charles the First's time—which proved the beginning of the family's ruin.' Colonel Cæsar Hawkins, the soldier who thus stands foremost in the family annals, was a conspicuous personage during the period of the Great Rebellion. He was governor of Greenland-house in Buckinghamshire, which had been garrisoned for the King with a view to commanding the passage over the Thames from Henley and Reading to London. After gallantly defending it against the Parliamentary army under Lord Essex during a severe six months' siege, Colonel Hawkins was forced to surrender Greenland in July 1644, (the whole structure having been beaten down by cannon,) but on honourable terms.\* Clarendon describes him as marching into Oxford with his three hundred men; and relates that he was immediately despatched with the royalist force under command of Colonel Gage to the relief of Basing-house. Dr. Francis Hawkins, the Colonel's grandson, was appointed Dean of Chichester [1688–99]—perhaps in recognition of the losses his family had sustained in the King's cause. Certain it is that, as Chaplain of the Tower, he 'had merited of the Government by zealous service among the State prisoners, and had been particularly acceptable

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\* Lipscomb's '*Bucks*,' iii. 576,—quoting Whitelock's '*Memorials*.'

in his dealing with Fitz-Harris before his execution.\* At Chichester, he found a disorganized Chapter and a dilapidated Deanery. Traces of the structure (left a ruin by the Parliamentary forces under Sir William Waller) are yet discernible in the city wall which bounds the Dean's garden.

Fourth in descent from the same soldier, was Sir Cæsar Hawkins, eminent as a surgeon, created first Baronet of the family in 1778. He purchased the manor of Kelston in Somersetshire, from the Haringtons; razed their old family mansion, and (in 1760) erected a modern residence on a site nearer the Avon. It is described as standing beautifully on a hill, overlooking the river which there makes a graceful curve. There is a portrait of him by Hogarth at the College of Surgeons. His youngest son Edward, in 1778, became successively Vicar of Bisley near Stroud in Gloucestershire, where most of his children were born, — and (twenty years later) Rector of Kelston, whither he removed in 1800. He was the father of thirteen children, of whom the subject of the present memoir was the eldest, and he died 10th Jan. 1806. EDWARD HAWKINS, of whom we are to speak, was born—not at Bisley, however, but at Bath,—on the 27th February, 1789: 'a little more than nine weeks before the opening of the States General at Versailles, and the commencement of the French Revolution.'

Of his earliest years nothing is remembered except that he was of a very delicate constitution. His parents showed him to a doctor, who declared that nothing was discoverable to forbid the hope that the child might reach the appointed limit of human life. It certainly required a prophet to foretel that the weakly little boy would live to fulfil almost a century of years. At the age of seven (1796) he was sent to school at Elmore, in Gloucestershire, under Dr. Bishop. Elmore-court, then occupied as a school-house, is the picturesque ancestral seat of the Guise family. Here, the sons of many of the gentry of Gloucestershire and the neighbouring counties (as the father of the present Baronet, who himself was at school there, informed his son), received their education. From Elmore, when he was twelve years old (February 5th, 1801), Edward was transferred to Merchant-Taylors' School; and thence was elected to an 'Andrew exhibition' at S. John's College, Oxford, on S. Barnabas' day 1807,—being at the time third monitor in the school.

Little of interest has been recovered concerning these, his

\* Kennett's 'Collections,' Lansdowne MSS.—Details of this business are found in 'A narrative, being a true Relation of what discourse passed between Dr. Hawkins and Edward Fitz-Harys, Esq., late prisoner in the Tower: with the manner of taking his Confession.'—London, fol. 1681, pp. 10.

youthful years. 'I lost my Father' (wrote the Provost of Oriel, fifty years later,) 'when he was only 52. I was yet at school; and his youngest son was but half-a-year old.' By this event, Edward (the eldest of ten\* surviving children) found himself in a position of greatly increased responsibility. He had been appointed joint executor with his Mother (Margaret, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Howes,) and her brother. Thoughtful and judicious beyond his years, he came to be regarded in consequence by his younger brothers and sisters almost in the light of a Father; and indeed he did a Father's part by them all, most faithfully and fondly. His Mother, now left a widow, repaired with her little brood to Chew Magna, a village about 7 miles from Bristol (10 or 12 from Bath), where her husband and she had rented the Manor-house, as a place of temporary sojourn in 1800, while Kelston Rectory was undergoing repair and enlargement. It must have been a profound sense of her own desolation and the greatness of her need—thus left with ten children (seven of them sons) to sustain, educate, and direct in life—which determined her choice of a text for her husband's memorial tablet in Kelston church. She claimed the fulfilment of the Divine promise, and wrote (from Jeremiah xlix. 11)—'Leave thy fatherless children. I will preserve them alive. And let thy widows trust in Me.' . . . From Chew Magna she removed to Newton St. Loe near Bath in 1820-1.

To the same village,—soon after the period when the widow had returned there with her children,—also came to reside Mr. and Mrs. Richard Buckle. He had once commanded a vessel in the trade with the African Gold Coast, which at that time was carried on in Bristol; but he now held an office in the Bristol Custom House. A friendship sprang up between the two families; the younger members being almost always together, and sharing the same amusements. Strong political sympathies helped to cement this friendship. To their general disgust, a radical member (Mr. Hunt) having been returned for Bristol, the children thought it their duty to burn him in effigy: their parents looking on with evident satisfaction.

Edward Hawkins and his sister Sarah (they were devoted to

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\* Three sisters,—Sarah, who died at Torquay in 1876:—Frances (the second daughter so named):—Mary Ann (also the second daughter so named) who yet lives:—and six brothers; viz. Francis, M.D. Physician to the Queen's Household and Registrar of the Royal College of Physicians, who died in 1877, aged 83:—Cæsar Henry, who became Serjeant-Surgeon to the Queen; who yet lives, and is able to relate that he has been consulted by *four generations* of the Royal Family:—George (the second son so named), in Holy Orders, who died in 1826:—John and Charles, who died in India in 1818 and 1830:—and Robert, the present Rector of Lamberhurst in Kent.



one another) on the one side, and Mary Ann Buckle (the only daughter) on the other, grew fast friends. The future Provost of Oriel already displayed those characteristics for which he became distinguished in after life. A strong sense of duty was ever paramount with him. He habitually set the rest an example of steady application; exercised severe self-control; denied himself amusements and whatever belonged to mere personal gratification. His sympathy for sorrow is still affectionately remembered, as well as his skill in ministering to a broken spirit. Mrs. Buckle, having suddenly lost her husband (in 1826), remarked that Edward's words were the first which procured her any measure of real comfort. He had an accomplished and very delightful brother (George) who was carried off by consumption at the age of 26,—to whom his ministerial offices were most tender as well as unremitting. In the end, the two families left Chew together, and Newton near Bath and Clifton became the home of both. Their former intimacy had already ripened into warm friendship. Edward's days were spent in study: but he found that he could occasionally spare an evening for a walk with Mary Buckle. After an interval of so many years, a vivid recollection is preserved of the intelligence and kindness with which in one of those early walks he explained the nature of Perspective,—the principle on which those many converging lines were drawn, and which the young lady had but very imperfectly apprehended by the light of Nature. Not altogether unacceptable to a girl of a singularly modest and retiring disposition, must have been the society of a youth so thoughtful and high-minded as Edward Hawkins.—But to resume the story of his Oxford life.

Supplemented by many a studious vacation, his thirteen laborious terms at S. John's resulted in a double-first class in the Easter term of 1811. Hawkins was the fifth person, (Sir Robert Peel being the first, and John Keble the third,) who, since the establishing of the Class-list in 1807, had achieved that honourable distinction. In the next year he became Tutor of his College; and reckoned among his pupils the late President Wynter and H. A. Woodgate. At Easter 1813 he was elected to a fellowship at Oriel,—‘*in staurō*,’ as the ancient chamber over the gateway is styled in the Dean's register.

Dr. John Eveleigh, who had been Provost since 1781, was already entering on the 33rd (which was to be the last) year of his headship;—Edward Copleston, John Davison, Richard Whately, and John Keble, being among the most conspicuous of the fellows. *Facile princeps* however at the time of which we speak was Eveleigh himself,—a name still remembered with  
veneration

reverence in Oxford. To him, in conjunction with Dr. Parsons, Master of Balliol, belongs the honour of having originated the reform of the University examinations and established the 'Class-list.' What wonder if Oriel rose into eminence under the guidance of such a spirit? 'He was Provost when I was elected fellow,' wrote Mr. Keble in 1855. 'I had known him as long as I could remember any one. He was, I verily believe, a man to bring down a blessing upon any society of which he was a member.' Over the fire-place in Oriel Common-room hangs his portrait,—a very grand work by Hoppner: the face full of dignity and intelligence.

Such was the college into which Hawkins was introduced on his election to a fellowship at Oriel. To the outside world names like the foregoing are probably suggestive of none but the gravest images,—severe treatises and recondite conversation. But Oxford men will not require telling that there was a playful side to all this. To say the truth, we have never busied ourselves with such enquiries as the present, without being almost diverted from our purpose by the multitude of grotesque memories which we have unintentionally evoked. Thus, one fails to recognize 'Davison on Prophecy,'—(though Hawkins is there plainly enough)—in the following story of those early days which the Provost related long after.\*—Davison (rushing in),—'Hawkins, I'm horribly afraid they're going to make me junior Treasurer. I know nothing of accounts. I shall be sure to make mistakes.' Some hours later,—'Hawkins, I am a ruined man. They would make me serve.'—'Never fear. Put down everything and you are safe.'—A year elapses: re-enter Davison. 'I told you so, Hawkins. I'm a ruined man. My accounts are wrong by hundreds.'—'Don't be alarmed. Let me see them.' The quarter-book is brought and patiently examined. 'Added up quite right': (Davison turns deadly pale:) 'but *you had no occasion to add in the date of the year.*'—An aged member of Christ Church (long since departed) declared to the present writer that the only thing he could recal of the Oriel Common-room of that period was a frolicsome tournament on the hearth-rug between two mounted combatants (known to the public for encounters of a very different kind), armed with the hand-screens which for many a long year used to adorn (?) the mantel-piece.—A rustic parson, whom Whately *more suo* had been for a long time enlightening after dinner, before going away came up to the oracle with much formality,—gathered himself to his full height, —and gravely thanked him 'for the pains he had taken to instruct

\* To Canon Eden, Vicar of Aberford, once a fellow of Oriel.

him throughout the evening.' 'O, not at all' (exclaimed Whately); 'it's a very pleasant thing to have *an anvil to beat out one's thoughts upon*.'—The Provost himself told a friend\* in 1880, that 'when he was examined for his fellowship, at Oriel, the examination took place in the Ante-chapel; and the weather being bitterly cold, two of the candidates had a boxing-match in order to keep themselves warm.' Milman, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, brought him tidings of his election.

It requires an effort to realize the change which has passed over English life,—manners, dress, habits,—since the date referred to, viz. A.D. 1813. 'The first time I saw Whately, he wore a pea-green coat, white waistcoat, stone-coloured shorts, flesh-coloured silk stockings. His hair was powdered.' Arnold, in a 'light blue coat with metal buttons, and a buff waistcoat'—(we are quoting words of the Provost spoken in 1857)—must have been a less picturesque object. But in fact as late as 1847 the senior fellow of Oriel (the Rev. Edward Miles Rudd), used to appear at the College 'gaudy' decorated with a pigtail, in a chocolate-coloured coat and black shorts. He had travelled up from Northamptonshire in a fly—devoting to the journey two days. Rudd however was an exceptional case, for he was senior Fellow as early as 1819.—Better deserving of record is the fact, that the fellows of Oriel were the first in Oxford to break through the tyranny of fashion by abandoning the immoderate use of wine which prevailed in the upper ranks of English society until a period within the memory of aged persons of the last generation. This was the first Common-room where tea was drunk. Dr. Macbride, the venerable Principal of Magdalen Hall, used to describe with great *naïveté* the contempt with which, some sixty-five years ago, it used to be said,—'Why, those fellows drink *tea*!' 'The Oriel tea-pot' became a standing joke in the University.

Much to be regretted is it that the practice is not adopted in Colleges of perpetuating, in connection with each set of rooms, the names of its successive occupants. Failing this, it seems strange that no pains have been taken to preserve a record of the rooms which were tenanted by men who afterwards became famous. 'The only room in which I ever regularly resided,' (wrote the author of 'The Christian Year' in 1855,) 'was up one pair of stairs, *I think on the left*, opposite C. C. C. gateway. Davison had it before me,—Dornford afterwards. Is it not Marriott's now? my head is confused on that point.'—Sure of approval, we have transcribed the entire paragraph before

\* The Rev. R. G. Livingstone, fellow of Pembroke college.

stating that, as a matter of fact, the door of what was Mr. Keble's sitting-room (effectually identified by the gateway opposite) is on *the right* of one going up one pair of stairs. Charles Marriott in 1855 occupied the corresponding rooms on *the next* staircase (No. 3) towards the Chapel,—first floor to the right: his immediate predecessor having been John Henry Newman. But any one who can recal the studious aspect of the apartments in question while occupied by those two famous Divines,—ill-carpeted and indifferently furnished, as well as encumbered with book-shelves in every part,—would entirely fail to recognize them in their present guise. They were mercilessly smartened up after Marriott's sad death.

'You succeeded Newman in these rooms, I know,' (remarked the present writer to Charles Marriott, while watching beside his sick-bed). 'Didn't I once hear you say that Newman succeeded Whately?'—'Yes, and he told me that when he took these rooms, he found the last of Whately's herrings still hanging on the string before the Chapel window.' To render which story intelligible it requires to be explained that (before the Chapel underwent renovation some five-and-twenty years ago) a partition of lath and plaster separated the bay of the west window from the Ante-chapel,—making it a nondescript appendage to the set of rooms of which we are speaking; available as a larder, an oratory, or a lumber-closet, according to the taste of the occupant. It was a 'fad' of the future Archbishop to pull a herring daily from the string, and to frizzle it—*sine ullâ solennitate*—for breakfast, on the coals of his fire. It shall only be added that Hawkins occupied the rooms above Pusey's,—viz. the uppermost in the south-west angle of the college looking towards Canterbury gate.

Of the fifteen years during which he was fellow of Oriel (1813–28), the first six were unencumbered with the responsibilities of college tuition; and he availed himself of the opportunity which was presented to him of accompanying, as tutor, James William, Lord Caulfield, only son of the Earl of Charlemont, to the continent; making one of the family party.

'He stayed in Paris as long as he could, only quitting the city on the morning of the day on the evening of which Napoleon entered it. As he hurried to the sea-coast, he had some misgivings that he might be arrested, and treated as English travellers in France had been treated at the time of the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. But the general opinion was that Bonaparte would not repeat in 1815 the policy which, without really serving his interests, had made him intensely hated in 1803. Mr. Hawkins reached England without molestation. He at once went down to Oxford.

'It was on this occasion (proceeds Mr. Livingstone) that there was  
with

with him in the stage-coach between London and Oxford only one other passenger,—a gentleman endowed with a singular charm of manner and great powers of conversation. At Nuneham, (which was his destination,) the stranger on leaving the coach said to his companion,—"I hope the next time you are in London, you will call on me." "Nothing," said Mr. Hawkins, "would give me greater pleasure; but—I do not know your name." "Oh!" said his fellow-traveller, "my name is Wilberforce." "What! are you *the* Mr. Wilberforce?" "Well," (replied the other,) "I suppose I must say I am *the* Mr. Wilberforce." This was the Provost's first introduction. He called on his new acquaintance in London, and from that time till his death enjoyed a considerable degree of intimacy with him.

'He told me that the object of Mr. Wilberforce's journey to Nuneham was to make arrangements for placing his sons under the tuition of a clergyman there. I suspect that it was the conversation between London and Nuneham and the friendly intercourse which ensued, which eventually determined his choice of a college at Oxford for three of his sons.'

In the year 1824, Mr. Wilberforce strongly urged Hawkins to undertake one of the two newly-founded Bishoprics, Jamaica and Barbadoes. 'I had however laid out for myself a different course of life,'—added the Provost in recounting this incident, long after, to his friend, Archdeacon Grant. The sees were eventually filled up by Lipscombe and Coleridge.

Returned to Oriel (viz. in March 1815), Hawkins addressed himself seriously to the study of Divinity. This was not his earliest passion. His strong desire had been to become a lawyer. In truth, his mind was essentially *legal* in its texture; and had he made Law the business of his life, no one who knew him will doubt that he would have attained the highest rewards which that profession has to offer. What determined him to take Holy Orders and to devote himself to the sacred calling, was his supreme anxiety to assist his Mother,—a widow left with ten children and a slender income. In other words, he regarded it as a paramount duty to do a Father's part by his six younger brothers: and he knew that the career which awaited him in Oxford would second his inclinations far more effectually than the problematical rewards of the Bar. He gave himself up to sacred studies therefore. And thus we reach a period of his life, concerning which some interesting notices have been preserved in the Autobiography of the most famous of his contemporaries,—Dr. Newman. It should be explained that this remarkable man was elected from Trinity, of which college he had been a scholar, to a fellowship at Oriel in 1822: that in 1823, Hawkins became Vicar of S. Mary's; and that in the next ensuing year Newman was ordained to the curacy of S. Clement's.

This

This fixes 1824-5, (when their ages were respectively 35-6 and 23-4,) as the period referred to in the ensuing recollections.

'From 1822 to 1825 I saw most of the Provost of Oriel, Dr. Hawkins, at that time Vicar of St. Mary's; and when I took Orders in 1824, and had a curacy in Oxford, then, during the Long Vacations, I was especially thrown into his company. I can say with a full heart that I love him, and have never ceased to love him; and I thus preface what otherwise might sound rude, that in the course of the many years in which we were together afterwards, he provoked me very much from time to time, though I am perfectly certain that I have provoked him a great deal more. Moreover, in me such provocation was unbecoming, both because he was the Head of my College, and because, in the first years that I knew him, he had been in many ways of great service to my mind.'

The passage which follows will be more conveniently introduced further on [p. 334]. After which, Dr. Newman proceeds,—

'He was the means of great additions to my belief. He gave me the "Treatise on Apostolical Preaching," by Sumner, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, from which I was led to give up my remaining Calvinism, and to receive the doctrine of Baptismal regeneration. In many other ways too he was of use to me, on subjects semi-religious and semi-scholastic. It was he too who taught me to anticipate that, before many years were over, there would be an attack made upon the Books and the Canon of Scripture.

'There is one other principle which I gained from Dr. Hawkins, more directly bearing upon Catholicism than any that I have mentioned; and that is the doctrine of "Tradition." When I was an undergraduate, I heard him preach in the University pulpit [May 31st, 1818] his celebrated Sermon on the subject, and recollect how long it appeared to me, though he was at that time a very striking preacher; but, when I read it and studied it as his gift, it made a most serious impression upon me. He does not go one step, I think, beyond the high Anglican doctrine, nay he does not reach it; but he does his work thoroughly, and his view was in him original, and his subject was a novel one at the time. He lays down a proposition, self-evident as soon as stated, to those who have at all examined the structure of Scripture, viz. that the sacred Text was never intended to teach doctrine, but only to prove it, and that, if we would learn doctrine, we must have recourse to the formularies of the Church; for instance, to the Catechism, and to the Creeds. He considers that, after learning from them the doctrines of Christianity, the inquirer must verify them by Scripture. This view, most true in its outline, most fruitful in its consequences, opened upon me a large field of thought.\*

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\* 'History of my Religious Opinions,' by John Henry Newman, 8vo. 1865, p. 379: being a new edition of his celebrated 'Apologia,' p. 8 to p. 9.

The 'Dissertation upon the use and importance of unauthoritative Tradition, as an introduction to the Christian doctrines,' published in 1819,\* at once established the reputation of the writer as a thoughtful Divine. He was then thirty years of age. The same province of enquiry will be found explained and expanded in his 'Bampton Lectures' for 1840,—which have for their object, 'An inquiry into the connected uses of the principal means for attaining Christian Truth': † 'the connected uses, that is to say, in order to this end, of the Scriptures and of the Church; of human Reason and of illuminating Grace.' ‡

The most popular of his writings,—an elementary 'Manual for Christians,' which was probably suggested by the requirements of his parishioners, now appeared, and went through at least seven editions. A characteristic 'Letter upon compulsory attendance at the Communion,' published anonymously in 1822,—together with a thoughtful Sermon entitled 'Systematic Preaching recommended,' delivered at S. Mary's, June 4th, 1825,—are his only other original productions of the same period. But in 1824, he edited Milton's poetical works in four volumes,—an admirable performance, which bears in every page tokens of that unflinching conscientiousness which characterized whatever he took in hand. His editorial notes are subscribed 'E.' One, of peculiar interest, occurs at pp. xcix–ci, in which he gives his own estimate of the poet's opinions and character. He considered Milton's views Arian:—

'Dr. Routh remarked to me one day'—[these words, dated 1848, are written in the editor's own interleaved copy, facing page c].—'that the Arian hypothesis was better suited to a poem. Milton, however, would not have admitted anything of Arianism even into a poem, had it not been his own belief. See the posthumous work "De Doctrinâ Christianâ," published in 1825 [Cantab. 4to] by the present Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Charles Sumner.'

Next in importance to Hawkins's 'Dissertation on Tradition,' is his sermon preached before the University some ten years later (viz. Nov. 11, 1838), on 'The Duty of Private Judgment': of which the object, (as might be divined from its title), is not to vindicate *the right*—but to explain and enforce '*the duty of Private Judgment*.' It reached a third edition in 1854. The

\* Including the substance of a Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, May 31, 1828, upon 2 Thess. ii. 15.

† See the Preface, pp. vii, viii.—Quite similar is the purport of 'Christianity, not the Religion either of the Bible only, or of the Church,'—a sermon preached at Maldon, July 28, 1830, at the Bp. of London's primary Visitation.

‡ See the 'Advertisement' prefixed to the 3rd Edition of his Sermon.



author had intended that it should form part of a larger work,—which however eventually did not attain fulfilment. The ‘Bampton Lectures’ (already referred to) were the nearest approach to the large systematic Treatise which, prior to 1854, he had cherished the hope and intention of some day giving to the world. Henceforth we shall content ourselves with merely enumerating Dr. Hawkins’s published writings.\*

The period of his incumbency at S. Mary-the-Virgin’s (1823–8) was rendered memorable to the University by the energy and skill with which he commenced and brought to a successful termination the present internal arrangement of the University church: happily reconciling the conflicting claims of the University and of the parish, and securing an apportionment of the seats which has proved satisfactory to both parties, down to the present time. In this great work he was supremely fortunate in procuring the professional services of a gentleman named Plowman,—a native and resident of Oxford,—who (as Sir Gilbert Scott pointed out to the present writer) was far in advance of his time in his knowledge of Gothic architecture, and in his sense of propriety of arrangement. Those were very early days. Church restoration had not as yet been thought of. But under the guidance of the accomplished architect already mentioned, the work proceeded admirably. The chancel was wisely let alone: but the organ-loft was furnished with a stone front towards the nave; and the beautiful pillars were disencumbered of the monuments which until then encrusted and disfigured them. These were transferred to the walls of the church. In March 1828, he had the satisfaction of resigning to his celebrated successor (Mr. Newman) a renovated church, and a parish in which he had laboured conscientiously for six years. Full forty years after the time of which we are speaking, ‘Rebecca’ (the dear old sextoness of S. Mary’s) was observed invariably, at the close of University sermon, to station herself near the more easterly of the two doors on the south side,—by which the

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\* In 1861, appeared his Sermon on ‘The Province of Private Judgment and the right conduct of Religious inquiry’; and another in 1863, on ‘The liberty of Private Judgment within the Church of England.’ These had been preceded (in 1831) by an elementary sermon on ‘The Way of Salvation’ (pp. 36).—His ‘Discourses upon some of the principal objects and uses of the Historical Scriptures of the O. T.’—1833 (pp. 193).—is an interesting volume. He also contributed two sermons to a series of ‘Original Family Sermons,’ put forth by the S. P. C. K. in 1833 and following years: viz. ‘Building on the sure Foundation’ (i. 155–168), and ‘Church Music’ (v. 149–164).—In 1838, appeared his sermon on ‘The Duty and means of promoting Christian Knowledge without impairing Christian Unity.’—In 1839, he pleaded for ‘Church Extension in England and Wales.’ [In the Notes at the foot of pp. 328 and 343, will be found enumerated all his other known publications not mentioned in the Text.]

Provost always left the church; and he was observed *never* to fail in bestowing upon her a bow of friendly recognition.\*

Hawkins was now Whitehall preacher (1827-8), and was accounted impressive in the pulpit by men most competent to pronounce an opinion. Let it be noted as a marvellous token of his shrewdness in estimating character, that he should at this period (1827) have predicted 'that if Mr. Arnold were elected to the head-mastership of Rugby, he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England.'

With the year 1828 came the great event of his public life, namely, his election to the Provostship of Oriel. Dr. Copleston, who had presided over the college with singular ability and success since the death of Dr. Eveleigh in 1814, was appointed Bishop of Llandaff towards the close of 1827: and Hawkins, in February 1828, was elected to succeed him by the unanimous vote of the society,—which at that time reckoned among its fellows Keble (elected in 1811): Henry Jenkyns (elected in 1818): Dornford, Awdry, and Rickards (all three elected in 1819): Jelf (elected in 1821): Newman (elected in 1822): Pusey (elected in 1823): R. I. Wilberforce and Hurrell Froude (both elected in 1826).—Davison (who had been elected in 1800), and Whately (in 1811), as well as Hampden and Arnold (both elected in 1815), were no longer fellows.—Under ordinary circumstances such an incident might well have been passed over with the mere recital of the fact. But a mistaken opinion inveterately prevails concerning the Provost's election, which the two following letters (from Mr. Keble) will effectually dispel.

\* Coln St. Aldwin's, near Fairford, December 9th, 1827.

'MY DEAR GOOD HAWKINS,—I have brought over this sheet of paper to my Father's little parsonage that I might write on it to you between the Services, and thank you for the pleasure and comfort of your kind little letter this morning. It would be too bad for you and me who have been working together so long in the same cause, to begin snarling and growling at this time of day and in the middle

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\* 'Rebecca' was quite an institution. Her memory went back to the pre-historic period. She had evidently learned to regard the Vicars of S. Mary's in the light of an interminable procession of rather troublesome individuals. One of them, (in 1863,) was so rash as to address her as follows:—'I wish, my dear, you wouldn't rattle your keys quite so loud when you unlock the pew-doors.' Rebecca began to cry. 'O don't cry, Rebecca.' 'I *must* cry': then, soliloquizing, —'First there was Muster Hawkins with *his* ways:—then there was Muster Newman with *his* ways;—then there was Muster Eden with *his* ways:—then there was Muster Marriott with *his* ways:—then there was Muster Chase with *his* ways:—and now, *there's* you with *yourn*.'—When questioned concerning Dr. Newman, she invariably wound up her reply with,—'Yes, it was *his* mother as gave my mother her six silver spoons.' For example,—'Tell me, Rebecca, where he used to stand when he consecrated the elements.' 'He used to stand and do exactly as you do . . . . Yes, it was *his* mother,' &c. &c.

of Advent for an affair of this sort: and I never was much afraid of it, I may say not at all: but now we have it under one another's hand and seal, we are bound in honour to behave well. And I am in great hopes that by not caring too much for things, we shall be enabled to turn what might have been unpleasant into a time of comfortable recollection as long as we live. You and I agreed to remember one another at a trying time for us both a little more than a twelvemonth ago; if you please, we will do the same now.

'I hope I am not putting anyone to inconvenience or annoyance by not writing as yet more decidedly on the subject. If it is wished, I will do so immediately; but if not, I believe I ought to wait about two or three posts more.

'Give my very kind regards to the Provost and all the fellows, and believe me ever, my dear Hawkins, your most affectionate *enemy*,  
'J. K. Jun.'

'Fairford, December 28th, 1827.

'MY DEAR HAWKINS,—Having brought all into a sum, (as George Herbert says,) I have pretty well satisfied myself that greatly as the college would be benefited were the choice of the majority, in this important matter, to fall on me, it may yet do very well, provided you are a good boy and do your *very very* best, under your auspices: and such being the case, and I having private and family reasons of my own, which lead me, as a matter of taste, not to wish for the office, I really see no reason why the college should be troubled with any difference of opinion about the matter. I wrote to this effect, last night, to Froude, and shall probably write to Plumer and Newman to-day: and I feel very well satisfied with myself for what I have done: so please not to make any objection, for I shan't change. At the same time, to prevent misconception, I must tell you that I don't at all do this, as shrinking from the office itself. I have not at all a *Nolo episcopari* feeling towards it; and perhaps I do not think it so very much more difficult a trust than any other pastoral employment,—nor have I any other reason to think, from what experience I have had, that I am particularly deficient in the art of managing youths of that age. I say this, because I don't want to have it imagined that I am eaten up with a kind of morbid mistrust of myself: and also in order to prepare you for a little amicable discussion as to the principles of University discipline, with which you may expect to be regaled when I next have the pleasure of seeing you. Not that I think there is any great difference between us: I am sure we used always, I thought, to agree very well on those as well as on most other matters, and so I dare say we always shall.

'Good bye, my dear Hawkins. Remember me to all the Christmas dirge-men if there be any, and believe me ever yours most affectionately,  
'J. KEEBLE, Jun.'

The actual election took place on the 2nd February, and was attended by the usual traditional forms of admission to the Headship. One thing that happened was informal:—

'You

'You must have heard from Mr. Golightly,' (writes the friend who has already supplied us with more than one interesting notice\*), 'the ludicrous incident connected with the event. Part of the ceremonial of installation consisted in solemnly closing the college gates. The newly elected Provost was then required to knock, in order to be formally admitted by the Dean, and received by the fellows assembled under the archway. Dr. (now Cardinal) Newman was at that time Dean of the college. The gates were duly closed, and the fellows stood waiting for the expected signal. At last a knock was heard, and the Dean advancing asked "*Quis adest?*" "Please sir," (replied a tremulous voice), "It's me, the college washerwoman." The gate was opened, and between the fellows, drawn up in two ranks, passed a venerable matron laden with baskets of clean linen.

'Again the gate was shut, and again there was a false alarm. At last three sharp incisive taps were heard. "I knew," said Mr. Golightly, "before a word was spoken, that now there was no mistake." Again the question "*Quis adest?*" was asked, but this time with the response—"*Edvardus Hawkins hujusce collegii Præpositus.*"—I have heard that Cardinal Newman, being asked within the last twelve months about this little episode, declared that he had no recollection of it. My informant was an undergraduate eye-witness of the scene, and I can hardly believe that he was mistaken in his recollections.'

As the news of Hawkins's election to the headship of Oriel spread through the provinces, in the tardy fashion of those days, it was the signal for a shower of interesting letters of hearty congratulation from distinguished men. The best known name is that of William Wilberforce, three of whose sons had been educated at Oriel. By one correspondent, the event was hailed as a blessing to the Church and to the world. All alike regarded it as fraught with advantage to the college and to the University. Arnold's letter of congratulation (written from Laleham, Feb. 8th) seems to reflect the history of this election, with entire truthfulness and accuracy. All eyes had been directed to *two* fellows of the college,—Hawkins and Keble,—as the fittest to succeed Copleston in the headship. Both were general favourites: and with the election of either the entire society would evidently have been fully content. The majority, under any circumstances, would have been with Hawkins: but, as a matter of fact, *Keble declined to come forward*. 'Let good old Hawkins walk over the course,'—was the deliberate decision of his rival. And now for Arnold's letter:—

'I am by no means certain that this will find you in Oxford; but I do not know where else to send it, and I do not wish to delay any longer my most hearty congratulations on your election to the Provostship.—I will not pretend to say that my rejoicings would have

\* Rev. R. G. Livingstone, fellow of Pembroke College.

been equally unmixed, had Keble been a candidate against you;—but as he is better pleased to continue as he is, I do rejoice most sincerely and entirely, both for your sake and that of the college;—and though I should have been *no less* glad to see him Provost, yet I can safely say that not even his election, nor that of any other man, would have given me *more* pleasure than yours has done.—But my pleasure is now unmixed, because there is not the disappointment of one friend to set against the success of another.’

In the Dean’s register book, and in Provost Hawkins’s handwriting, (for he was Dean at the time,) is to be seen his Address to the fellows (Jan. 30th, 1828) after reading to them their late Provost’s instrument of resignation,—as eloquent a tribute of dutiful regard as ever was penned.\*—It remains to add that on the 20th December he was united to the object of his early attachment,—Miss Mary Ann Buckle. They were married at Cheltenham, by Mr. (afterwards Dean) Close. And thus began that long course of domestic felicity which was only interrupted by his own death: for he had certainly found the gentlest, most devoted, and most helpful of wives.—No producible recollections remain of that early period, except a general impression of the exceeding brilliancy of the conversation, and the high intellectual character of the fellows of the college,—of whom, at first, Mrs. Hawkins was slightly afraid. There was indeed an unattractive stiffness and formality in the highest Academic circles, at the time we speak of, which since then has all but disappeared. To return, however, to what is our proper subject.—A passage claims insertion here, which was written with reference to the Provost’s marriage. Mr. Wilberforce, after apologizing for being somewhat tardy with his congratulations, wrote concerning himself as follows:—

‘It is really true that not long before I entered into the state of wedlock, I had almost been led into forming a resolution to continue through life a single man. And even when I was enjoying the first pleasures of the union, I could not so well appreciate the blessings of the state, as now when entered into my 70th year, I find my infirmities soothed and my spirit cheered by the affectionate endearments of a Wife and Children.’ (Highwood Hill, 5 Jan. 1829.)

To the Provostship of Oriel, (which is an ecclesiastical office), Queen Anne annexed a Canonry at Rochester in 1714. This entailed the yearly necessity of a three months’ residence in the Cathedral close,—which proved as beneficial to the Cathedral body as refreshing to himself. His habits of business and his *appetite* for work, joined to his lofty integrity and soundness of

\* From the Rev. F. H. Hall, fellow of Oriel.

judgment, made him an invaluable member of the Chapter. When he had seen about 80 years of life, he remarked (to the Principal of S. Mary Hall) that 'in consequence of the age and infirmity of some of his colleagues,' he was obliged to bestow increased attention on Cathedral business.

The Provostship of Oriel was further endowed with the Rectory of Purleigh in Essex,—where of course personal residence was impracticable: and, (let it be recorded to the Provost's honour,) no one more than himself desired the separation of that living from the headship. In the meantime his practice was to place at Purleigh a trustworthy *locum tenens* with an ample stipend, and to hold himself individually responsible for all parochial charities and benefactions. Quite in keeping with his invariable liberality was it, that when his first Curate became disabled through paralysis, the Rector continued to him his stipend until his death.—On the other hand, to prevent the severance of the Canonry at Rochester from the headship, was the object of the Provost's supreme anxiety to the latest moment of his existence. As the years rolled out, and 'liberal' opinions developed themselves in the society, it became, on the contrary, the chief aim of the majority of the fellows to achieve the severance of the Canonry, with a view to secularizing the headship of the College,\*—to which the Canonry was supposed to be the immediate obstacle. The Provost, on the other hand, maintained that there are duties attaching to the headship of a college as 'a place of Religion, Learning, and Education' which a layman is unable to discharge. This, which may be called the *Pastoral* aspect of his office, he never lost sight of. It was his practice to send for every freshman, and to question him as to his religious knowledge before admitting him to Holy Communion. A former scholar of Oriel † writes,—

'He asked me whether I had been confirmed? who had prepared me for Confirmation? and if I knew what work was the basis of the lectures on Confirmation which I had attended? I happened to be aware that Secker's Lectures were largely used by the head Master of Rossall, and I had subsequently read them myself. "Didn't you think it a very dry book?"—to which I readily replied in the affirmative. He further questioned me in order to ascertain if I understood the nature of the Ordinance and the obligations therewith connected. This was his invariable practice with freshmen.'

\* By application to the House of Lords in 1869: to the Prime Minister and to the Lord Chancellor, in 1871 and 1875. But in 1879, the College made 'the singular suggestion, that funds appropriated by the representative of the Founder and by Parliament to the Head of the Society should be taken as a contribution (to University purposes) of the College itself from its own revenues.'

† Rev. R. G. Livingstone.



The Provost's care and consideration for the younger members of his college was remarkable. An incident is remembered in connection with one who has since achieved for himself a great reputation.—One of the tutors (Clement Greswell) was unduly severe towards a certain undergraduate at 'Collections' (as the examination at the end of Term is called); which the Provost perceiving, came to the youth's rescue. Having conducted him patiently over his books, he ended by complimenting him on his work; adding that he possessed excellent abilities, and might, if he cultivated them, command success and future distinction. The youth so encouraged was the present Viscount Cranbrook,—whom Disraeli privately spoke of as his 'right-hand man.' It should be recorded, to Clement Greswell's honour, that this incident did not in the least affect his subsequent friendly bearing towards his pupil.

In connection with this part of the subject, (the friendly relation, namely, which the Provost maintained with the undergraduate members of his College), his punctual *hospitality* deserves special mention. 'Given to hospitality' as he conspicuously was, *they* came in for their full share,—as many of them will remember and gratefully attest. . . . Often has one of the fellows in Vacation time,—(when the cook, suppose, had begged for a holiday, and there was not so much as a 'remainder biscuit' left in the cupboard,)—availed himself of the known proclivity of his Chief.—Once, at mid-day, Nature asserted herself so imperiously, that,—(exclaiming 'I really *must* run over to the Provost's for something to eat,')—he presented himself at the Provost's luncheon-table. He was received with undisguised pleasure,—not unmingled with merriment when it had been explained that (to speak plainly) nothing else but a pang of hunger had brought him. While crossing 'quad,' he had secretly resolved to repay the anticipated hospitality by making himself as pleasant as he could: so he began to tell the Provost the drollest stories he could think of. The Provost laughed till he fairly cried, and finally (to his guest's infinite satisfaction) took off his spectacles in order to wipe them. Vain satisfaction! short-lived boast! The Provost availed himself of the interval to give him a lecture. 'I declare [so-and-so], you are most agreeable and entertaining. Now, who would believe that you could be so severe with your pen! Why, when you are writing controversially,'—Heaven knows *what* wholesome but unpalatable truths were going to follow. Providentially the recollection of the last story at this instant recurred, and again the Provost began to laugh. What need to say that his guest availed himself of the golden opportunity to bow to Mrs. Hawkins and to withdraw? It



It was characteristic of the Provost that,—strict, even severe as he was in respect of minor irregularities on the part of the undergraduates,—whenever a case of real misconduct came before a College meeting, it was generally *he* who interposed between the offender and the extreme sentence of collegiate law; counselling the less severe course, out of consideration for 'the young man's prospects.' Woe to 'the young man' however if he made his appearance at 'Collections' smelling of tobacco! The Provost had a great abhorrence of it; and would inveigh against its use, referring to the cigar as a 'nasty weed,'—much to the amusement of offending undergraduates. . . . One summer's evening, it became plain to him that the obnoxious smell was gradually infecting every part of his 'lodgings.' The *fons et origo mali* he could not divine. Could it be some practical joke of the undergraduates? The odour seemed to come from above. Upstairs accordingly he went; and at last discovered a long black-gaitered leg dangling through the sky-light. It was the property of his guest, Abp. Whately, who was enjoying a quiet cigar on the leads.\*

Another characteristic story comes back and claims insertion.—The Provost from his library window, (it looks out on the back quadrangle), espied on a certain Monday morning two undergraduates—(their names are remembered)—chasing one another, certainly in very juvenile fashion, over the grass. The sermon in the college chapel overnight had been preached by 'Charlie Daman,'—its subject, '*The Childlike spirit*.' The Provost sent for the offenders, and addressed them somewhat as follows:—'Mr. — and Mr. —, I believe you both heard Mr. Daman's sermon yesterday evening.' The men bowed. 'I suspect you misunderstood its drift. It was *the* 'childlike'—not *the* childish—disposition which the preacher recommended. Good morning!'

The same conscientious solicitude for the undergraduates of his college it was, which made him at the very outset of his career as Provost, oppose the desire of the Tutors,—(Newman, Wilberforce, Froude,)—to re-model the lectures, introduce new books, and establish far closer relations between themselves and their pupils. The result of the Provost's refusal to sanction these innovations, was Newman's retirement from the tutorship in 1831. It is needless to linger over a controversy which has long since lost its interest, and is only traditionally remembered. Something infinitely more important awaits us.

The period at which Hawkins became Provost of Oriel will be for ever memorable in the annals of the Church of England.

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\* From Canon Eden, of Aberforl.

Men of the present generation are little apt to realize what was then the posture of affairs. The Church's prospects seemed desperate. In the words of one\* who was himself a chief agent in the memorable Revival which followed,—

‘The House of Commons was prepared for any course of action, however dangerous. There was an increasing attack upon the Church of England in every direction, and few indeed were the voices which in timid deprecation were raised on its behalf. The press, with a few exceptions, was ranged on the side of revolution, and hostility to the Church. . . . Everything was wrong, and required a radical change. Nothing could be hoped for, except after the expulsion of Bishops from the House of Lords, the overthrow of Chapters, the abolition of Religion in the Universities, the reform of the worship and the doctrine of the Church in a liberal direction. The Prayer-book was to be divested of its antique rubbish—swept clean of the supernaturalism which had descended from the Middle Ages—relieved of those continual confessions of belief in the Trinity, the Deity of CHRIST, the belief in Divine Providence, and other points which greatly troubled the delicate consciences of those Christians who were anxious to fraternize with Unitarianism and Infidelity. The Church of England of the future was to become a congeries of sects, at utter variance with each other in doctrine and discipline, each preserving its distinctive peculiarities—the single exception being the Church of England, which, by authority of Parliament, was to be arbitrarily remodelled and vitally changed.’

It is not to be supposed that Churchmen were altogether passive under such a state of things: but the storm which had burst upon the Church with such sudden fury, found them unprepared for resistance,—unused to corporate action,—without Convocation and without leaders. The movement which followed was, in its origin, purely a measure of self-defence. We have to look out of Oxford for the first stirring of the waters. So early as 1822, Hugh James Rose had pointed out ‘Internal Union’ as ‘the best safeguard against the dangers of the Church.’ In 1825, he had directed attention to ‘the state of the Protestant Religion in Germany;’ a spectacle of warning to the Church of England. But it was his earnest discourses on ‘The Commission and consequent Duties of the Clergy,’ preached before the University of Cambridge in 1826, which set men thinking seriously. He constrained attention to those great Church principles which seemed to have fallen generally into oblivion. He it was, (in Newman’s words,) ‘who, when hearts

\* Rev. William Palmer, of Worcester College,—in a volume which will prove an important contribution to English Church history,—‘A narrative of events connected with the publication of the Tracts for the Times, with an Introduction and Supplement extending to the present time.’—London, 1883, (pp. 293).

were failing, bade us stir up the gift that was in us, and betake ourselves to our true Mother.' Palmer's great work on the origin of the English Ritual ('*Origines Liturgicæ*')—commenced in 1827, though not published in Oxford till 1832—struck a loud keynote and inaugurated a fresh epoch.

'But the most startling illustration of the new attitude of the State and of Parliament towards the Church of England, and of the character of measures which had now become possible under the presence of Reform, was afforded at the beginning of 1833, when the Ministry of the day introduced their Bill for the extinction of ten Bishopsrics and two Archbishoprics in Ireland.'—*Ibid.*

This event it was which immediately brought about a crisis. In the month of July, Rose took the initiative by inviting Keble, Newman, Palmer, Froude, Perceval, and others who thought with them, to a three-days' conference at Hadleigh Rectory. In August, Oriel became the scene of more definite labours. At Palmer's instance, an Association was resolved upon, to maintain pure and inviolate the Doctrines, Services and Discipline of the Church of England; and an Appeal to Churchmen (also from his pen) to unite with that object, met with an instantaneous and hearty response from all quarters. An Address to the Primate was drawn up; which was signed by 8000 Clergy,—the greatest combination hitherto known in the Church of England. Laymen now took part in the movement; and—

'from every part of England, every town and city, there arose an united, strong, emphatic declaration of loyalty to the Church of England. The national feeling, long pent up, depressed, despondent, had at length obtained freedom to pour forth; and the effect was amazing. The Church suddenly came to life. . . . To its astonishment, it found itself the object of warm popular affection and universal devotion. Its enemies were silenced.'—*Ibid.*

This preliminary chapter in the history of the Oxford movement has been generally overlooked by those who have undertaken to describe its origin and progress. Quite plain is it that the heart of the Church of England was still sound. Churchmanship was *evoked*—not *created*—by these appeals. The fact is unmistakeable, and is very much to be noted. All that was henceforth needed was sound guidance on the genuine Anglican lines, and a strong continuous impulse from headquarters. Beyond all things, *then* should the stimulus of a 'final School of Theology' have been applied,—which was withheld from Oxford until 1869. But the current of religious enthusiasm became henceforth diverted into one special channel, and assumed a peculiar character. What is called 'Tractarianism'

tarianism' took its rise from the distinct movement independently inaugurated by John Henry Newman when, exactly fifty years ago (namely, in September 1833), he published the first of the 'Tracts for the Times.' How the Tracts pursued their brilliant career from 1833 to 1841, when at the instance of the Diocesan they were abruptly discontinued,—is familiarly known to all. But no one personally unacquainted with Oxford at that period, can have any idea of the amount of feverish partizanship which attended the 'Tractarian' movement, or of the extent to which suspicion and distrust marred endeavours, well meant but often injudicious, which might easily have been productive of unmingled good. It is a remarkable fact, that throughout this period (1830-50), *Holy Scripture itself* experienced singular neglect. The Tracts were tinged with a foreign element. As a whole, they lacked the genuine Anglican flavour. Some who had been foremost in promoting the Revival were in consequence held responsible for views which they would have repudiated. Thus, discredit was brought on the cause. Its best friends were offended. 'I have a great inclination' (remarked Hugh James Rose to his brother, shortly before his lamented death in 1838) 'to tell these gentlemen a bit of my mind.' His 'mind' was, that the authors of the Tracts had wandered very wide of the mark, and were laying insecure foundations. At a much earlier period, that keen eye and powerful intellect had foretold that 'the next great conflict of the Church of England will be *with Romanism.*' Personal friendship however, and regard for great principles held in common, kept men silent. In the meantime Mr. Newman met the taunts of those who charged him with 'Romanizing' by employing fiercer language concerning Rome than had ever been heard before. He denounced her as 'a pitiless and unnatural relative': 'a lost Church': 'a Church beside herself': 'heretical,' 'profane,' 'unscriptural,' 'impious,' 'blasphemous,' 'monstrous,' 'cruel,' 'resembling a Demoniac,' and requiring to be treated 'as if she were that evil one which governs her.\*' His words were received by his friends as trustfully as they had been by him sincerely spoken. Never had a leader more devoted followers.

But the appearance (Jan. 25, 1841) of Tract No. 90, ('Remarks on certain passages in the 39 Articles') brought matters to a crisis. It put a non-natural sense on the Articles; rather, it explained them away. The Heads of Houses, (at that time the governing body of the University,) proposed a sentence of condemnation; and entrusted the Provost of Oriel with the respon-

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\* 'Lectures on the Prophetical Office of the Church,' 1838,—pp. 102-3.  
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sibility of formulating the document. It was publicly declared (March 15, 1841), that 'modes of Interpretation, such as are suggested in the said Tract, evading rather than explaining the sense of the 39 Articles, and reconciling Subscription to them with the adoption of errors which they were designed to counteract, defeat the object and are inconsistent with the due observance of the Statutes.' A war of pamphlets followed. Newman was still Vicar of S. Mary's, and his affecting and beautiful sermons (at the 4 P.M. service) exercised a wondrous influence for good over the younger men of the period. All refused to believe that one who had denounced Romanism, a few years before, in such tremendous language, could ever forsake the Church of his Baptism and go over to the enemy's ranks.

When, however, Mr. Ward of Balliol openly avowed his joy and wonder at finding *all the Roman doctrines* pervading the whole body of English Churchmen; and asserted that, for his own part, in signing the Articles he had renounced *no one Romish doctrine*: especially when it became apparent that such monstrous unfaithfulness was spreading, and infecting the younger members of the University;—the Heads became greatly alarmed. They resolved to call on Convocation to ratify their own condemnatory 'Declaration' of 1841. Even then however faith in the sincerity of Mr. Newman's professions remained unshaken. Thus, on reading an announcement in the paper (Feb. 6, 1845) that, on *that* day week, 'members of Convocation will be called upon to condemn the mode of interpretation of the Thirty-nine Articles suggested in the 90th Tract for the Times, as evading rather than explaining their sense, and reconciling subscription to them with the adoption of Roman Catholic errors,'—Mr. Gladstone wrote to the Provost pleading for time:—

'I freely avow my hope that, if the University enters upon the consideration of a particular and limited portion of his works, they will not exclude from view the great mass of his teaching. I cannot forget what the standard of life was in Oxford at the time when I was myself a resident, nor conceal from myself that he, by his Parochial Sermons and otherwise, has had no small share in its elevation to what it is now believed to be. I ask to be allowed to think, by myself and with others, what acknowledgment may be due to him for his *great work on Romanism*, when I am called to guard against the consequences of other works supposed to be in its favour.'

The Provost (Feb. 8th) replied:—

'You consider that we ought to weigh Mr. Newman's other publications, and even to compare the good and ill effects of his teaching.  
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Were this so, certainly I could never vote upon such a question at all. I could not even enumerate his works, and I have not actual knowledge of the fact as to several of them which are anonymous. But no human being can possibly estimate the comparative good and evil consequences of his writing and teaching, &c.; although we ought to be desirous and ready to acknowledge the good we believe him to have effected. Yet I greatly fear that your impressions at a distance, and mine on the spot, are very different.'

The end of the matter was that, on the eve of the day of voting, the Proctors notified to the Vice-Chancellor their intention, in virtue of the prerogative of their office, to negative the Decree against Tract 90.—It was the best solution of the business which could have been devised, and proved a great relief to a vast majority of the residents.

We have been constrained thus to sketch the origin and early progress of that great religious movement with which the name of Oxford will be ever associated, not only because it supplies the frame-work of twelve of the most eventful years of the Provost of Oriel's life, [1833-45],—but because it so largely influenced his public acts and determined the character of his writings,\* as well as affected his individual happiness. He was throughout in the very thick of the fight. His position was in truth a most difficult one. Utterly alien to his habits of thought,—his tastes and sympathies,—as was the method of the Tractarian writers, the chief of them had been, nay still were, his personal friends. In sending to a fellow of the college (in 1851) his 'Sermons on Scriptural Types and Sacraments,' he wrote—

'My principal object in publishing this volume was not to treat of Types, so much as to meet R. Wilberforce's views of the Incarnation, &c.; but I was unwilling to publish a book solely against an old friend and member of Oriel, and therefore I introduced several other matters into the last two Sermons and added the first two.'

His 'Sermons on the Church' in like manner were occasioned

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\* It must suffice in this place merely to enumerate the productions of his pen at this time. They were,—Oxford Matriculation Statutes. Answers to the "Questions addressed to Members of Convocation by a Bachelor of Divinity [Dr. Pusey]": with brief Notes upon Church Authority,' &c. By a resident Member of Convocation [Dr. Hawkins].—Oxford, 1835 (pp. 29).—'A Letter to the Earl of Radnor upon the Oaths, Dispensations, and Subscription to the XXXIX. Articles at the University of Oxford.' By a resident Member of Convocation [Dr. Hawkins].—Oxford, 1835 (pp. 26).—'The Ministry of Men in the Economy of Grace, and the danger of over-rating it.' 1840—(pp. 42).—'The Apostolical Succession' (2 Tim. i. 6, 7). Feb. 27, 1842 (pp. 46).—'The Nature and Obligation of Apostolic Order.' May 29, 1842 (pp. 30).—'The presence of God in the Church by the Holy Spirit.' June 4, 1843 (pp. 30).—'Sermons on the Church, preached before the University of Oxford [in 1843-4-5].' 1847 (pp. 225). See above concerning this volume.

(as he explains in the Preface) by that series of events which, commencing in 1833, came to a head in 1841, and finally resulted in the open defection of many members of the Church of England in 1845.—Those who had no personal acquaintance with the period of which we speak (1841–5) can have no idea how deeply the inmost life of Oxford was stirred. Men were drifted they knew not whither. The disciples of the Tractarian movement were in many instances tempted to say a vast deal more than they either believed or felt. Some, with fatal instinct, carried out principles to their logical issues, and far outwent their guides. Very distressing is it to recal the suspicions which that anxious time continually awakened. To the Heads of Houses realizing the responsibility of their office, and doubtful ‘whereunto this would grow,’—it became a matter of supreme distress to witness among the undergraduates unequivocal tokens that the movement contained a *Romeward* element, which recommended itself to warm and impulsive natures. The Provost of Oriel’s life was thoroughly embittered by the perpetual antagonisms into which the inflexible integrity and conscientiousness of his disposition—together with his thorough loyalty to the Church of his Baptism,—brought, or rather *forced* him.

At last came the catastrophe. When the University met in October 1845, it became known that Mr. Newman had already deserted to the enemy’s camp. *Hoc Ithacus velit*. But the event was also a miserable fulfilment of the worst fears and predictions of not a few good and faithful men; while it was a source of deepest grief and absolute dismay to as many as had resolutely hoped against hope,—entirely trusted as well as loved their teacher. They felt that they had been betrayed.

Then came the recoil. The shock, which had been thus given to the moral sense of the University, was tremendous. Its remote effects are experienced to this hour. At Oxford, men fairly reeled beneath the intelligence; and though but few, comparatively, followed Mr. Newman to Rome, hundreds who remained behind in very perplexity drifted from their moorings,—lapsed into indifferentism,—were prepared to believe, or to disbelieve, almost anything. One of the most able and accomplished of Newman’s clerical adherents became (in 1861) a contributor to ‘*Essays and Reviews*.’ It is anguish at the end of nearly forty years to recal the sharpness of the trial which assailed us when, amid the falling leaves and shortening days of October 1845, we went back to Oxford; and were made sensible of the partial paralysis of the great Anglican revival which had been entered on with so much promise some ten or  
twelve



twelve years before. To what extent the flood of 'Infidelity,' which has since overwhelmed the University, is to be ascribed to the great break-up of 1841-5, is a secret known only to God.

It was confidently expected by the Provost's friends,—indeed it was often announced in the public journals,—that he was about to be appointed to a Bishopric. 'Now that the English Church Bill has passed,' (wrote Hampden from Ewelme, Aug. 15, 1836,) 'I have been looking out for your name among the nominations to the bench,—which would give me pleasure on every account, except for Oriel and Oxford, where it is too evident you could not be spared.' A fortnight before this reached him, it was so confidently rumoured that Hawkins had been designated to the vacant see of Chichester, that Dean Chandler wrote to recommend to his notice as the fittest person to be his 'provincial secretary,' the gentleman who had discharged the duties of the same office to the late Bishop.—We have heard that one reason why he was not raised to the Episcopal bench, was the condition of Oriel previous to 1841, which rendered it certain that Newman would have been elected Provost if Hawkins were removed.

It may also be here mentioned that, first in 1840 (by the Duke of Wellington), and again in 1870 (by the Marquis of Salisbury), the office of Vice-Chancellor was pressed upon his acceptance; but was by him firmly declined for grave and good reasons.—The Bampton Lecture, (of which we have spoken already), was simply forced upon him, unsought, in 1840.—A yet more remarkable proof of the Provost's 'capacity for taking trouble' was afforded by his undertaking a few years after, when requested to do so, the office of Dean Ireland's 'Professor of the Exegesis of Holy Scripture.' His '*Inaugural Lecture* read before the University, Nov. 2nd, 1847, with brief Notices of the Founder' [1848],—is valuable and interesting. Ireland himself [1761-1842], who became Dean of Westminster, was of humble origin, and had been a 'Bible clerk' at Oriel. This Professorship Dr. Hawkins held for fourteen years,—resigning it, Oct. 19th, 1861. It is needless to declare that he threw himself into the office with conscientious earnestness, and discharged its duties with exemplary fidelity; largely increasing his own private library, for purposes of study, with books in this particular department of Divinity. He was the first 'Ireland professor.' And now to proceed.

One war was no sooner completely over, than the Provost of Oriel found another, of quite a different kind, but even more formidable, thrust upon him. It is not needful here to discuss at any length the next great event in the history of Oxford,—the Revolution effected by the 'Universities Commission' of

1854.

1854. But it marks an epoch: and Hawkins is inextricably mixed up with the fortunes of Oxford.

At the period referred to, the government of the University was practically vested in the Heads of Houses. These constituted the 'Hebdomadal board.' It had long been felt that some opening of initiative power to members of Congregation was necessary, and that a Representative board ought to exercise the function hitherto monopolized by the Heads. Other changes there were, which the University was both able and willing to adopt for its own improvement. The 'Tutors' Association' formulated not a few suggestions for internal Reform, which were favourably received in Oxford, but were disregarded by the Commissioners. The Government scheme,—which originated with persons unacquainted with Oxford or else inimical to its best interests, and which was finally thrust upon the University by an unfriendly House of Commons,—was nothing else but a moral and constitutional wrong; a needless invasion of the liberties of the University and of the Colleges, as well as a shameful perversion of the known intention of Founders and Benefactors. Fellowships expressly endowed for the maintenance of students of Divinity, and which for half a thousand years had been the means of maintaining in the Church of England a body of learned Clergy, were now for the first time alienated. It was not pleaded that there no longer existed the need which had occasioned their original foundation. Notorious it was, on the contrary, that the need was greater than ever. Neither was it pretended that they were either unworthily filled, or were not discharging their educational function in strict conformity with the known intentions of their Founders,—with signal advantage to the State, and with high honour to the University. In open defiance of Right, the Clerical tenure of fellowships was reduced within certain arbitrary limits: by which act of injustice to Founders and to the Church, a fatal precedent was established for a yet more sweeping act of confiscation at the end of less than 20 years.—The claims of Poverty had been the object of paramount solicitude with Founders. This qualification and condition of election to Fellowships and Scholarships,\*—never omitted among the requirements recited by them, and generally recited *first*,—was now

\* The following Clause occurs, *verbatim*, in the Statutes of Merton and Oriel Colleges:—'*Circa eos qui ad hujusmodi eleemosynas participationem admittendi fuerint DILIGENTI SOLICITUDINE CAVEATUR NE QUI PRÆTER honestos, castos, pacificos, humiles, INDIGENTES, ad studium habiles et proficere volentes, ADMITTANTUR.*'—It cannot be too plainly stated that College endowments are of an eleemosynary character throughout.

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formally abolished.—One-fifth of College Revenues was further claimed for the endowment of University Professorships.—The right of internal management on the part of the Colleges, was unreasonably interfered with. It seemed as if the House of Commons had entirely lost sight of such elementary facts as that Collegiate Revenues are in no sense of the word 'national property': that the State is but supreme Trustee: and that, so long as the actual trustees of property are discharging faithfully the provisions of a beneficial trust, the State has no right whatever—legal or moral—to interfere.

How distressing to such an one as the Provost of Oriel were the grave organic changes thus thrust upon the University, and upon the College over which he had honourably presided for six-and-twenty years,—there is no need to explain. Especially offensive (where all was unacceptable) to one in his position was that enactment of the new 'Ordinance' which henceforth made it competent for the youngest member of the foundation, at College meetings, to initiate proposals for further changes in the government of the College, or the management of its affairs. Idle moreover it were to affect to deny that the consequence of the new Constitution to the peaceful well-being of Oriel was simply disastrous. We gladly hasten over this period; recording only concerning the Provost, that with characteristic uprightness he loyally accepted his entirely changed position: held his own, as well as he might, by the dignity of his manners and by the singular admixture of gentleness with firmness which had become natural to him: made the best of the new order of things, and maintained a cheerful front notwithstanding. Not in the least degree did the adverse course of events sour him: rather did it seem as if the experiences of life were producing in him the opposite result. Meantime, he clung to whatever remained of the ancient order of things: still as of old, observing the Founder's requirement that thrice a year his venerable Statutes [dated Jan. 21st, 1326].—(so far at least as they still remained in force,)—shall be read in the hearing of the assembled society,—though no longer as heretofore at the close of Divine service in the College chapel.

In Oriel Common-room are to be seen three as fine portraits of three successive heads of a House as are to be found anywhere in Oxford:—viz. Dr. Eveleigh [1781–1814] by Hoppner, Bishop Copleston [1814–27] by Phillips, Dr. Hawkins [1828–82] by Sir Francis Grant. So truthful and life-like is the last-named work, that we deem it superfluous to say anything concerning *the person* of the subject of the present Memoir,—except perhaps to remark that he was rather short in stature. The desire of the society to possess a portrait of their chief on

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the completion of the twenty-fifth year of his Provostship, was a gratifying incident at this anxious and sorrowful period of his life. The history and date of the picture are interestingly commemorated by the following letter:—

'Vines,\* Rochester, Augt. 29, 1854.—I called on Mr. Grant on my way from Hampshire to Rochester, and, (without an actual *sitting*, for which the day was unsuitable,) he got his *idea* of the picture. I have since gone up from Rochester to give him three very long sittings, and he wished for no more. If all goes well with me, I am to go to him again in October. But the picture is far advanced, and he is himself much pleased with it. Neate gave him the choice of the size of Bp. Copleston (which is a "Bishop's half length"), and of Eveleigh ("half length"); and he chose the latter. I left him entirely to himself. He is a clever man, and a skilful painter. And if my journeys are a little fatiguing, my sittings with him are really agreeable.'

In this place we may be allowed to collect and exhibit together certain of those personal characteristics which made up the man and gave him his marked individuality; causing him to be feared by many and yet loved by more;—disliked by very few, and certainly respected by all. Everyone who was brought into intimate relations with him, was observed in the end to conceive a sincere affection for him. Let it only be considered how entirely diverse the men were, with whom he was thus brought into close relation, and occasionally into sharp antagonism,—(for he touched Keble, Newman, Pusey, on one side: Whately, Arnold, Hampden, on the other; )—and when it is further remembered that he was to the last on friendly relations with them *all*, something else strikes one as deserving of notice, besides the *breadth* of the Provost's sympathies. It was remarked concerning him by those who knew him best, that '*he never lost a friend*.'

The very key-note of all his actions,—the one sufficient clue to whatever he said or did,—was his high *conscientiousness*. Beyond everything he was solicitous to be truthful,—exact,—impartial,—just. And this fundamental feature of his character manifested itself in many and very different ways. For example, it made him lenient (to a fault) towards those who had conscientiously experienced a divergence from the orthodox standard of belief. Moreover, in the sifting period of his Provostship, he seems to have been constantly brought into contact with men who, having thus got severed from their early moorings,

\* 'Vines' (an appellation recently dropped at Rochester) used to be the designation of the Houses in the Precincts,—which anciently constituted the *monks'* vineyard.

found themselves tossed on a sea of interminable doubt. No better illustration than the following can be appealed to, of the forbearance he was prepared to display towards those who (in his judgment) were thus suffering for conscience sake:—

‘There is still another painful (extremely painful) separation to which I must submit,’ (wrote Blanco White to him in 1835): ‘I do not conceive that you, as head of Oriel college, could allow a professed anti-Trinitarian to be one of its members. To spare you therefore the painful necessity of excluding me, I beg that you will take my name off the college books. My heart is deeply affected as I resign the external honor which I most valued in my life: but I should prove myself unworthy of ever having belonged to your society, if I could act deceitfully towards it.’

The Provost’s reply is characteristic:—

‘As to the business part of your letter, I am not the person to exclude you from this college because I hear of a conscientious change in your Theological views. I shall not withdraw your name therefore; at least, at present. But the use I shall make of your letter, if I should be driven to such a step, (which however I do not anticipate,) will be to cut short any proceedings against you from any other quarter in the University, by declaring your withdrawal.’

So, when A. H. Clough once and again communicated certain difficulties of his own in respect of Subscription, the Provost discouraged his scruples,—invited him to reconsider the matter,—was indulgent, to an extremity. Such conduct was liable to misconception. He appeared to be only half-hearted himself. But it was not so. At the root of the matter lay his desire to be inflexibly just. His essential kindness of nature determined the course which he pursued in each particular case.

Even a more conspicuous manifestation of the same habit of mind was his solicitude for entire accuracy of statement:—

‘He was the first who taught me to weigh my words,’ (wrote Dr. Newman in 1864), ‘and to be cautious in my statements. He led me to that mode of limiting and clearing my sense in discussion and in controversy, and of distinguishing between cognate ideas, and of obviating mistakes by anticipation, which to my surprise has been since considered, even in quarters friendly to me, to savour of the polemics of Rome. He is a man of most exact mind himself, and he used to snub me severely, on reading, as he was kind enough to do, the first Sermons that I wrote, and other compositions which I was engaged upon.’\*

What has already been said will account for the complexion of the Provost’s Divinity. He never kindles enthusiasm. It is

\* ‘History of my Religious Opinions,’ p. 8.—See above, p. 314.

never his object. His solicitude is rather to warn his reader against some error of excess or defect. To guard a subject against exaggerated, inaccurate, or one-sided statement;—to resist any attempt, at the end of an argument, to import into the conclusion one atom more than was contained in the premisses;—to secure for every adverse view a fair hearing, and to require that the amount of Truth which it contains, (be it ever so little, and *that* little ever so overlaid with error,) shall be candidly recognized:—*this* is invariably the good man's way,—the sum of all his striving. Of course it is neither winning nor attractive; scarcely is it agreeable. And yet, those who *talked* Divinity with the Provost, learned to do something more than respect him. They fairly *loved* him. And why? Because (*besides* being compelled to admit that there really was a great deal of truth and wisdom in what he said),—they soon found out that his practice was so very much better than his theory. Thus, (as he once told the present writer,) his favourite book of Devotions was Wilson's 'Sacra Privata:' but he characteristically added,—'Not that I agree with all he says. He is an inaccurate writer.' 'Inaccurate' however as Bp. Wilson may have been, his Manual was continually in the Provost's hands,—from early manhood to the end of his life. Speaking of 'self-denial,' or rather of self-discipline (in his sermon, 'Christ our example'), he has a remarkable reference, which he concludes by recommending this as 'an admirable work for daily use' [p. 20]. (Strange, that even *here*, he deems it necessary to introduce the caution that Bp. Wilson 'is not indeed an accurate writer.')

The characteristics thus indicated—(biographical honesty requires that it should be confessed)—were sometimes attended in the practical business of daily life by inconvenient results. Rigid truthfulness and perfect exactness of statement become grotesque or annoying, as the case may be, when they come to the front unseasonably or are pushed to an unreasonable extent. A multitude of instances here suggest themselves, some of which it is impossible to recal without a smile. Woe betide the man who in telling a story in his presence introduced the wrong person, place, or date,—quoted the wrong book, or gave the wrong reason! . . . Invited to preach the Easter sermon in the College chapel, a newly elected fellow took for his subject 'The walk to Emmaus.' For his own part (he ventured to say) he would rather have heard *that* discourse than any other mentioned in the Gospels. The passages possibly referred to by the Divine Speaker,—the probable outline of His discourse,—the preciousness of such a specimen of Interpretation: all this was dwelt upon. At the end of a few minutes the preacher

was

was to be seen, (according to custom), accompanying the Provost across 'quad' in the direction of his 'lodgings,'—not indeed expecting, but certainly desiring from his chief a few words of sympathy if not of approval. After a brief pause, the Provost turned short round,—'I observe you call it "*Emmäus*." Why do you call it "*Emmäus*"?'—'Isn't it *Emmäus*?' 'No. *Emmäus*. *Emmäus*.' By this time the door was reached. It only remained to bow and part.

Another incident comes back. The same Fellow ventured once to present himself on a begging errand. The Provost was in his library, writing at his very small and (as it seemed) most inconvenient desk. He rose, greeted his visitor kindly, and—'Won't you sit down?' 'Thank you, I only came to ask if you could spare a sovereign out of the college Communion-alms for one of our laundresses. She has lost her husband suddenly, and I find she is in distress for a little ready money.' After making some enquiries concerning the case,—'The chapel Communion alms! Are you aware that you speak of a fund which is largely in my debt? It has been drawn upon until it exhibits a considerable deficit.' 'That settles the question of course,'—and the applicant was already hastening to the door. 'No, no, come back! *That* fund is exhausted: but' (here he transferred his hand to the opposite corner of the same drawer and drew out a well-filled green purse:—)'but I can give the poor woman a couple of sovereigns with pleasure out of *another* fund,' &c. &c. An effort was made to express satisfaction and to return thanks, but it was rendered unsuccessful, (1st),—By the assurance that the laundress was perfectly welcome, and that if more relief was needed, more could be had: but especially (2dly)—By the recital for the second time of the fact that the 'Communion alms,' as a source of bounty, had long been in a state of *non esse*, and that the present relief came from a different quarter. It was difficult to get off on such occasions without letting him see that one was laughing.

This painful accuracy in exceedingly minute matters, amounted to a passion. On having to administer to his Mother's estate,—(she attained the age of 94, and died in 1859,)—he was obliged, (at least he was determined,) to recal every particular of certain transactions which occurred 40 or 50 years before. He was able (by means of a queer little memorandum book in his possession) to ascertain the exact days on which he had written every letter, and on which he had received every reply. No detail seemed to escape him.—'I always felt,'—(remarks one \* who was ever faithful to his Chief,)—

\* The Rev. Dr. Chase, Principal of S. Mary Hall.

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'that if, in matters of business especially, there was a blot, he would be sure to hit it. And I think this rather lessened than increased the care with which one prepared for his judgment. One was apt to shift the responsibility on the critic.'—At college meetings, his fastest friends could not help many a time recalling an epigram of Charles Neate's,—(than whom, by the way, a truer or more faithful Fellow of the college never lived):—

'Hic est Præpositus,  
Cunctis oppositus:

Qui magna gerit,  
Et tempus terit,  
Dum parva quærit.'

And yet, (let it be in common fairness added), there was not one present who would not have eagerly recognized the truth of the concluding lines of the same witty strain:—

'Vir reverendus  
Et metuendus,  
Sed—diligendus.'

Every member of the Society must have felt that it was nothing else but rigid *conscientiousness*, after all, which was at the bottom of whatever in the Provost may have sometimes occasioned some of us a moment's annoyance.

'His imperfections' (writes a former fellow of the College\*), 'were only the reverse side of his good qualities. He had the strongest sense of duty and responsibility; and in following this out, during the early days of his Provostship, he was apt to think he must prescribe to others what they must do *and think*. But O, how the *ἀνταγώνιστος εἶσα* prevails! On one point, *all* accounts agree; that what might have been considered the less attractive features of his character got wonderfully softened as he grew older. "Lenit albescens animos capillus."'

Interesting it is to obtain from an entirely different quarter † precisely the same generous and discriminating estimate:—

'The two things which specially come into my thoughts when I remember him, are these:—His singularly high conscientiousness, even where it seemed to me it was a mistaken conscientiousness. And,—I think I never knew such an instance of the mellowing effect of increasing years. They do not always produce that effect. With him they did. There was all the alertness, the keenness, the brightness, of the old days. But the sharpness which used to be so characteristic of those days, was gone. And I do not think I have ever known such a change in any one else.'

Reference has already once and again been made to the strength of the Provost's domestic affections. 'Should you not say that his

\* Canon Eden of Aberford.

† The Dean of S. Paul's.

prevailing characteristic was his inflexible *love of Truth?*—asked one, conversing with his eldest brother. There was a pause.—‘Tell me what you consider the prevailing feature of your brother’s character.’ ‘*Affection for his family,*’ was the emphatic reply.—‘Losing our Father a few months after my birth,’ (so writes his youngest brother,) ‘he may be said with truth to have filled the place of a Father to me through all my life. To his inflexible uprightness and integrity, and to his unwearied kindness and liberality, I owe all that I have and all that I am.’—The reader will be grateful for the following extract from a letter (addressed to a very young lady,) where this feature of the Provost’s character is exquisitely touched:—

‘Circumstances happened to make me familiar with this topic, when as yet I knew little or nothing about Theological controversy,—in which I need not tell you, the Provost as time went on took a prominent part. One does not know how long controversies will live; but domestic piety is remembered. Have you patience for an anecdote? In Plutarch’s Life of Antony, mention is made of a certain “Proculeius.” Who knows anything about him now? The most accomplished poet of his century says his name shall *not* perish; being embalmed by one circumstance,—his tender care and protection of his brothers. I will not spoil Horace by translation: you have plenty of College friends who will translate for you:—

‘Vivet extento Proculeius ævo  
Notus in fratres animi paterni;  
Illum ager penna metuente solvi  
Fama superstes.’ \*

Golightly,—(the truest and most warm-hearted of friends,)—once remarked to the present writer,—‘I think,’—(and here he assumed an air of comic gravity),—‘If I were called upon to characterize our dear Provost by an epithet which should be least of all expressive of his actual temperament,—I should describe him as—as—*gushing.*’ . . . Yes. *That* is precisely what the dear man was *not*. A constitutional dread of overstepping by a hair’s breadth the strict limit of truth, (so at least it seemed), not only guarded him effectually from anything approaching to sentimental outburst, but even kept in check ordinary expressions of warmth: restrained him—even *unpleasantly*, if the truth must be told—while in converse with those whom he really did love and trust, as if through fear of possibly overstating his feelings. Illustrations of this will occur to many who read these lines, and constrain some to lay down the page in order to recount with a hearty laugh some experiences of their own. Dr. Chase relates as follows:—

\* Rev. Canon Eden, of Aberford (Aug. 1883).

'In the October Term 1874, after the appointment of a vice-Provost, but before the Provost left Oxford, we met Pusey. Pusey, *digressu veteris confusus amici*, was beginning an affectionate but rather mournful farewell, and used some expression implying that it was final. "O, not at all! I hope we may meet here again." . . . And yet, this was the man who kept death so habitually in view, that whenever, before the Long Vacation, he made any arrangement for the ensuing October term, he always prefaced it with—not "When," but—"If we meet in October."

Those who appreciated and sincerely loved him, were chiefly annoyed,—(and this is a part of the truth which *also* requires to be stated,)—because by this habit the Provost did himself such gross injustice: *seemed* so unlike what he really *was*. Those who called him 'the East wind' were wholly unaware that though the arrow had a bad habit of *pointing* that way, the wind was in reality blowing due South. Outwardly he seemed cold:—

'But with all this, he had the warmest as well as the most feeling heart. An illustration presents itself. Some 30 years ago, a youth of fortune came up to Oriel, who ought to have been absolutely prohibited wine. He was at once invited to an undergraduate party. Maddened by two or three glasses, he effected his escape from his bed-room on the bell staircase, and got out on the roof of the college. The result might have been foreseen. The night was dark. He fell. "George"—(my "scout," who had a passion for telling me something dreadful the first thing in the morning)—woke me with the intelligence that "Mr. [I forget the poor fellow's name] is lying dead in the quad." Bidding him (half asleep) "Send for a doctor and tell the Provost,"—I rose, and was out in less than three minutes—in what costume may be imagined. There, sure enough, on his face, close to the Chapel-door, lay the poor youth: his curly hair blown this way and that by the chill morning wind. Life was extinct. I stood transfixed with horror. In about an hour, the Chapel-bell began to ring. When at last the Provost appeared, his hands were tied perfectly square. Shocked he evidently was, but he betrayed so little emotion that I was astonished. Of course the event made a deep impression on the entire society: but, by the end of term, it had become a thing of the past with all—*except one*. Mrs. Hawkins expressed herself so "glad that the Provost would be soon going to Rochester," that I ventured to inquire *why*? I learned that he passed wretched nights,—"*always seeing on his pillow the pale features of that young man who was found dead in the quadrangle.*"

'Soon after I took my degree' (writes R. G. L.), 'an undergraduate (Denis Bond) died during vacation; dictating to his Father, on his death-bed, a very touching letter of farewell, which he desired should be sent to certain of his Oriel friends. I showed a copy of it to the Provost. On the following Sunday evening, in his sermon, he referred to poor Denis Bond's death and read, or rather *tried* to read, some extracts from the letter. But the undergraduates present

told me that he was so overcome by emotion, his voice so trembled, that it was with difficulty that they could make out what he wished to say. They were much surprised' (adds Mr. Livingstone) 'at seeing the Provost, usually so calm and self-possessed, so completely overmastered by his feelings.'

But by far the most touching incident in his domestic history was his profound grief on the death of his eldest son, Edward, (named after his godfather, Dr. Pusey), who may be truly said to have died a martyr's death, October 8th, 1862, aged 29. A copy of the affecting Memoir which the heart-broken father compiled on that occasion and confided to a few private friends, deserves a place in our chief public libraries; for, apart from its personal interest, it supplies a page in the history of the African Church which besides being faithfully remembered in Heaven ought not to be forgotten upon earth. The young man, full of Missionary ardour, came home but to die:—

'And so, his spirit fled in the chamber adjoining that in which he was born; and in the Cathedral where I had baptized him, there we joined in the service at his funeral; and in the Cathedral cemetery above St. Margaret's hill, we laid his remains in the grave. . . . May I not in my son's case apply the SAVIOUR's words,—“Whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel's, the same shall save it”?’

Some very sweet, very affecting verses conclude this narrative of (what seemed) an untimely end.—In 1870, (December 6th) the Provost also lost his eldest daughter, 'Meta' (Margaret), who lies interred at Oxford in the sweet funereal garden of Holywell,—another great grief. But his first bereavement had come early (July 11th, 1845),—when he lost his little daughter, Lucy Ann. She sleeps in Oriel ante-chapel. It is to *her* that the Provost makes pathetic reference in the last page of the Memoir of his son, already spoken of:—

'I have even administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to a dear dying child, not of age to be confirmed, but not too young to live and die in the true faith of CHRIST.'

Grave and sedate as he was for the most part in his speech, he could unbend delightfully on occasions. His table-talk was in fact first-rate, and should have been taken down. He would sometimes tell a good story with capital effect: but his solicitude throughout was evidently that what he related should be *accurate*. He is believed once,—but *only* once,—to have been guilty of the indecorum of a joke in the Convocation House:—

'Mr. Neate had proposed a change in the Academical dress of the commoners,—on the plea that if their gown were less unbecoming, they

they would be less disinclined to wear it. The Provost of Oriel rose, and to the astonishment of all announced himself in favour of the change. "But," added he,—(so the story runs),—"I am of opinion that the change should be made—*by Degrees*."

Utterly incorrect however is the notion such an anecdote would convey of the Provost. Far more characteristic is a pathetic incident which occurred between 1870–4:—

'A proposal had been made to abolish the Saint's-day Sermons at S. Mary's, on the ground that so few went to hear them. The Provost protested against the change, saying that an institution good in itself should not be abolished because people were too indolent to profit by it. It was in fact lowering the Church's standard to the practice of the careless and the indifferent. He concluded by saying that as he saw the great majority of those who heard him were in favour of the change, he would not divide the house, but he could not allow the measure to pass without a protest. The question was put in the usual form, "*Placetne vobis, domini Doctores?*" and we heard the Provost's "*Non placet*." In a few minutes he quietly withdrew from the house. Somehow, the whole scene—the appearance of the man, his snow-white hair and venerable aspect, his few earnest words, and then his quiet departure—made a great impression.

'And let it not be supposed that this was merely a sentimental appeal on his part. He *invariably* attended the Saint's-day Sermons himself. A dear friend of ours who was much in his confidence (E. C. Woolcombe) once informed me that, observing how badly those Sermons used to be attended, the Provost and a few others had pledged themselves, early in life, to be regular in their attendance at St. Mary's. He, at all events,—busy man as he was,—is found to have adhered faithfully to his purpose to the end.

'The Provost's last appearance in the University pulpit I well remember. His sermon\* had for its object to point out the different degrees of importance attaching to different religious duties, and he quoted with admirable effect from Bp. Burnet the pathetic story of the meeting in Bocardo prison of Bishops Hooper and Ridley after their quarrel about the colour of the episcopal robes,—when the one was on his way to his painful death at Gloucester; the other, awaiting his martyrdom in Oxford: and when both of them doubtless viewed with very different eyes the question which had once divided them.†

There is in most characters a contradictory side. No one who knew the Provost of Oriel only in his public relations would ever have suspected him of writing jocose verses,—sending his sister Sarah a yearly 'Valentine,'—and insisting on calling his brother Cæsar's house (No. 26, Grosvenor Street) the

\* 'The duty of weighing the relative importance of Questions, specially of Religious Questions.'—Jan. 29th, 1871. † From the Rev. R. G. Livingstone.

'Oriel

'Oriol hotel.' He invariably addressed his very agreeable sister-in-law, as the 'landlady,' and styled himself her 'faithful and affectionate customer.' Thus, in 1869, he sends some playful verses about 'Inns' to 'the landlady of the Oriol hotel,'—following them up with speculations as to their possible meaning:—

'And there are Antiquaries who think they have ascertained the locality of that particular Inn, which they find flourished about 300 years ago in the neighbourhood of a great square, at that time the resort of the nobility, and called "*Grovenor*" or "*Grosvenor Square*," but now deserted for a swamp called "*Belgravia*." They think also that the "*Oriol Hotel*" derived its name from an old gentleman, whose initials alone have been discovered, but whose title they find on an old tombstone; thus,—

"Here lies E. H. of whom nothing is memorial  
But that he lived and died Provost of Oriol."

'The old spelling ("Oriol") favours this conjecture; but the point is still involved in obscurity, and imperatively demands and deserves further investigation.'

In 1874 (Dec. 28th) he thus concludes a letter to his 'landlady':—

'P.S.—Thanks to dear Cæsar's care and skill  
His patient here (who felt so ill)  
Now feels, and says, he's greatly better.  
And thus I close my stupid letter.'

So late as Feb. 6, 1877, he sent the same gentle creature the 'Pillow thoughts of an aggrieved guest, after obeying the imperious *Lady's* command to go to bed early.'

In the autumn of 1874 (Oct. 3rd) Dr. Hawkins resigned into the hands of the Lord Chancellor, (for the Crown is the Visitor of Oriol,) the active duties of the Provostship. Though he had very nearly completed his 86th year, he was still unconscious of the decrepitude of age: but (in his own words) he 'had for some time been led to contemplate this step, from a growing consciousness of duties neglected,—and especially of those opportunities of usefulness not easily described but highly important which the Head of a College ought to find in his relations,—social, pastoral, parental,—with the younger students with whom he is officially associated.' His failing sight in particular rendered correspondence onerous and difficult. Other considerations which it is painful to recal may have concurred to second his resolution to resign to a Vice-Provost the active management of the College. One less keenly conscientious than himself, especially had his lot been cast in happier times, would unquestionably have retained his office to  
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the last. Lord Chancellor Cairns, in acknowledging the Provost's letter with the Petition which accompanied it, remarks,—

'I have read the letter with mixed feelings of regret and admiration. Regret that you should find the weight of advancing years oblige you to withdraw from the College any portion of the personal superintendence which, with such great public advantage, you have so long exercised over it: admiration at the testimony which your lucid and comprehensive explanation gives that the weight of so many years sits so lightly upon you.'

A graceful intimation follows, that this last consideration alone occasioned the Lord Chancellor any difficulty in complying with the prayer of the Petition. A Vice-Provost was however duly appointed in the first days of December: and thenceforth, to the day of his death, the Provost occupied his Canonical residence at Rochester continuously. He crossed for the last time the threshold of the College over which he had so long and so faithfully presided,—on the afternoon of Thursday, the 17th day of December, 1874. An enumeration of his several published writings since the list last given, (viz. in page 328), will be found at the foot of this page. \* . . He left behind him, (it has been admirably declared), 'the recollection of a pure, consistent, laborious life, elevated in its aim and standard, and marked by high public spirit and a rigid and exacting sense of

\* 'The duty of Moral Courage. A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford on the first Sunday in the Term,' Oct. 17, 1852. (pp. 21.)—'A Letter to the Principal of Magdalen Hall [Dr. Macbride] upon the future Representation of the University of Oxford.' By the Provost of Oriel,—Oxford [Feb.] 1853. (pp. 16.)—'Christ our Example. A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford on the first Sunday in the Term,' Oct. 16, 1853. (pp. 22.)—'A Letter to a noble Lord [Earl of Radnor] upon a recent statute of the University of Oxford with reference to Dissent and occasional Conformity.' By the Provost of Oriel. Oxford, 1855. (pp. 22.)—'Christian Unity. A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford,' Feb. 18, 1855. (pp. 26.)—'Spiritual Destitution at home. A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford,' Feb. 12, 1860. (pp. 34): [a very earnest and interesting plea, based on the increase of our population from 10 millions and-a-half to very nearly 21 millions,—the doubling of the number of the people within the space of 50 years.]—'Notes upon Subscription, Academical and Clerical.' 1864. (pp. 69.)—'Additional Notes on Subscription, Academical and Clerical: with reference to the Clerical Subscription Act of 1865,—the Republication of Tract XC.,—The Tests Abolition (Oxford) Bills.'—1866. (pp. 66.)—'The Pestilence in its relation to Divine Providence and Prayer. A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford,' Dec. 9, 1866.—1867. (pp. 29.)—'Our debts to Cæsar and to God. A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford on Advent Sunday,' Nov. 29, 1868. (pp. 28.)—'Judgment, according to our privileges: Duties, according to our powers. A Sermon preached at the re-opening of the Chapel of S. Mary Hall, Oxford, on Whit-Sunday, 1 June 1873.'—'Considerations upon the public use of the Athanasian Creed and the proposed Synodical Declaration—[dated May, 1873]' (pp. 14.)—'A Supplement and an Appendix to Considerations upon the public use of the Athanasian Creed, and the proposed Synodical Declaration.' [June 1874] pp. 23.—In this same year (viz. 1874) was published by the S. P. C. K. the Provost's 'Notes on Church and State,' (pp. 23),—an admirable pamphlet.

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duty. In times when it was wanted, he set in his high position in the University an example of modest and sober simplicity of living; and no one who ever knew him can doubt the constant presence, in all his thoughts, of the greatness of things unseen, or his equally constant reference of all that he did to the account which he was one day to give at his LORD's judgment seat.'

The changes which subsequently befel his beloved University—the second *Revolution* rather which it was destined to experience,—he watched at a distance with profound anxiety and concern. Disastrous as had been the Legislation of 1854-7, there remained in Oxford far too much of its ancient Religious constitution and character to satisfy the secularist party. A heavy blow was inflicted in 1871 by the 'Universities Tests' Act,—subsequently to the passing of which, no declaration of Religious belief was any longer allowed to be made at the taking of any degree other than degrees in Divinity. In this way, the door was set wide open for the *Secularization of University teaching*. Something was indeed said about 'proper safeguards for the maintenance of Religious instruction and worship:' but at the end of five years even this flimsy provision was swept entirely away. Nothing less had been clearly foreseen by the friends of Religion in Oxford. '*The effect, whatever may be the intention of Mr. [now Chief Justice] Coleridge's Bill, can be nothing less than the de-Christianizing of the Colleges.*' (Those are the first words of Dr. Chase's pamphlet on this occasion.) 'I cannot conceal from myself' (wrote Dean Mansel) 'that your Tests' Bill is but one of a series of assaults destined to effect an entire separation between the University and the Church.' Accordingly, in 1876 a fresh 'Oxford University Commission' having been appointed, it became the one object of the enemies of the Church to oust the Clergy from their endowments and to de-Christianize the Colleges. The *animus* of the proposed Legislation no one could mistake. A fatal error had been committed by the framers of the Commission when they gave to an unknown and irresponsible Triumvirate of three from every College—often its junior fellows—equal powers with the Commissioners themselves in framing a new Constitution. Thus, the death-blow to Oxford was dealt by those whom Oxford had nourished in her bosom, and was even now sustaining by her bounty. In the meantime, no pains were taken to disguise the intentions of those at whose mercy the entire Collegiate system was thus placed. The Chancellor of the University having appointed one Commissioner who was known to have the interest of

Theological

Theological study and Religious Teaching in the University supremely at heart, the secularists—after having been defeated in the Upper House—did not rest until they had procured from the Government the exclusion of that man's name from the Commission.—The draft of the Statutes proposed for Magdalen College—which secured for the College at least 5 (out of 40) *clerical fellows*,—was actually in print when Lord Selborne resigned his chairmanship. Thereupon, the secularists, under a new Chairman, re-opened the entire question; recalled the draft Statutes already in print; and by a majority of one vote (5 against 4) reduced the number of clerical fellows to 2.—The case of Lincoln College is sufficiently remarkable to merit special notice. In the Royal Charter of foundation, confirmed by Parliament in 1427, Robert Flemming, Bp. of Lincoln, was empowered to unite three neighbouring Churches into one. Lincoln is therefore something more than a College of Priests, its fellows being all of necessity graduates in Divinity. It is a *Collegiate Church*. Each fellow has his 'stallum in choro et vocem in capitulo.' Will it be believed that in the proposed new Statutes for Lincoln no provision was made that *one single fellow should be in Holy Orders?* \*

In brief, the number of Fellowships to be held by Clergymen was reduced in every College to two, one, or none. The possibility was contemplated of there *not being a single Fellow of the College in Holy Orders*,—notwithstanding that the Colleges are, without exception, *Ecclesiastical foundations*, openly and avowedly endowed for the sustentation of the Clergy. The new Statutes abolished in all the Colleges (except two) the requirement that the Head shall be in Holy Orders,—thereby depriving the Church of its only remaining guarantee that the Head of a College shall be a Christian. Henceforth, there is nothing whatever to prevent a College being presided over by a Socinian, or a Papist. The education, in any College, may at any time pass entirely into the hands of avowed Unbelievers. Christian parents henceforth send up their sons to Oxford *without any guarantee whatever* that those sons shall be Christianly brought up. . . . Public attention was faithfully directed to this subject at the proper time,† but without effect. To interfere, seemed to be nobody's business.

Nor is this all. That the Colleges were specially intended

\* This discreditable proposal was only frustrated by the brave and determined opposition of the Visitor,—the Bishop of Lincoln. (Εὖ δοῦλε ἀγαθὲ καὶ πιστὲ ! ) Well may secularists be so anxious to substitute Lay for Episcopal visitors.

† 'The Disestablishment of Religion in Oxford, the betrayal of a sacred Trust :—words of warning to the University' :—a sermon preached before the University Nov. 21st, 1880,—by the Dean of Chichester; 2nd edition.

for the encouragement of Learning in the sons of *poor* parents has been often proved, as well as largely insisted on.\* Next to a burning jealousy for GOD's honour and glory, nothing is more conspicuous in the records of these ancient foundations than a holy solicitude on *this* head. But, by the new legislation, the sacred claim of Poverty,—(meaning of course thereby those '*pauperes Scholares*' who would gladly come up to Oxford, could they in any way afford to do so,)—is set at nought. It is no longer possible, except at what would be to such persons a ruinous cost, for a man to obtain the full benefits of an University education. Thus the poor have been robbed of their birthright,—on the plea that the surplus revenues of the Colleges are required for increasing the incomes of what is demonstrably an *useless* Professoriate.† The consequence is, that we are drifting back into the state of things out of which Walter de Merton rescued the University in 1264. In Oxford, at the present instant, far more than a tithe of the Undergraduate body, 'unattached' to any College, are living sparse about the city; picking up their learning under the gravest disadvantages, and ostracized from the society of their fellows. The 'Unattached' system is a retrograde movement,—an imposture and a sham. The recent Legislation will infallibly result in a deteriorated Clergy, and the decay of sacred Learning,—whereby the Church of England will be despoiled of its distinctive boast and ornament.‡ It only remains to add, that the substitution of the Professorial for the Tutorial system;—the prevalence of married Fellows;—the severance of the bond which ought to subsist between Undergraduates and their Tutors, as well as the destruction of the entire system of Collegiate life:—all this, coming at the heels of the organic changes adverted to at the outset, has established a hopeless gulph between the Oxford of the past and the Oxford of the future. Rather has the *de-Christianizing of the Colleges* effectually abolished what has hitherto been the prime ornament of this Church and realm.

\* See the following by the Rev. Dr. Chase, Principal of S. Mary Hall:—(1) 'A Plea for John Lord Craven, and the Eleemosynary purpose of Founders generally' [n. d.];—(2) 'The Rights of "Indigentes" in respect to College Foundations,' A Letter to Sir J. Pakington, 1856:—(3) 'Education for frugal men at the Univ. of Oxford.' (Experiments at S. Mary and S. Alban Halls, 1864.)

† The reader is invited to inquire for a 'Return' made on the subject of *Professors and Professorial Lectures*, by order of the House of Commons, and ordered to be printed 11 July, 1876. Interesting it would be to ascertain how many of the existing staff sometimes count their auditory on the fingers of one hand.

‡ 'If there be one gem in the diadem of the Church of England which shines with a brilliancy beyond the rest, and a brilliancy peculiarly her own,—that jewel is the large, and profound, and sanctified learning, which has characterized her Clergy.' ('Clerical Duties,' an Ordination Sermon preached at Oh. Ch., Dec. 30th, 1835,—by Rev. W. Jacobson, since Bp. of Chester.)

The Provost of Oriel's latest public act (March 5th, 1879) was to memorialize the Commissioners concerning '*the New Code of Statutes framed for Oriel College.*' He complains that the proposed Code '*proceeds on a wrong principle*':—

'It repeals all the existing Statutes, together with the Ordinance framed by the Commissioners in 1857, *including the Founder's original Statutes*, and those relating to subsequent Benefactions; leaving out of sight *the main design of the Foundation*,—which the Commissioners desire to keep in view, and which the Provost and Fellows are above all others concerned to maintain.

'The true course was surely that which was observed by the Commissioners in 1857; who left the existing Statutes in full force except so far as they were either expressly, or by manifest implication, repealed. It is in fact *only from the Charter of the Foundation*, and the *original Statutes* (which are its complement), that we learn the *main design of the Founder*, and the *true character of the Institution*.

'It was to be *Ecclesiastical: a School of Divinity*; not for Education generally, but *specially for Theology*, and the training up of *Christian Ministers*:—"COLLEGIUM SCHOLARIUM IN SACRÂ THEOLOGIÂ STUDENTIUM,"—established "*AD DECORUM ET UTILITATEM SACROSANCTÆ ECCLESIÆ*" . . . "*cujus ministeria personis sunt idoneis committenda, quæ velut stellæ in custodiis suis lumen præbeant, et populos instruant doctrinâ pariter et exemplo.*"' ['Charter,' p. 5: 'Statutes,' p. 7.]

Accordingly, the Provost and all the Fellows (except three) were to be in Holy Orders. And this fundamental enactment has been maintained inviolate throughout upwards of half-a-thousand years. It is especially on this, ('*the Ecclesiastical character of the Provostship and of the Institution*'), that the aged Chief of the College founds his protest; as well as on the manifest injustice and inexpediency of the proposed revolutionary changes. Clear it must needs be to every honest mind, that inasmuch as College endowments—fenced about with safeguards which the Founders themselves deemed impregnable—were given, accepted, and have ever since been held, *expressly for the support of Religion* throughout the land;—now at last to divert these to secular uses is nothing else but *the betrayal of a sacred Trust*. In the words of Earl Cairns,—

'Because Ecclesiastical property is held in trust for others, that trust has to be protected; and therefore the State has a duty to perform. But the only duty which the State has to perform, and the only power which the State, morally speaking, possesses, is the duty and the power to see that the trusts are executed, and that a proper object of the trust remains. And provided the trust is executed and the object of the trust remains, I maintain that *Parliament is no more competent, morally, to deal with property of that kind, than it is to deal with private property.*'

Enough

Enough on this sad subject. As might have been anticipated, the Provost's Memorial was of no manner of avail. Will the present governing body, (we ask ourselves),—after abolishing their Founder's Statutes and contravening in every respect his plainly-declared intention,—*still*, on their three Commemoration days, solemnly confess before GOD their bounden duty so to employ their Benefactors' bounty '*as we think they would approve if they were upon earth to witness what we do*'?

It only remains to sketch the closing scene of what may be truly described as an historic life. The Provost's lot had been cast in a most eventful period of the history of the Church of England,—in *the* most eventful period of the fortunes of her two ancient Universities. His days had in consequence been spent amid fierce Academic conflicts; and in these, he had consistently and prominently borne a part second to none in importance and in dignity. A life it had been, from first to last, of obstinate and prolonged antagonism,—of uncompromising resistance, and of stern unbending protest,—against two great successive movements: the 'Tractarian' movement,—which he condemned, as disloyal and dishonest; the 'Liberal' movement,—which he abhorred, as irreligious and revolutionary. Of the one, so far as it was local, he was mainly instrumental in occasioning the break-up in 1845. The other he lived to see triumphant. . . So varied and so grave an experience has fallen to no other head of a House since Oxford became an University.

Henceforth, happily for his peace of mind, the Provost was entirely removed from that unquiet atmosphere, and from those harassing influences which had long since passed beyond the sphere of his individual control. The subdued and restful, the happy and very humble spirit, in which the few remaining years of his life (1875 to 1882) were spent,—within the precincts of the Cathedral with which he had been for nearly half a century connected, and in the domestic seclusion of his own peaceful home,—surprised, even affected, those who were nearest and dearest to him. It was a greatly diminished circle; for his only surviving son, (Cæsar,\*) was in India, and there remained to him, besides his devoted wife, only his daughter Mary. Two little grandchildren however, who had been recently added to his household, were—(what need to say it?)—a prime refreshment and solace. (He is remembered to have been once caught rolling the bowls, with one of them, on the beautiful turf of S. John's,—his own ancient College.) Never, in truth, did he

\* Cæsar Richard,—born at Oxford, Feb. 6, 1841:—Deputy Commissioner at Umritsur in the Punjab.

appear to more advantage than when in the society of children. His rather confined and by no means ornamental garden now became a continual source of pleasure to him. The works of GOD, as *His* works, were a downright joy,—perpetual reminders of the Divine wisdom, the Divine goodness. It seemed now as if every budding tree and flowering shrub ministered thankful delight,—leading him, as it did, to expatiate to those about him on the wonderful variety and beauty of Nature, and on the chemistry of Creation. He never failed, (except when actually forbidden), to attend Divine Service in the Cathedral. Till within the last year or two of his life, he even took part in the Communion Service. His devotion was noticed by many.

The Psalms were now his constant manual of Devotion. Latterly they were read to him, and he would almost always repeat the alternate verses. His widow informed a friend,—

‘Your own “*Short Sermons*,” of which I read many to him on Sunday evenings in the garden, pleased him much. “The teaching of the Harvest,” he greatly liked. I could name many others, if I searched the volumes. They were not new to him, of course: but you would have liked to see the expression of his face, as he thus renewed his acquaintance with them, in our pleasant shady garden.’

This is touching enough,—especially as the author of the Sermons in question has experienced from those honoured lips many and many a salutary snub. He recalls affectionately one particular walk back from S. Mary’s with the Provost, after an unlucky Palm-Sunday sermon in which a mystical reference had been claimed for ‘the multitudes that went before, and that followed.’ ‘You are too fanciful,’ was all that the preacher got for his pains.—‘I am sorry you think so.’ ‘Yes, you are too fanciful.’ But he said it very kindly. It was like a father reproving a son for some slight indiscretion.

It was remarked during these last years how greatly he seemed to enjoy the visits of his old Rochester intimates,—especially those of his immediate neighbour, Archdeacon Grant. Canon Colson, rector of Cuxton (a neighbouring parish,) who throughout this period seldom passed a week without seeing him, and often accompanied him back to his house after the Prayers,—relates of himself that, being a Cambridge man, and only knowing the Provost by his great Oxford reputation, he ‘expected to find him rather stiff and awful.’ But, to my great surprise,

‘Of all the gentle courteous men it has ever been my good fortune to know, he was I think the most so. There was not a particle of *Donnishness* in all the intercourse I had with him; and his great and sweet gentleness increased as he drew nearer to his end. He never,  
for



for instance, allowed me to leave his house, without himself coming to the door; and in all outward demeanour, was the model of unassuming kindness and courtesy. It was a great treat to hear him talk about old times and the great Oxford movement. But never, so far as I can remember, did he speak with bitterness of any one; always preserving what (I suppose) had been his uniform character,—calm, gentle, judicial impartiality, free from all personal prejudice.

‘I may mention another point of interest. For many years we have had two meetings of the Clergy of the three Rural Deaneries in this neighbourhood, in the Chapter-room. The Dean and Canons are of course invited to attend. I do not remember any of these meetings taking place without the Provost’s being present, unless illness prevented him; nor without his taking a most keen interest in the discussions. He did not often speak; but, no matter what the subject, or however insignificant the speaker, he was all attention. On one occasion, he wrote and distributed a small pamphlet on what had been before the meeting.’

The Rev. R. G. Livingstone, who has already contributed so many valuable reminiscences of the Provost of Oriel, corroborates in an interesting passage the foregoing remarks. He writes:—

‘Almost all the information I have sent you was derived from his own lips during a visit which I paid him at Rochester (Dec. 1880), when he was within a few weeks of completing his 92nd year. Never can I forget the kindness and courtesy of my venerable host during that visit:—how he apologized for not being able to accompany me to the Dockyard at Chatham;—how he urged me to prolong my stay over the coming Sunday in order that I might hear his favourite preacher, Archdeacon Thorpe;—and much beside. The last time I saw him was Monday, 20 Dec. 1880. It was a wild stormy day,—the rain pouring in torrents, the wind blowing boisterously. The moment came for my departure. I had taken leave of the entire party in the drawing-room, and was hurrying across the hall. On looking round, I saw the Provost following me. In vain I implored him not to expose himself. It was to no purpose. He would accompany me to the door and see the last of me. . . . I recal with affectionate interest this last instance of that gracious courtesy of manner which I had so often admired in the venerated Head of my old College. It was the conclusion of a long series of kindnesses received at his hands since I entered Oriel, almost exactly twenty-four years before that day.’

With such an *εἰδύλλιον* one would have been glad to bring this sketch to a close: but a few sad words remain still to be added. Painful it is to have to record that yet another great domestic affliction befel the subject of this memoir within six weeks of his own departure: the death, namely, of his daughter-in-law Alice, (his son Cæsar’s wife), whom he was expecting from India, and of whom he was devotedly fond. Her little son, Edward Cæsar, almost brought the tidings of his mother’s death. It was a very



a very great sorrow; and yet it was sweetened to the Provost inexpressibly by the sight of his only grandson.

We will but add that there do not exist among his papers any such memorials of his own times as some expected and more desired. It is perhaps matter of regret that posterity will not enjoy from that just and discriminating pen notices of the events which he assisted in moulding, and of the famous personages with whom he was brought into contact. He kept a Diary indeed, kept it regularly: but it was of a strictly private description. It is written in a kind of cipher, and is nothing else but a *conscientious* record of the writer's state of mind and employment of his time. It cannot be made useful to others in any way. It was intended to be as secret a thing as his personal religion,—and was in fact part of it. Far better it is that from such records the veil should never be withdrawn. But the inner life of such an one as EDWARD HAWKINS, Provost of Oriel, would be more instructive than many homilies. It is suspected that it would furnish a salutary rebuke to an age of unbounded license, shameless expediency, immoderate self-indulgence.

During the last three months, his bodily strength had sensibly decreased. There was however as yet no positive illness. An attack of pain in his chest and side, which took place on the night of Monday, 13th November, was the first premonitory token of what was to follow: but it occasioned no alarm. He was better on the Wednesday; and met and conversed with the Archdeacon, as well as took leave of his little grandson, who was returning to school. Late on Friday night, the pain returned, and he never rallied; but—conscious of his state—passed away at about 9 in the morning of Saturday, November 18th, 1882: having very nearly completed his 94th year.

On the ensuing Friday he was interred close to his son Edward, in the Cathedral cemetery, on the breezy hill-side which looks down upon the Medway. He had been himself the means of recovering that parcel of ground from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, being part of the original endowment of the Cathedral by Ethelbert, King of Kent (28th April, A.D. 604). Singular to relate, the fall, that very morning, of a railway-bridge near Bromley, had so effectually blocked the line, that a large party from Oxford, consisting chiefly of fellows, scholars, and other undergraduate members of Oriel,—together with many of the College servants,—were unable to be present at the funeral. Many there were besides who desired to follow their Chief to the grave; but who, having got as far as Bromley, were unable to proceed any further. *One* former fellow of the College—(he had come on to Rochester at an earlier hour)—  
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represented the society. Dean Scott pronounced the words of peace over his ancient friend, and has since penned the inscription which marks the spot where the Provost of Oriel '*a laboribus tandem requievit.*'

It may be added that there appeared in the public journals on this occasion several admirable biographical notices,—some of them displaying a very just appreciation of his excellence; all of them containing interesting and discriminating remarks on his career and character. It seems to have been universally felt that a great historical personage had disappeared from the scene. Men of all parties showed themselves aware of his moral and intellectual greatness, and generously vied in paying a warm tribute to his memory. Those notices are public property. But a few words which follow,—expressive of personal and private regret,—are not to be found elsewhere:—

'I have followed his life year after year' (wrote Cardinal Newman) 'as I have not been able to follow that of others, because I knew just how many years he was older than I am, and how many days his birthday was from mine. These standing reminders of him sprang out of the kindnesses and benefits done to me by him close upon sixty years ago, when he was Vicar of St. Mary's and I held my first curacy at St. Clement's. Then, during two long Vacations [1824-5] we were day after day in the Common Room all by ourselves, and in Christ Church meadow. He used then to say that he should not live past forty,—and he has reached in the event his great age.'

Our task is ended. From the Provost's published writings, supplemented by his private correspondence, future historians of the Church of England will be just as competent as ourselves to estimate his character as a Divine and a Controversialist; and to assign him his rightful place in the history of his times. *More* competent, it may be: for passion will then have subsided; prejudices and partialities will by that time have ceased. *Our* chief endeavour has but been with an affectionate hand to trace those personal outlines—to fix those vanishing lineaments—which will enable posterity to identify and individualize the *man*. At this instant they dwell vividly with not a few of us: but, pass a few short years, and they will begin to die out of remembrance; and once departed, they can never be recalled.

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ART. II.—1. *England for All*. By H. M. Hyndman. London, 1881.

2. *Socialism made Plain*. London, 1883.

POLITICAL Economy has been called 'the dismal science;' and the phrase, when we consider how far it has become proverbial, seems to us to be very full of significance. We are inclined to question, indeed, if in the whole English language there can be found another which expresses, with equal brevity, such a mass of general ignorance on a subject of equal moment.

We trust the reader will be good enough not to mistake us. We do not imply for a moment that a treatise on the subject in question can ever possess the attractions of light literature; or that a discussion on rent can be made as exciting as a love-story. But Political Economy has been called the dismal science, *par excellence*, not because the public have found its details dry, but because they have failed to see how its conclusions affect themselves. Few studies could in themselves be dryer than those of the geologist, or the philological critic of the text of Scripture. Yet neither of these has ever been called 'dismal.' The public recognized almost instantly how much was involved in each, that profoundly affected the inmost life of everybody; and even the simplest Christians heard in their hearts an echo of what seemed on the surface merely the distant disputes of specialists. But with regard to Political Economy, all such perception has been wanting. To students, no doubt, it is allowed to be a subject of interest; and to tradesmen and politicians one of serious practical importance; but its importance and its interest are supposed to end with these narrow limits. It has not yet dawned on the average well-to-do Englishman, that the problems which this science deals with are problems which have the most vital connection with himself; and that there is hardly a home which might not be wrecked or revolutionized, if some day or other they were to receive a new answer.

Yet such is indeed the case. What Theology was to the religious struggles of the Reformation, and the yet deeper religious disquiet that has prevailed during the present century, Political Economy is to the analogous social disquiet, which during the same period has been spreading itself all through Europe; which, now in one place, now in another, is continually filling the air with dim rumours of revolution; which more than once has deluged Paris with blood; which keeps German cities at this moment in a state of minor siege; which

embitters the conditions of civilization even when it lacks vigour to menace them ; and which certain politicians who call themselves English statesmen, having done their best for a time to excite and use it in Ireland, are now endeavouring by every art in their power to make the inspiring principle of the ' Liberalism of the future ' in England.

The disquiet we allude to is a thing of which all are sensible. To say that we are surrounded by a spirit of social revolution is as much a commonplace as to say that we are surrounded by a spirit of scepticism. But whereas, in the case of the latter, the educated English public sees perfectly well the scientific questions that are implicated, in the case of the former it sees nothing of the kind whatever. Any school-boy can tell us that the denial of the soul's immortality is closely connected with the discoveries and the disputes of physiologists ; that our whole conception of man's position in the universe is affected by the extent to which we accept the doctrines of Darwin ; and that whether or not we are in any way morally responsible, depends on whether or not we are in any way free agents. But when Birmingham capitalists denounce landlords as robbers, and far more logical Socialists denounce Birmingham capitalists ; when, in one form or another, it is on all sides being said, or insinuated, that property is at present distributed in wrong proportions ; that these proportions are capable of being wholly and permanently altered, and that nothing is progress that does not tend towards such an alteration ; how few people there are who would be able off-hand to tell us what scientific questions are at the bottom of these incendiary doctrines ! Most members of the upper and middle classes would pronounce such doctrines fatal to all existing society ; but we much doubt if they would be able to indicate why and where they are false.

And yet, if they are false, they must be false for some distinct reason. They must be false, not merely because the upper and middle classes are shocked by them ; but because they are founded on scientific falsehoods—the perversion or rejection of some broad natural fact : and they must be capable as such of being stated in accurate terms, and confronted with the truth, equally distinct, that corresponds to them. In like manner, supposing these same doctrines to be true, they would not be true because they were acceptable to the poor—because they promised to comfort Lazarus and to torment Dives—but because they were in harmony with the actual order of nature, and were parts, as such, of a true scientific system. Common-sense might suffice to show us thus much : but we do not insist on it here because it is shown us by common-sense, but because it

is expressly recognized and insisted on by the modern revolutionaries themselves.

The real leaders of the Socialistic movement of to-day are so far from regarding fanaticism as a substitute for thought, that thought with some of them has apparently been the origin of their fanaticism. They have not been content to attack society as it is, merely on the ground that it contains so much misery; nor have they sought to justify the various measures they advocate, merely by appeals to a general sense of justice. They have approached the subject, in the first place, as *savants* rather than philanthropists. Before declaiming against the rich, they have tried to satisfy themselves as to the real origin of riches; before attempting to excite a rebellious feeling amongst the poor, they have with equal care examined into the causes of poverty; and they profess, as the apologists of social revolution, to stand or fall not on passion but on proof.

English Radicals, in moments of militant enthusiasm, delight to inform the world that 'they care nothing for Political Economy.' The leading Socialists of the day indulge in no such silly bravado. They know that for a man to say he cares nothing for Political Economy is about as sane as for a man to say that he cares nothing for arithmetic. For their part, Political Economy is the very thing that they do care for; and the estimate they have formed of the present, and the hopes they entertain of the future, would have in their eyes no value whatever, except as parts of what they conceive to be a true economic system. Nor in forming this system for themselves, as the basis of society as it is to be, have they shown any disrespect for those older economists, whose theories assume or assert the perpetuity of society as it is. On the contrary, they endeavour to found their most revolutionary conclusions on the same methods as those followed by Mill and Mr. Fawcett. Most of the old science is actually appropriated by the new; and the latter depends for its distinctive character and tendency, less on what it has substituted for the former, than on what it has added to it. Thus in the forces, whatever be their real magnitude, that are now arraying themselves against the existing social order, the main thing to be reckoned with is not a conspiracy, but a creed. If we may borrow a phrase from Mr. Michael Davitt, the only dynamite that really threatens society, is the 'moral dynamite' of a new economic science.

That the educated classes in England should be so little aware of this fact, is due, no doubt, to a very obvious cause. Although the chief revolutionary theorists of the present epoch have declared that the wrongs and evils, from which they are going to

redeem humanity, have reached their extremest and most horrible development in England, England has till lately been, of all European countries, the one in which such theorists have met with least response from the people. It is therefore not altogether surprising, that the upper classes amongst us should have paid but little attention to doctrines which were received so coldly even by those in whose direct interest they were promulgated, and that they should have failed to trouble themselves about the scientific basis of conclusions, which seemed to belong practically less to English life than to dream-land.

But the excuse for this apathy unfortunately exists no longer. During the last few years events have moved quickly in England; and the attitude of the masses with regard to the social problem is no longer what it was even in a very recent period. Those theories which, in countries like France and Germany, have already been recognized by statesmen as a source of such serious danger, have at length begun to make appreciable way amongst ourselves. As the reader will see presently, we are as far as possible from being alarmists: but if it is foolish to exaggerate facts, it is equally foolish to ignore them; and we have no hesitation in saying of the fact we are now asserting, that it demands our closest and even our most anxious attention.

There are many persons who, when this view is suggested to them, seek to reassure themselves by comparing the popular temper of to-day, with the popular temper as it was during the times of the Chartist agitation, or during the earlier years of the trades-unions: and we are far from denying that, in mere point of ferocity, the discontented classes of this generation contrast favourably with those of the last. This fact, however, really proves precisely what it seems to disprove. What constitutes the danger of social discontent to-day, is not its intensity but its basis. It represents, not the presence of any exceptional suffering, but the growth of a speculative conviction: and the fact that its temper is less ferocious than previously, shows, not that it has lost in strength, but that it has gained in confidence.

There is a singular illustration of what we are now saying, which we have lately dealt with in the pages of this 'Review.' We refer to Mr. George's book, 'Progress and Poverty,' and the sale it has met with amongst the poorer classes in this country. Now that book, despite constant outbursts of rhetoric, which seem like the joint productions of a Marat and a dissenting minister, is yet in the main an elaborate economic treatise, which no human being would have either written or read, who did not believe that the great questions discussed in it can be settled

settled only by strict scientific methods. It is therefore, in two ways at any rate, full of instruction of the most important kind for us. It illustrates, in the first place, how amongst the revolutionary leaders themselves it is recognized, that the fulcrum of the lever of social revolution must, of necessity, be some definite economic theory : and it shows us, in the second place, by its enormous sale in England, how large a section of our own lower classes are familiar with the idea that a social revolution would be desirable, and are eagerly waiting to be assured on scientific grounds that it is practicable.

Such is the moral of Mr. George's book ; and a very plain and a very instructive moral it is. We allude here, however, to the book and to its author, merely because they illustrate influences of far more importance than themselves. It is a mistake to think that such doctrines as Mr. George's can be popularized only by means of open advocacy. Before they can bear their full and final fruit, it may, no doubt, be necessary that they should be explicitly stated and recognized ; but people may be practically more than half converted to them, before they have received any conscious recognition at all. History illustrates this by the analogous case of religion. Wherever Science has successfully made war upon Faith, it has generally undermined it by cautious and vague implication, before it has been able effectually to deal it any direct blow ; and it has suffered, nay enjoined, the retention of prayers and symbols, whilst it has all the while, in secret, been sucking the life out of them. It is precisely this, which in the region of social politics is to a great extent taking place in England now. Though there may be at present among us, even in spite of Mr. George, but little open propagandism of any revolutionary\* doctrines, yet such doctrines are at this very moment being propagated all around us, in a far more insidious way. Our modern English Radicalism, in so far as it appeals to the people, is nothing more than an unavowed and an undigested Socialism ; and it assumes, like Socialism, to speak in the name of science. To its middle-class exponents, such as Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. John Morley, it seems, no doubt, to be something entirely different : but its real character, as a living force in politics, is to be sought in its relation, not to the middle class, but to the people ; and on the people its general effect is as follows. Its favourite method being to set

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\* We are quite aware that Mr. George does not call himself a revolutionist ; but he certainly is so in the general sense of that word. For not only does he base all his reforms on the complete spoliation of a class, but his avowed aim is to alter the whole structure and appearance of society ; and he believes that this transformation can be accomplished by an alteration of certain laws.



class against class, it conveys to them, as it were in solution, the belief that there should be no classes at all. By constantly praising the poor at the expense of the rich, it similarly conveys the belief that the rich are plunderers of the poor: and from doing this always in connection with the stir of practical politics, it conveys the further belief, that classes and property are things which can be equalized by the Government, and that any good government will make it its aim to equalize them.

Such being the case, we may compare English society, we do not say to a house that is on fire, but to a house that is full of exceedingly inflammable materials. In other words, when we consider the intellectual condition of a large section of the English working-classes; the spread amongst them of what is popularly called education; the consequent ferment in their minds of thoughts, hopes, and ideas, that have been schooled into activity, but have not been schooled into order; the respect for scientific authority, without the ability to test it; together with the fact, that a powerful political party is constantly implying to them that the calm teachings of science correspond with the promptings of their own most dangerous passions;—when we consider all this, it is impossible not to see that any successful attempt to propagate in this country those explicit theories of revolution, which have already had such fatal effect upon the Continent, might be fraught with effects hardly less fatal here, or might at all events bring us face to face with very serious social dangers.

We propose therefore, in the present article, to enquire what these theories of revolution are: or rather, since they all of them rest on some theories of Political Economy, to enquire in what precise points the Political Economy of the revolutionaries is peculiar; and how far in these points they are in agreement or disagreement with fact. Nor let any one think that this is a superfluous task. The strength of the revolutionary cause is, as we have said, its supposed basis in science; and since at the present moment it is winning its way by argument, by argument only is there any chance of meeting it. It is an enemy, let us remember, to be discredited rather than crushed. It may also be salutary to remind a considerable number of persons that, however false and hollow the revolutionary science may be, its falsehood is apparent only on near inspection; and we defy any one to prove, on a distant or cursory glance, that it is not in reality as true as it professes to be. We may think those foolish who believe in it after they have examined it; but those are more foolish who laugh at it before they have examined it. A further consideration yet remains to be added. Not only do the  
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economic theories of Socialism deserve to be studied, in order that we may be competent to refute them; but we believe that the study of them, besides showing their falsehood, will lead to the elucidation of a number of corresponding truths, which have never as yet received any accurate statement, and which, once recognized, will in a very important way enlarge the boundaries of economic science.

Should anything be still needed to quicken the interest of our readers, and bring the subject before us still more nearly home to them, it may be well to call their attention to the following fact. Those who have watched, during the course of the last few years, certain processions that have defiled through Pall Mall and Piccadilly, on their way to this or that demonstration in Hyde Park, may perhaps have noticed the presence here and there of a banner inscribed with the proposition that 'Wealth is the creation of labour.' These banners, we have reason to believe, were the ensigns of a certain body which calls itself the 'Democratic Federation.' It is, at all events, a fact that such a body exists; that its members are so numerous as to be counted by tens of thousands; and that their main object is neither more nor less than to imbibe and disseminate the principles of advanced Continental Socialism. Our readers may thus learn that the theories on which we propose to engage their attention are not only theories that might be propagated in England any day, but that such a propagation has already actually begun.

We have alluded, however, to the Democratic Federation, not only to show how near to us is the danger we are about to analyse, but because it happens to introduce us to something which will most conveniently aid us in our analysis. For this band of apostles and converts does not derive its principles from any such vague sources as oral tradition or exhortation. The main points of its creed have been all of them written down for it, and embodied in a succinct treatise. There we find a perfectly unmistakeable statement, not indeed of all the constructive schemes of Socialism—for the name of these is Legion—but of the fundamental principles on which all these schemes repose, and on the truth of which all revolutionists agree that the very possibility of any real revolution depends. The title of this treatise is 'England for All;' and its author, Mr. H. M. Hyndman, who is, we believe, the chairman of the aforesaid Democratic Federation, though apparently destitute of any literary ability, is exceptionally well qualified to treat his subject with authority. He is not only a person of considerable reading and of education, but he has been a diligent student of Socialistic literature in general, and of the writings of Karl Marx  
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in particular; and we may be perfectly confident that we meet, in the main principles laid down by him, not merely with the opinions of a Socialist, but with the foundations of all Socialism. It is to his book, therefore, that we shall principally refer, in setting before our readers the views that we propose to criticize.

First, however, let us turn for a moment to a slighter literary product that emanates from the same source. What we refer to is a certain halfpenny pamphlet, called 'Socialism made plain,' which has been published during the present year, and which purports to be 'The social and political manifesto of the Democratic Federation.' This aims at setting forth, in as brief a compass as possible, the special application of Socialistic principles to England; and the following extract from it will form, in our opinion, a useful introduction to a more detailed examination of the subject:—

'All wealth is due to labour; therefore to the labourer all wealth is due.

'But we are strangers in our own country. Thirty thousand persons own the land of Great Britain, against the thirty millions that are suffered to exist therein. A series of robberies and confiscations has deprived us of the soil which should be ours. The organized brute force of the few has for generations robbed and tyrannized over the unorganized brute force of the many. We now call for Nationalization of the Land. We claim that land in country, and land in towns, mines, parks, mountains and moors, should be owned by the people, for the people, to be held, used, built over, and cultivated, upon such terms as the people themselves see fit to ordain. The handful of marauders, who now hold possession, have and can have no right save brute force against the tens of millions whom they wrong.

'But private ownership of land in our present society is only one and not the worst form of monopoly. . . . Out of the thousand millions of pounds taken by the classes who live without labour, out of the total yearly production of thirteen hundred millions, the landlords who have seized our soil, and shut us out from its enjoyment, absorb little more than sixty millions as their direct share. The few thousand persons who own the National Debt . . . exact twenty-eight millions yearly from the labour of their countrymen for nothing: the shareholders who have been allowed to lay hands on our great railway communications take a still larger sum. Above all, the active capitalist class, the loan-mongers, the farmers, the mine-exploiters, the contractors, the middle-men, the factory lords,—these, the modern slave-drivers, these are they who through their money, machinery, capital, and credit, turn every advance in human knowledge, every further improvement in human dexterity, into an engine for accumulating wealth out of other men's labour, and for exacting more and more surplus

surplus value out of the wage-slaves whom they employ. So long as the means of production, either of raw materials or manufactured goods, are the monopoly of a class, so long must the labourers on the farm, in the mines, or in the factory, sell themselves for a bare subsistence wage. As land must in future be a national possession, so must the other means of producing and distributing wealth. By these means a healthy, independent, and thoroughly educated people will steadily grow up around us, . . . ready to organize the labour of each for the benefit of all, and determined, too, to take finally the control of the entire social and political machinery of a State, in which class distinctions and class privileges shall cease to be.

'The land of England is no mean heritage; there is enough and to spare for all; with the powers mankind now possess, wealth may easily be made as plentiful as water, at the expense of trifling toil.'

To the details of this passage we shall return hereafter. All that at present we have occasion to remark is that, besides illustrating the application of Socialistic principles to England, it points us directly to what these principles are, when reduced to their simplest elements. Every form, it will be found, of modern revolutionary system has for its foundation the following three doctrines, on the truth of two of which it depends for even its speculative justification, and on the truth of the third for the probability of its ever having any practical influence. These doctrines, though in reality they are exceedingly complex in their contents, are treated by the Socialists as though they were almost axioms, and they are capable of being stated in exceedingly simple terms. The first of them stands at the head of the passage we have just quoted. It is the doctrine that, apart from the raw materials of nature, labour is the sole cause of wealth. The second is the doctrine that the land of any given country belongs of right to the people of that country collectively. And the third is the doctrine, or rather the historical estimate, which is expressed by the common saying with regard to our national progress, that its necessary tendency, as matters now stand, is to make the rich constantly richer, and the poor poorer. In these three propositions, for the Socialists, lie all the law and the prophets.

How this is so, if not at once perceived by the reader, can easily be made clear to him by a very brief explanation. Let him be careful to remember, then, that the Socialistic doctrine of labour is always to be taken with an expressed or implied reservation; that it is by no means meant to exclude from the causes that produce wealth those natural sources that supply us with raw material; and that the Socialists admit, as fully as the

the most orthodox and conservative of economists, that all such wealth as comes in the form of rent represents, not the labour of the cultivator, but the bounty of the soil he cultivates. Unless then the right of private owners to the soil be denied, there can be no ground for attacking a non-labouring landed aristocracy. Whilst if, in addition to the bounty of the soil, there be yet other causes of wealth besides labour, there will, in addition to the landed aristocracy, be another non-labouring class, to attack which will be equally impossible. But the Socialists, as we have seen, represent all the evils of civilization as due to the diversion of wealth from the labourers to the non-labourers, and the only hope of improvement as lying in the extinction of the latter. It is thus plain that Socialism, as a theory, necessarily rests on the only two premisses on which such an extinction can be proved to be either just or possible. The third proposition as to the tendency of the existing social system, though not, like the two former, essential to Socialism as a theory, is essential, for the following reason, to the practical hopes of the Socialists. If it were the tendency of things, as at present constituted, to bring about naturally a better condition for the labourer, then clearly the labourers would have other hopes besides those held out to them by Socialism, and hopes which would require on their part far less trouble to realize: whilst even if things tended merely to remain as they are now, the Socialists are doubtful, and with good reason, whether, supposing the people to know there was nothing worse in store for them, they would risk a revolution, in the hope of anything better. The Socialists know that such changes as they advocate are changes that can be accomplished only by a strenuous and continued struggle; and that such a struggle requires not conviction only, but passion. Thus their chief ground of confidence that the required passion will develop itself, is the belief that the condition of the people is getting every year more intolerable; and that by-and-by, whether they like the exertion or not, sheer misery will force them to combine in earnest to alter it. This, however, is not all. Almost equally important to the practical calculation in question is the corollary to this belief, that the poor, in the process of becoming poorer, become, not poorer only, but at the same time more numerous; that the rich, conversely, are becoming not only richer, but fewer: and that thus the party of revolution is increasing not only in determination, but in strength; whilst the party that is interested in resisting it, is becoming less capable of resistance.

We shall now proceed, under Mr. Hyndman's guidance,

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to examine in detail these three doctrines, whose general scope and bearing is thus sufficiently intelligible. We shall keep till last the estimate of the existing situation; and shall begin with the two propositions on which Socialism reposes as a theory. Of these the most important, beyond all comparison, in its consequences, is that which relates, not to the land, but to labour. But as it requires to be dealt with at much length, we shall be best consulting the intellectual comfort of the reader if we dispose of the former and simpler question first.

Let us take then the cry, to be heard on so many sides, 'The land for the people;' and ask, What do the Socialists mean by it? and how is this meaning justified? Its meaning, we think, is by this time perfectly clear; and it is far from being so absurd upon the face of it as many persons suppose. No doubt during the late land agitation in Ireland such insane phrases were continually to be heard, as that the 'land ought to be as free as the air;' but it may safely be said that this kind of rabid rhetoric was never for a moment believed in its literal sense by the most ignorant demagogue who ever mounted a tub or a table. Pasture-land, it is true; may be free within certain limits; but it is perfectly clear that agricultural land cannot; and we may be sure that the staunchest of Mr. Parnell's supporters, though he may have thought his neighbours free to breathe as much air as they pleased, never meant that they should be free to dig up his own potatoes. Those who maintain the doctrine, that the land belongs to the people, mean no such nonsense as this. Instead of denying the necessity of secure and permanent possessions, their grand aim is to multiply secure and permanent possessors. Neither do they mean that these possessors individually should be able to appropriate so many acres for nothing. Their programme, when translated into plain practical terms, is simply that the State should be the universal landlord, and that every citizen has a right to rent directly from the State at least as much land as he can himself profitably occupy. Now we have shown already, in our article on Mr. George's volume, that these principles, if acted on, would fail wholly of their intended result; but it is perfectly clear that they fully vindicate in theory the collective ownership of the land by the whole people. For, *ex hypothesi*, every citizen who desires it may have direct access to the soil; and *ex hypothesi* the money he pays in rent is more or less directly spent for his own benefit.\*

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\* This might happen in three ways. If the aggregate rental of the land sufficed only to pay the common expenses of government, the rent of the land-holders would be simply a necessary tax; whilst the interest in the soil of those who were not

Having thus shown that the doctrine before us involves no practical absurdities that can make it not worth discussing, we may proceed to enquire seriously on what grounds it is justified. Now we must be careful, in so doing, not to confuse two things. The conception we have to deal with is the people's *right* to the soil, not the expediency of the people's buying the soil. They are not represented by the Socialists as in the position of a railway company, applying for power to purchase what is admitted to belong to others; but as in the position of proprietors, applying for power to eject trespassers from what is already their own. On no other ground than this can the existing landlords be called, as Mr. Hyndman calls them, 'marauders.' It is true that certain Socialists, and Mr. Hyndman himself is amongst them, would not object under certain circumstances to the expropriated landlords being in some degree compensated. This, however, does not alter the matter. Such compensation would, according to their principle, be an act of generosity, not an act of justice. The thieves might deserve to be treated tenderly; but they would none the less be thieves. Mr. George, who in this matter merely follows the Socialists, puts the case very plainly as follows. 'To the landed estates,' he says, 'of the Duke of Westminster, the poorest child that is born in London to-day has as much right as has his eldest son. Though the sovereign people of the State of New York consent to the landed possessions of the Astors, the puniest infant that comes wailing into the world in the squalidest room of the most miserable tenement, becomes at that moment seised of an equal right with the millionaires. And it is robbed if this right is denied.' And again, 'Natural justice can recognize no right in one man to the possession and enjoyment of land, that is not equally the right of all his fellows.'

This then is the doctrine that we have to examine—this supposed principle of natural and universal justice. Now Mr. Hyndman, in explaining it with special reference to England, spends much time in dwelling on what he thinks the nefarious enclosure of the commons, on the reduction of the land-tax, and the doubtful titles of many existing landlords. But though all these points may no doubt admit of discussion, he merely weakens his case, not strengthens it, by introducing them here.

not land-holders, would be proved by the fact that they paid no taxes themselves. The land paid the taxes for them. Supposing, however, the rental of the land more than covered the common expense of government, the surplus might be expended in public buildings and institutions, in free education, and so forth; or, as Mr. George has suggested, the citizens might receive an annual bonus from the Government, in some form or other. That is to say, the value of the land would be annually distributed amongst them.



It is as though a preacher were maintaining that the wearing of all clothes was a sin, and in support of his position were to adduce the fact, that certain dandies in London had not paid their tailors' bills. The view which the Socialists really take of land-owning is very much like the view which other people take of slave-owning. The special immorality of possessing a slave is supposed to consist, not in the owner's not having paid for him, but in the fact that a slave is something which cannot in justice be sold. So the real point for which Mr. Hyndman is contending is, not that certain landlords have acquired their estates unfairly, but that it is unfair for any one to acquire any estates at all. The historical facts he alludes to are thus nothing more than accidents. They do not constitute the offence he is denouncing; the utmost they can do is to aggravate it. What we are concerned with is the doctrine that all land-owning is robbery, not the charge that this robbery has been in some cases accompanied with violence.

For argument's sake, then, when we speak of private land-owners, we may presume that historically there is no flaw in their titles; and that, however unjust it may be that they should keep their acres, either they or their fathers have paid an honest price for them. We shall waive points of history as altogether irrelevant, and confine ourselves wholly to the question of natural justice.

On what ground, then, let us ask, does natural justice deny the right of a man to own all the land that he can pay for? And supposing that six Americans had bought up the whole of England, on what ground would such justice, as apart from political expediency, maintain against these men that the land still belonged to the nation? The answers to this question, on general grounds, are so numerous, that there was certainly no need for Mr. Hyndman to resort to history for more. We believe, in fact, that, when looked at from a certain point of view, there are few general propositions with respect to social subjects, for which at first sight there seems so much to be said, as for this one with regard to the property of a nation in its native soil. There is hardly a situation insulting to the instincts of patriotism, hardly a picture of destitution shocking to the instincts of humanity, which a little imagination, and a little loose logic combined, may not easily present to us as the legitimate consequences of a denial of it. England in the hands of six rich Americans, the Highlands made a desert for another six to sport over, bloated idleness, starving industry, and the bulk of a nation mere tenants-at-will in the country of whose greatness they are themselves the authors,—it would be perfectly easy, unless

unless our judgment stopped us, to multiply images of this kind indefinitely, and to cite them as proofs, one stronger than another, of the essential injustice of the private appropriation of land. We may content ourselves, however, with an extract from Mr. George, who in the following sentences gives the gist of all, and says better than Mr. Hyndman what Mr. Hyndman means :—

‘The comparative handful of proprietors who own the surface of the British Islands would only be doing what English law gives them full power to do, and what many of them have done on a smaller scale already, were they to exclude the millions of British people from their native islands. And such an exclusion, by which a few hundred thousand should at will banish thirty million people from their native country, while it would be more striking, would not be a whit more repugnant to natural right, than the spectacle now presented of the vast body of the British people being compelled to pay such enormous sums to a few of their number, for the privilege of being permitted to live upon and use the land which they so fondly call their own, which is endeared to them by memories so tender and so glorious, and for which they are held in duty bound, if need be, to spill their blood and lay down their lives. . . . To this manifest absurdity does the recognition of the individual right to land arise when carried to its ultimate [conclusion]—that any one human being, could he concentrate in himself the individual rights to the land in any country, could expel therefrom all the rest of its inhabitants; and, could he thus concentrate the individual rights to the whole surface of the globe, he alone of all the earth would have the right to live.’

But Mr. George reduces all this to a yet briefer compass, and puts it into its proper scientific form, when he says, in the same chapter as that from which we have just quoted, ‘that private property in land can, in the last analysis, only be justified on the theory, that some men have a better right to existence than others.’

Now let us take the converse of this proposition, and we shall at once find the very thing we are looking for. If the ultimate justification of private property in land is the theory that some men have a better right to existence than others, the first principle of justice, by which such property stands condemned, is the opposite principle that the right of all men to existence is equal. This alone, however, is not sufficient. It would prove but half of what is wanted. For what natural justice is supposed by the Socialists to inform us, is, not merely that the human race are the collective owners of the earth, but that special sections of the human race are the collective owners, severally, of certain special parts of it. The Americans are the owners

owners of America; the Indians are the owners of India; the Irish are the owners of Ireland; and when Mr. Hyndman calls his book 'England for All,' he does not mean 'England for all the world.' He means 'England for all the English.' The above principle, therefore, as to the natural right to live, is, in the logic of Socialism, evidently accompanied by another. The Socialist must maintain, not only that every man has an equal right to live, but that every man has a right to live in his own country.

Now to neither of these principles can we ourselves assent unconditionally. Our exceptions to the first, however, are so unimportant, that for argument's sake we will treat it as though it were absolutely true; and as to the second, though it requires to be strictly limited, we freely admit that there is a great deal of truth in it. Agreeing with the Socialists thus far, what we shall seek to show is this:—that the equal right of every man to live, is in no way incompatible with private land-owning; that the equal right of every man to live in his native country, can be maintained only with limitations that are of a very serious nature; and that, in so far as it can be maintained at all, it is an argument, not for the injustice of private land-owning, but for its justice.

Let us return for a moment, then, to one of Mr. George's illustrations. A man, if he owned the soil of a whole country, might expel, Mr. George says, all the rest of the inhabitants; or, if he owned the soil of the whole world, he would have at his mercy the lives of the whole human race. But either of these positions, Mr. George continues, would be monstrous; and yet private land-owning might conceivably lead to either: therefore private land-owning is a monstrous piece of injustice. Now the above extreme illustrations are, no doubt, useful in one way: but they are useful, not as showing the injustice of private land-owning, but as showing the absurdity of this whole method of argument. They expose something; but that something is themselves. For if there be anything sound in the principle on which they are founded, that a man may own nothing which it is conceivable he may misuse grossly, then not only is it unjust that a man should own land, but, with very few exceptions, it is unjust that he should own anything. If a squire may not own the land of a parish, because it is conceivable he might expel the villagers, the baker may not own the bread, because it is equally conceivable that he might starve them; because any one with a sharp weapon might conceivably commit a murder, therefore a schoolmaster can have no property in a penknife; and it is plain that nobody may buy a cartload of building-materials,

building-materials, because a great contractor conceivably might heave half a brick at a clergyman.

This argument is false for two reasons. In the first place, it involves a completely wrong notion of what constitutes the justice of any law or institution. In the second place, it involves a completely wrong notion of what constitutes private property. The justice of a law or an institution is altogether relative, not to what those affected by it conceivably might do, but to what they probably will do. The Duke of Westminster *might* make Belgravia a desert. Mr. George when he was in England *might* have stabbed the Duke of Westminster. But it no more follows from hence that the Duke has no right to his land, than it follows from hence that Mr. George ought to have gone about London in handcuffs. We shall be told, no doubt, that the two cases are not parallel, because the law forbids murder, whilst it does not forbid wholesale evictions. This, however, is no answer to our argument. Some evictions, we quite admit, might be monstrous. Our point is, that the law has no call to forbid them, because it does not appear that such monstrous evictions are probable. When the Duke of Westminster shows any desire to expel all the Belgravians, when the Duke of Bedford proposes to turn Covent Garden into a game-preserve, and when it comes to be the ambition of English landlords generally, not to get their rents, but to get rid of their tenantry, then we may be certain that the English land-laws will be altered; and we should ourselves be the first to admit they ought to be so. But on precisely the same principles, if Mr. George bought a knife, with the avowed purpose of murdering every second person he met, he ought to be locked up, and his knife taken away from him: whilst if any large section of the public were to buy knives likewise, with an avowedly similar purpose, the right to buy knives at all would have to be very speedily limited. The fact, that a crime or an enormity is not forbidden by the law, shows, not that the law sanctions it, but that no sane man apprehends it.

Absurd, however, as is the conception formed by the Socialists of what constitutes justice in a law or a legal principle, the conception they have formed of what constitutes private property is more absurd still. Private property, they seem to imagine, is such property, and such property only, as its possessor can be allowed to use in any way he pleases. Hence, anything that might be used to the detriment of the public in general, and the use of which must consequently be limited by legislation, is, they argue, not private property at all. Now this conception of private property is the conception, no doubt,

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of boys playing at marbles ; but that it should ever have imposed itself on a rational and thoughtful man, we confess is beyond our comprehension. For, so far is the private ownership of an object from being inconsistent with the use which the owner makes of it being limited, that it is precisely the limitations on the use of such objects that make up the substance of more than half the laws of the world. Is not a knife a proper object of private ownership? Mr. George and Mr. Hyndman both admit that it is. Yet what can be clearer, as we have already pointed out, than that the use of a knife must be subjected to the very strictest limitations? Or let us take the case of a cabman, who owns his own horse and hansom. Does the English law, or does any human being, fail to recognize these as the cabman's private property? Yet is the cabman legally able to do as he likes with them? Can he drive them down Piccadilly at the rate of twelve miles an hour? When standing in the rank, can he refuse to take a passenger? Can he exact half-a-sovereign for going from Hyde Park Corner to St. James's Street? or can he, to work off his temper, beat his horse to death in the stable? If then a man may still own a knife, though he may not stick it in his neighbour's back—if a cabman may own a horse, though he may not cruelly maltreat it—there is no shadow of proof that a man may not own land, in the fact that, under certain circumstances, he cannot be allowed to denude it wantonly of its inhabitants. The utmost that could be proved from the arguments we have been just considering, would be that the law, under certain circumstances, should compel a landlord to let his land, just as it compels a cabman to take a passenger in his cab, and perhaps compel him to let it on certain fixed conditions. But unless all private property be inadmissible, which the modern Socialists do not maintain,\* it is impossible to deduce from the principle that all men have a right to live, that, even if a landlord should be compelled to let his land, he has not a right to own all the land he can buy, and having bought it, to demand a full rent for it.

The theory, however, that we are now engaged in combatting, does not merely deny that land can be the property of the individual. It asserts that it is by nature inalienably the property of the nation. Hence, as we have seen already, we had the two first principles to examine into—not only the

\* 'There is to everything produced by human exertion a clear and indisputable title to exclusive possession.'—'Progress and Poverty.' 'Do any say we attack property? We deny it. We attack only the private property of a few thousand loiterers and slave-drivers, which renders all property in the fruits of their own labour impossible for millions.'—'Socialism made Plain.'

principle that all men have a right to live, but the principle that every man has a right to live in his own country. The first we have disposed of: it remains for us to examine the second.

This, then, we are told, is a self-evident truth:—every man has a right to live in his own country; the English, for instance, have a right to live in England: and we can hear the Socialists, as they fling down the moral gauntlet, asking with confidence what Englishman will deny it. Now if population were altogether stationary, we certainly should not be disposed to deny this ourselves; and, even as matters stand, we shall make it appear presently that we are prepared to defend the right of the English to England, to the utmost length that is demanded by patriotism, or permitted by common sense. When we reflect, however, that population is not stationary, but increasing, we cannot but see that this supposed natural principle is far from being true in the universal way claimed for it. For whether we be Malthusians, or whether we be anti-Malthusians, it must be clear to us all that in any given country the population will, if it goes on increasing, be too large for that country to nourish, some day; and thus, in every country, which according to modern notions is prosperous, a time will come when a certain proportion of the citizens must inevitably lose this right, which is declared to be inalienable.

This consequence, and its bearing on the present question, will become clearer, if we examine more closely what the Socialists mean by *country*. For the word *country*, when used in one of its senses, means often some area so extensive, that the possibility of its being over-populated is apt to elude the imagination. It may, for example, mean all the Russias; it may mean the whole of the United States; or it may mean the British Islands. It may mean, in fact, any area, or group of contiguous areas, which are united under one Government. But it is perfectly evident that, when the Socialists use the word, they use it in a sense very much narrower than this: and it is evident, if for no other reason, from one very familiar fact. In illustrating this right, which they assert, of every man to live in his own country, the two cases they adduce as most strikingly to the point at this moment, are the case of the Irish, and the case of the Scotch Highlanders. Now the Irish peasant is not told that he has a right to live in Birmingham, nor the Highland crofter that he has a right to live in Edinburgh. What is claimed for the one is that he has a right to live in Ireland, and what is claimed for the other is that he has a right to live in the Highlands. Clearly, then, what the Socialists mean by a  
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man's country, is not an area co-extensive with the rule of the Government under which he lives, but one much more special and definite. The question therefore arises: How far is it specialized? Has the Connemara peasant a right merely to live in Ireland? or has he a special right to live in Connemara? Has the Ardnamurchan crofter a right merely to live in the Highlands? or has he a special right to live in Ardnamurchan? What are the boundaries, if driven beyond which, a man's inalienable right to his own country is violated? Are they the boundaries of his native county? or the boundaries of his native parish? or the boundaries of his native potato-patch? Are they an arm of the sea, or a chain of hills, or a river, or a hedge, or a gutter? Where does his right begin, and where does his right end? Now though, if such a right exists at all, it may be impossible to give to this question any one universal answer, there are still certain cases in which it can be answered with the utmost precision. If we violate the right of a native of Ross-shire by expelling him from his native glen, we equally violate the right of a native of one of the Hebrides by expelling him from his native island: and one of the Hebrides (at least if it be of moderate size) will be an example, at once complete and manageable, of what the Socialists really mean, when they speak of a man's country.

Let us take then the island, or we may call it the country, of Rùm, and apply the Socialistic doctrine of inalienable rights to that. The island of Rùm, which is about seven miles in length, contained towards the end of the last century a population of 300 inhabitants. Of these, subsequently, all were expelled but twelve, in order that the island might be turned into a deer-forest for an Englishman. Now for argument's sake we will admit that this expulsion was every whit as unjustifiable as any Socialist can represent it to be. But it clearly does not follow from this admission, that the people of Rùm, because they were the people of Rùm, had an inalienable right to live on their native island. For let us suppose that the expulsion had never taken place, and the whole 300 had been left to increase and multiply; what would have happened then? Here we are on solid ground. We are dealing, not with imaginary quantities, not with vague quantities. We can say what would have happened, with certainty. The greater part of Rùm consists of a barren mountain; it would be hopeless to establish there any kind of manufacture; and even Mr. George himself would not attempt to maintain that it could yield subsistence for more than 600 people. Now if population had increased there, as it has done over Great Britain generally, this limit of 600 would



have been reached, a full fifty years ago; and from that time to this there would have been born every year in the island nearly twenty people more than could by any possibility live there, or, what is precisely the same thing, could have any possible right to live there. In other words, during the last fifty years this one country would have produced some 900 citizens, who not only had no inalienable right to live in it, but whom their fellow-citizens had an inalienable right to expel.\*

If then the people of Rum had any special right to remain in their native island at all, this was not only because, as a race, they had a better right to it than the rest of the world, but because a certain number of themselves had a better right to it than the remainder. And what is true of a small island like Rum, is equally true in principle of a great country like England. As Mr. George himself has repeatedly admitted in his arguments, the district is the image of the kingdom; and what is true in principle with regard to the soil of the one, is true in principle with regard to the soil of the other. The right then of the English to England, no matter how valid, rests not on any inalienable natural right, which inheres by birth in all Englishmen equally, but is a right which depends on a number of variable circumstances, and which, even if it inheres in all Englishmen to-day, does so only by accident, and will certainly not do so to-morrow.

This national right, however, which is thus left us, is still far from insignificant. It is simply that right for which, from time immemorial, noble and peasant have fought side by side; and the Duke of Wellington valued it as highly as does Mr. Hyndman. This right, as we have already said, we admit; but if we consider it now, having examined its real nature, we shall see that, in asserting it, we are so far from asserting any right in the nation as against the private land-owners, that we are really doing all we can to justify the right of the private land-owners as against the nation. For if the right to live on a certain portion of the earth's surface be vested, not in mankind in general, but in a certain special race, and not even

\* Or we may look at the question in another way. If a man has an inalienable right to live in a certain country, it may be contended with equal justice that he has an inalienable obligation to live in it. Now let us suppose for a moment that this obligation were enforced by our Government, and that no Irishmen, for instance, were allowed to emigrate to America. It is perfectly clear that we should at once hear from the Socialists, that in addition to the right to live in his own country, a man had also an inalienable right to leave it. But what would this come to? Either that a man has a right to live in any spot he pleases, wholly irrespective of the interest of others; or else, that he has merely a right to live somewhere; a proposition which we have allowed to be true, but shown to be wholly irrelevant to the question of private ownership in land.

in that race as a whole, but only in a certain section of it, how can it be contrary to any principle of natural justice that one set of men should possess rights as owners, which are in their own way no more exclusive than the rights which another set are allowed to possess as occupiers? The Socialists say that 30,000 English landlords can have no right as against 30,000,000 English tenants. Surely we may ask, with equal justice, what right can 30,000,000 English tenants have, as against 1,200,000,000 other human beings, including amongst them many of their own countrymen? If one man may not appropriate a particular spot of land, why may a body of men? If a small body may not, why may a large body? Where does natural justice draw the line between 30,000 and 30,000,000? Or how does a nation, as against the rest of the world, differ from a landlord as against the rest of his nation?

The Socialists, no doubt, will say that a nation owns its soil because it does what the landlords do not; it collectively works upon it. This, however, is only evading the difficulty. Why should one nation have a better soil to work on than another? Why should one nation have silver, gold, coal, iron, and petroleum, while another has none of these? Why should one nation be basking in the sunshine of Naples or Andalusia, and another be hiding in huts from the cold of the Arctic Zone? It is impossible to answer these questions by any appeal to the natural rights of man. If we regard men merely as men, the Chinese have as much right to the coal of England as the English; the Esquimaux have as much right as the Neapolitans to the climate of Southern Italy. All we can say is this, and this is quite sufficient. Unless it were recognized, with regard to the surface of the earth, that the rights of men to it are distributed, not equally, but unequally; that some men, without any personal merit of their own, have an exclusive right to its richest and most delightful parts, whilst others have a right only to the parts that are most barren and miserable; that for some is the healthy hill-side, for others the pestilential plain; for some the harbours and the navigable rivers, for others the iron-bound coast and the rock-strewn mountain torrent; for some the perennial spring, for others the perennial winter; for some the fields of corn, for others the fields of ice: unless this were recognized as the order and rule of Nature, no progressive civilization of any kind would be possible; and mankind would consist of nothing but a multitude of warring tribes, perpetually either plundering or being plundered. We are not now attempting to prove that the ownership by private persons of the fee-simple of the soil is expedient; we are only concerned

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to show that the modern Socialists are so far from having done anything to prove the contrary, that the very argument which they have thought to be most conclusive against it, instead of being a proof of its inexpediency, is an analogical illustration of its justice.

We have dwelt at such length on the Socialistic view of the land-question, not only because of its importance to the system of the Socialists themselves, but because a number of persons, who are by no means Socialists, appear to entertain some vague suspicion that it may be true. We must now, however, quit these high discussions as to natural justice and inalienable rights, and descend to humbler, but still more important ground. We mean the question of the relation of wealth to labour. And we say this question is more important, not only because it is so in point of theory, but because, in an age like ours, it is so also in practice. According to the calculations of Mr. Hyndman and others, whilst the Socialistic theory of land would, if adopted in England, alter the existing distribution of but 60,000,000*l.* annually, the effect of adopting the Socialistic theory of labour, would be to alter the existing distribution of 900,000,000*l.*

Such being the case, we shall perhaps make the discussion simpler, if we put our difference with the Socialists as to the land altogether out of sight; and figure to ourselves, in dealing with the relation of wealth to labour, that our argument refers to a country in which the land has been already nationalized. All the rents, we will suppose, are paid to the State, and are absorbed in defraying the ordinary expenses of the Government. Thus, so far as the individual citizens are concerned, the land has no longer any share in the production of wealth at all, and we may cease to complicate the problem by making any further allusion to it. All the wealth that the citizens can enjoy, that is to say, all the wealth of the country, except what goes in taxes, has been clearly produced, not by the land, but by some other agency, or agencies.

The Socialists say it has been produced by one agency only, and that agency is labour. We have already quoted their formula. All wealth is due to labour: therefore to the labourers all wealth is due. This is the proposition that we are now about to examine; and, before discussing its truth, we must begin by making ourselves quite clear as to its meaning.

The first thing, then, that we have to notice in regard to it is its difference from the proposition that corresponds to it in the theories of the orthodox economists. It advisedly suppresses all mention of capital. It is this suppression that, in the eyes of the Socialists, alone gives it its supposed meaning and value.

Practically,

Practically, therefore, the immediate question before us is, not how the Socialists assert the claims of labour, but how they manage to get rid of the claims of capital, and to prove, in so doing, that the capitalists are robbers and marauders.

It will be well to observe then that *capital*, as here used, is far from being synonymous with all accumulated wealth. It means only such wealth when used for a particular purpose. It is, as Mr. Hyndman says, 'the saving of past labour *for the special purpose of increasing the future store.*' Thus the same sum of money will be either capital or not capital, entirely according to the use its possessor makes of it. Two men, we will say, have each 10,000*l.* The one spends this sum in champagne and race-horses; and at the end of a short time the whole of it has disappeared. The other invests it in a cotton-mill; lives for the rest of his life on an income of 500*l.* a-year, and leaves the principal undiminished to his children. Of the two men the latter only is a capitalist; and, strange as it may seem, alluding to the Socialistic theory, the latter only is a robber. For the mere possession of 10,000*l.*, or for the matter of that, 100,000*l.*, is not necessarily, in the eyes of the Socialists, any crime whatever. Their theory of the relation of wealth to labour expressly sanctions a man's right to save everything he can abstain from spending, and to give or bequeath this to whomsoever he pleases: and thus the heir of a large family of misers might have the possession of an immense sum of money, to which the Socialists would heartily bid him welcome. Mr. Hyndman especially says that a sum of this kind, in the possession of a single individual, need represent in itself no robbery at all, but 'merely the result of past frugality on the part of some hard-working man, with a keen eye to the good of his species, as well as to his own immediate interest.' The robbery begins only when this sum, instead of diminishing with each draught that is made on it, is so employed as to enable the owner to spend yearly a certain given proportion of it, and yet yearly, without any exertion of his own, to have that proportion somehow made good again. The capitalist is not a robber because he has his cake; and he is not a robber because he eats his cake. He is a robber only because in eating one cake he is making somebody else supply its place with another.

We will illustrate this by an example which Mr. Hyndman himself offers us, and which he tells us is taken from 'the regular operations of a factory.' He supposes a man with a fortune of something over 10,000*l.* to employ this fortune as follows:—With the bulk of it, that is to say with the 10,000*l.*, he buys a cotton-mill, containing  
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10,000 spindles, and with his remaining few hundreds he sets the mill going. Such a mill, says Mr. Hyndman, 'produces every week a pound of yarn to the spindle. The waste of the cotton amounts to 6 per cent. Therefore 10,600 lbs. of cotton are converted [weekly] into 10,000 lbs. of yarn, and 600 lbs. of waste.' The capitalist accordingly buys 10,600 lbs. of cotton, which cost him 342*l.*; 10*l.* he spends in buying a week's coal and sundries; and he sets aside 20*l.* to make good a week's wear and tear of the machinery, and 6*l.* for a week's ground-rent of his premises. Thus the total weekly expense, exclusive of the wages of the hands, is 378*l.* The weekly wages of the hands are 52*l.* Accordingly, the capitalist at the end of his first week of business will have spent, inclusive of the original outlay, 10,430*l.* Meanwhile, however, his mill will have spun 10,000 yarns of cotton, and the value of this will be 510*l.* Let us now consider what his position at the end of the first week is. With regard to the bulk of his money, it is totally unchanged. The mill and the machinery, which represent his 10,000*l.*, are just what they were at starting, for he has spent 20*l.* in keeping them so. His 10,000*l.* therefore is still his own, exactly as it would have been had he hidden it away in a stocking. It has neither been increased nor lessened. All that has changed then is the remaining 430*l.*; for, having spent this sum in the ways above-mentioned, he receives at the week's end, in return for it, 510*l.* He receives not only the whole of it back again, but 80*l.* added to it. That is to say, the capitalist, during the week, has lost nothing; and, so far as work goes, he has done nothing. Simply 80*l.*, which he has not worked for, has come to him somehow. The question is, how? What is the origin of this additional 80*l.*?

This Mr. Hyndman undertakes to tell us; and he leads us up to it by the following train of reasoning. The cotton yarn which is sold by the capitalist could not possibly be sold by him for a less sum than the total of all the sums which he has himself spent in its production. What these sums are we have seen already: 20*l.* in deterioration of machinery; 10*l.* in coal; 6*l.* in ground-rent; 342*l.* in raw material, and 52*l.* in wages; making in all 430*l.* Thus, of the 510*l.* for which the yarn is sold, 430*l.* simply replaces what the capitalist has spent on its production. Now if the yarn were worth no more than this, and were sold for no more than this, then, says Mr. Hyndman, the transaction would be perfectly fair. What had been paid out by the capitalist in securing the various means of production, and what was paid in to him in the money's worth of the produce, would in that case be equal. The two sides of the

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account would balance. Such, however, is not the case here. On the one side is 430*l.*; on the other 510*l.* That is to say, the capitalist has bought the means of production for 80*l.* less than the fair value of the produce. Now, says Mr. Hyndman, what has happened becomes clear. For some one or more of the various means of production the capitalist has somehow or other paid 80*l.* too little; which means, translated into slightly different language, that he has got 80*l.* worth of the means of productions for nothing. The only question is, which of the means of production are these? Which is it that he has stolen? This, says Mr. Hyndman, is very easy to answer, because for all the means of production, except one, we can be quite sure that he had to pay the uttermost farthing. The coal, use of the ground, the repairs of the machinery, the raw material—as to all these things, says Mr. Hyndman, he has not been able to help himself; ‘he has bought them at their actual value, and paid for them at their actual price.’ They are worth as much as, and no more than, that price, just as the yarn is worth the 510*l.* for which he sells it. Since then he has paid 80*l.* too little in something, it can only be that he has paid 80*l.* too little in wages, or for the labour of the men employed by him. Their labour really should be worth 132*l.*, whilst what he has paid for it has been only 52*l.* That is to say, Mr. Hyndman continues, of the ten hours a day for which these men will have worked, they have been paid for four hours only, and have worked six hours for nothing.

Having brought us to this point, Mr. Hyndman sums up as follows:—

‘There is a comparison at hand which philanthropizing capitalists—and there are many of them—will understand, if they do not appreciate. Under the old system of *corvée* a man was obliged to give, say one day’s work in the week, or at most two, to his lord without any payment. Such a man, though he had the remaining five or six days wholly to himself, was thought little better than a slave. Nor was he. English capitalists would, of all men, subscribe largely to relieve human beings from continuing in such a shameful and degraded position. But here at home we have men, women, and children, who are obliged to give four, five, and six hours a day to the capitalist for nothing, and yet are thought free. A factory hand, who, as in the instance given above, provides six hours a day of extra labour, makes the capitalist a present of three days’ work in the week for nothing. He gives, in fact, three times as much labour for nothing in the week to his employer, as the serf who works one day in the week under *corvée* is obliged to offer in unpaid labour to his lord. But in the one case, under the system of daily or weekly wages, the necessary labour and the extra labour are lumped together,

together, as so much paid-for labour; in the other they are divided. Thus the forced, extra, unpaid labour for the capitalist—the industrial *corvée*—escapes notice, though it is three times greater than the other; and the capitalist is thrice as heavy a master as the feudal lord.'

We are now in a position to understand what the Socialists mean, when they declare that capital, as a thing distinct from labour, is not an agent in the production of wealth at all. They mean, in the first place, that all such capital as is invested in inert matter, such as machinery, raw material, and so forth, is, in Mr. Hyndman's words, 'simply reproduced without increase.' Thus out of the 510*l.* worth of yarn produced in the cotton-mill, the machinery\* is to be credited with the production of so many pounds' worth only, as represents the loss incurred in wear and tear; the coal and the raw cotton are to be credited, in a similar way, with the production of so many pounds' worth only, as represents their own replacement; and so on with every part of the capital, except that spent in wages. 'Ordinarily,' says Mr. Hyndman, 'the rate of surplus value is calculated on the total amount of capital employed, constant and variable, and is dubbed profit on capital. *But this is wholly incorrect.* The rate of surplus value produced, the proportion of labour turned to account by the capitalist, should be reckoned *only* on the amount of capital advanced to pay the owner for that labour.' Thus, according to the Socialistic theory, one man might own all the machinery and all the raw material in England, and yet not be a penny the richer for it himself, nor any one else the poorer. As long as his wealth remained in this form, it would stand in his name; that would be all. He might just as well be the owner of a diamond spade, which he lent to a man for nothing, to dig up potatoes with.†

Here then we are confronted with a somewhat startling result. The great bulk of the wealth that we ordinarily consider capital is, in the Socialistic Economy, not capital at all, for it does not in itself serve 'the special purpose of increasing the future store.' Strictly speaking, nothing is capital except the wages fund; and hence we are now able to define it more exactly. Instead of merely saying that capital is wealth 'set apart for the special purpose of increasing the future store,' we

\* 'The machine . . . adds no more value to the commodity produced than the wear and tear during the process of work.'—'England for All,' p. 73.

† Thus, according to this theory, if a man invests part of his profits in adding to his mills and his machinery, he benefits by this only because it enables him to find employment for more unpaid labour.



may say it is wealth set apart for the special purpose of buying labour at less than that labour's worth.

And now follows the final question. How is it that the capitalists are able to accomplish this special purpose? It is all very well to say they are robbers; but what puts it into their power to rob? The answer is to be found in a further examination of the wages fund. Just as one part of the wealth of the capitalists consists of a monopoly of raw material and machinery, so the wages fund consists of a monopoly of the daily necessities of existence. These are theirs to give or to withhold: the labourers are therefore completely at their mercy, and can be forced to labour, not for their labour's worth, but for the lowest sum that will keep them in working order. That is to say, they can be forced, as we have seen before, to give the capitalists the larger part of their labour for nothing; since, if they do not, the capitalists can leave them to die. And here let us pause once more, to consider that other portion of the wealth of the capitalists, which we have said is not capital. Practically, the fact of its being monopolized as it is, helps to keep the labourers in the grip of the capitalists; and, though not robbing them itself, holds them down while they are being robbed: but theoretically, this wealth—that is to say, the raw material and the machinery—might just as well be owned by the labourers themselves. According to the Socialistic theory, that would in no way alter the situation. For a set of men who were absolutely starving would be none the less at the mercy of a man with food, and be obliged to take it at whatever terms he offered them, from the fact of their owning a cargo of raw cotton and a cotton-mill. They cannot eat raw cotton and spindles; and, unless they eat something, the raw cotton and spindles are useless. It will thus be seen that the raw material and the machinery in a country at any given moment are, according to this theory, virtually a part of the labourers. The three elements together form, as it were, one animal, in which the raw material is like the stuff out of which a silkworm spins its web, and the machinery is merely an enlargement of the organs by which this spinning is effected.

Such then is the train of reasoning by which the Socialists eliminate capital from the causes of wealth. They reduce it itself to a mere monopoly of the daily means of subsistence, which enables the monopolists to drive an unjust bargain with the labourers, and they reduce its profits to the products of so many hours and days of forced or unpaid-for labour. In putting this theory before the reader, we have carefully abstained thus far from any comments on it of our own. We have been merely

merely anxious to state as clearly as possible what the Socialists themselves mean. And we are bound to say that, if we look at only so much of the matter as they themselves look at, or choose to show us, their arguments seem convincing to a very singular degree. They are logical, ingenious, lucid; they convey to us a constant sense that they are exposing some time-honoured fallacy; and, above all, they result in putting the situation before us in a form that can be grasped almost instantly by the imagination. We are, however, now about to examine them; and we shall have, we conceive, little difficulty in showing that their apparent force is due, not to their profundity, but to their partiality, and that they rest, in the last resort, on one of the most abject sophisms that ever imposed themselves on the meanest of human intellects.

We will begin, then, by directing the reader's attention to a certain point that will probably have occurred to him already. Since machinery, according to the Socialistic theory, is simply reproduced without increase; since, in words we have already quoted from Mr. Hyndman, 'it adds no more value to the commodity produced than the wear and tear during the process of work,' it may seem doubtful why, according to this theory, machinery should exist at all; and one might be tempted to conceive of the Socialists as actually maintaining that it has left production exactly where it found it, and has done nothing for men except just repay them for the trouble of keeping it in order. But though, as we shall see presently, what they maintain is something quite as absurd as this, still it is not this. 'Machines,' says Mr. Hyndman, 'so vastly enhance the power of human labour,' that 'at first sight' it would appear that by their aid 'men would be relieved from excessive drudgery, and yet wealth abound more than at any previous period. . . . And,' he adds, 'there is nothing necessarily chimerical in these ideas.' Thus, to return to the figures he gives us from the typical operations of a factory, the labour that with the assistance of machinery produced 10,000 lbs. of yarn in a week, might, according to his own admission, without that assistance barely produce a thousand; and he would accordingly himself credit the machinery with nine-tenths of the whole weekly product.

How then, it may be asked, can he possibly reconcile this with the seemingly incompatible doctrine, that all wealth is due to labour? He does so in this way: not by denying that the product of labour is increased by machinery, but by maintaining that the addition it thus receives adds nothing to its value. The 10,000 lbs. of yarn that are produced weekly

weekly with the assistance of machinery, sell, he says, for 510*l.*: but supposing the machinery to be non-existent, and the weekly product to be reduced to 1000 lbs. only, the weekly product in value would still be paid the same. A thousand pounds of yarn would be worth 510*l.* then, just as 10,000 lbs. of yarn are worth 510*l.* now. Conversely, could the machinery be so improved that the weekly product should be not diminished but doubled, its value would still remain at 510*l.* Twenty thousand pounds of yarn would be worth no more than 10,000, just as the 10,000 were worth no more than 1000. Thus if a mill, with its present machinery, produces 10,000 lbs. of yarn weekly, yarn is worth about a shilling a pound; if there were no machinery at all, the yarn would be worth about ten shillings a pound; and if the machinery had its present efficacy doubled, the yarn then would be worth about sixpence a pound. In other words, machinery cheapens commodities so exactly in proportion as it multiplies them, that its one effect on the wealth which it assists in producing is, not to increase the value of the whole, but merely to diminish the value of the separate parts. Hence, argue the Socialists, a man who owns machinery, and allows labourers to use it, though he adds to the productiveness of their labour, adds nothing to its value, and has no claim whatever to any share in the results of it. Were this not the case, the Socialists themselves admit that their whole system would fall at once to the ground. For supposing that this theory of value were not true, and that machinery did what this theory says it does not, add value as well as bulk to the gross results of labour, then all, or at any rate most, of this immense added value would justly go to the men whose machinery had been the means of adding it. It is, then, this theory of value that is, as Dr. Schäffle says, 'the great Archimedean pivot from which the modern Socialists would turn the economic world upside down:' and it will be seen that consequently our whole present enquiry narrows and resolves itself into an examination of it.

Our first question with regard to it will naturally be, on what grounds do the Socialists themselves support it? And any one who has realized its full enormity and absurdity, will perhaps be little surprised to hear that they have, on their own confession, hardly examined into its grounds at all. Marx, who was the first to deduce from it the Socialistic theory of capital, assumes it as an axiom to be accepted, rather than as a conclusion to be proved; and Mr. Hyndman, who is simply an exponent of the views of Marx, follows and illustrates the exact procedure of his master. Having devoted a considerable part  
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of a chapter to repeating in various ways that 'in all exchangeable value, the quantity of human labour is the measure,' he complacently goes on to observe that 'there is, of course, nothing new in all this;' and that 'at this time of day it needs no elaborate demonstration.' He calls it 'a generally admitted, though a little regarded truth;' and if we may judge from one of his foot-notes, he seems to think that Professor Stanley Jevons is the only person who ever questioned it. Although, however, he disdains to defend formally a theory which he thinks is so little liable to attack, he gives, in passing, certain hints of the process by which he and his instructors have arrived at it. He quotes two passages, to which we shall recur presently, one from Adam Smith, and one from Ricardo, both of which he has entirely misunderstood, but in which he conceives it to be stated; and he takes the following illustration to show its self-evident character.

'Say that a coat is worth twice as much as ten yards of cloth. The coat is useful, and satisfies a particular want. Two kinds or qualities of labour are embodied in it—that of the tailor who made the coat, and that of the weaver who wove the cloth. So far as its usefulness is concerned also, it makes no difference whether the tailor wears it or his customer. The coat is assumed to be worth twice as much as ten yards of cloth—worth, that is, twenty yards of cloth. In point of value, coat and cloth as well are two expressions of labour itself. Thus the coat is worth twice as much as the cloth, because the cloth contains only half as much human labour; and it needs twice the quantity of labour to produce the coat complete, cloth and all, as to produce the cloth alone. Reduce the quantity of labour needed to make a coat by one-half, and two coats are only worth what one was before. Double the quantity of labour needed to make a coat, and one coat is worth what two were before. . . . But, of course,' Mr. Hyndman adds, 'if the labour is more productive, more values in use are obtained in a given time; and if less productive, less; only the value for exchange remains unaltered.'

The foregoing illustration Mr. Hyndman considers to be a perfect type of all productive processes, and the relation of labour to value, which it indicates, to be only obscured, not altered, by the intricacies of the capitalistic system. And of one thing, no doubt, it is a perfect type—not of all productive processes, but of the way in which Mr. Hyndman and the Socialists reason about all productive processes. We shall therefore make use of its assistance, in showing how ridiculous their reasoning is.

Let us first observe, then, that, like many things that are false, Mr. Hyndman's illustration has a certain grain of truth in it. It is undoubtedly true that in an exceedingly simple community,

community, in which all the coats were made by one man, the exchangeable value of a coat, within certain limits, would rise and fall with the hours that are necessary to produce it. We will suppose, for instance, four men wrecked on a desert island, with a large cargo of cloth. A cave supplies them with shelter; but the climate renders coats a necessity. One of their number makes the coats; the three others procure food. Each of them requires three coats in the year; that is to say, they require twelve coats in all; and each coat takes a month in making. Thus to supply the community with coats occupies the tailor for the entire year. Accordingly, since he can plainly do nothing to get food for himself, the lowest value that his coats can possibly have is the value represented by a year's supply of food, which must be given him. This we will suppose to be worth 18*l*. The community therefore requires during the year 72*l*. worth of food in all; it takes each of the three men a year to procure 24*l*. worth; and thus they are occupied the whole year in providing the needful food, just as the tailor is occupied in providing the needful coats. The value, therefore, of the twelve coats is necessarily 24*l*.; that is to say, 2*l*. a coat.\* This is not only the lowest possible value, but the highest possible value; for just as the tailor could make the coats for no less, so his companions could offer for them no more. Thus far, all is perfectly simple. Let us now suppose the situation slightly changed. A coat, we will say, takes the tailor a fortnight to make, not a month; and he can thus produce in the year, not twelve coats only, but twenty-four. What will happen now? If he produces twenty-four coats, it is perfectly plain that he can get no more than 24*l*. for them, for there is no more than 24*l*. available; and it is perfectly plain also that he can sell them for no less. Each coat, therefore, will in this case be halved in value. It will be worth, not 2*l*., but 1*l*. Thus far Mr. Hyndman is perfectly right; but we have now come to the point where his long course of error begins. We have just said that the coats would be worth 1*l*. apiece, *if* the tailor produced twenty-four of them in a year. The question arises, would he produce twenty-four? This question, and its attendant considerations, the Socialists utterly neglect: and yet here really lies the key to the whole problem. Twelve coats, we have said, are all that are necessary to the community. The second twelve would be mere luxuries. Why should not the tailor continue to

\* It will, of course, be recollected that the three others have to present the tailor with his own three coats, which they virtually do by feeding him whilst he is making them. Thus the income of each of the four is 24*l*., 18*l*. being in food, and 6*l*. in coats.

make twelve only, as heretofore, sell them, as heretofore, at 2*l*. apiece, and live six months of the year in idleness on the labour of his companions? The Socialists would answer, that were he to attempt to do this, his companions would soon remedy matters by making their coats for themselves. Why should they feed the tailor for a month, to do what they themselves could do in a fortnight? Now, under certain circumstances this reply might be perfectly valid; but its validity would depend altogether on one condition, that all the four men were equally capable of coat-making, and that the special productiveness of the tailor's labour was in the nature of the labour, not in the talents of the man. Were such not the case—had the tailor alone the power of making a coat in a fortnight, whilst none of the others could make it in less than a month—the tailor's coats would still retain their old value in exchange, wholly irrespective of the diminution of the labour bestowed upon them.

If this is not sufficiently clear already, we have only to suppose our community somewhat larger. Instead of one tailor clothing four people with twelve coats a year, we will suppose ten tailors clothing forty with a hundred and twenty. At first, each of these tailors makes only twelve coats a year. They are thus, all of them, fully occupied; and they receive for their coats, as in the former case, 2*l*. apiece, which, as in the former case, is the only price possible—at once the highest and the lowest. By-and-by, however, one of the ten tailors so far outstrips the rest in dexterity, that instead of making only twelve coats in the year he makes sixty. But the utmost number of coats required in the year by the community being, as we have said, no more than a hundred and twenty, there would now, if all the tailors still continued working, be produced annually forty-eight coats too many. What would be the result of this on the value of the coats? It is plain that, if it affected the value of any of them, it would affect those only that were made by the exceptional tailor; for, from the terms of the proposition, those made by the others are as cheap as possible already. Let us suppose then that for a year this exceptional tailor sells sixty coats for 1*l*. apiece, the others being unable to sell theirs for less than 2*l*. What will happen is evident. The whole of the cheap coats will be sold to a certainty, and the other nine tailors will have a hundred and eight coats between them, of which sixty indeed must be sold, but of which not more than sixty can be. Here then are four tailors, whose work as tailors at once becomes superfluous, and is obliged to cease. The supply of coats again sinks, so as just to meet the demand; and those made

made by the exceptional tailor rise naturally in value to 2*l.* as formerly.\* Thus thirty-six people now produce the same given income that was before produced by forty. Of these, thirty-five have still 18*l.* a year in food, and 6*l.* in coats; whilst the thirty-sixth has, like the others, 6*l.* in coats, only instead of 18*l.* in food, he has 90*l.* He has, therefore, every year 72*l.* worth of food more than he can consume himself. Meanwhile the remaining four of the forty—the four tailors who have been thrown out of work—have been obliged to seek for food and clothing somehow. Their sedentary habits have made it impossible for them to produce food themselves; and of the other inhabitants one alone has more than he needs for his own personal consumption. This man is the rich tailor: he is the sole repository of the available food on the island. They have been accordingly obliged to betake themselves to him, and in return for his supporting them, to put their services at his disposal. He divides between them his 72*l.* worth of surplus food; that is to say, he gives them 18*l.* apiece annually, and three coats; and sets them to work at making carpets, wall-hangings, and bed-furniture for himself, the total value of which is, as Mr. Hyndman would agree, the value of the food and coats of the four men who have made them; that is to say, 96*l.* Thus the increased productiveness of the one tailor's labours has done precisely what Mr. Hyndman declared it would not do; it has increased the exchangeable value of his products, in exact proportion as it has increased their bulk and number. His labour for the whole year is worth not only his own three coats, and 18*l.* worth of food, but it is worth his own three coats, 18*l.* worth of food, and 96*l.* worth of carpets and curtains besides.

The reader may easily elaborate this illustration for himself; but for our present purpose it is all-sufficient as it stands, and we should but obscure its point by adding to it. It proves, as it stands, with the force of a mathematical demonstration, that increased productiveness fails to enhance value, and that goods exchange according to the hours of labour embodied in them, only in a society where the talents of all the members are equal, and that the moment a man appears whose powers are above the average, the Socialistic theory becomes from that moment an absurdity.

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\* It would be impossible for the increased production of coats to lower the average cost of coats; because sixty of the requisite coats—those produced by the ordinary tailors, are already at their lowest price; nor could the exceptional tailor be forced to sell his coats at less than 2*l.*, because nobody else could undersell him.



But we will not content ourselves with this imaginary case; we will now proceed to a real one. Our parable of the desert island, Mr. Hyndman may perhaps persuade himself, is nothing but a tissue of arbitrary assumptions of our own. We will therefore, turn to an island as to which he can be under no such delusion. We will turn to England, and to the history of English industry; we will imitate Mr. Hyndman in taking actual figures; and, to avoid the possibility of any dispute in the matter, the figures we will take shall be Mr. Hyndman's own. The following is the passage in which he gives them:—

‘In these islands the comparison between what was and is, can scarcely be expressed in sober language. . . . Taking the years 1848 and 1878, the period of one generation since last there was an agitation in favour of justice to the multitude, we find that the total gross annual value of property and profits assessed to income-tax in Great Britain and Ireland—about half the annual gross value or less—was, in round numbers, 275,000,000*l.* in 1848, as against 578,000,000*l.* in 1878, or an increase on assessment for income alone of upwards of 110 per cent. in the thirty years. Yet the total population in 1848 was 28,000,000, as against nearly 34,000,000 in 1878. Here then in the United Kingdom an increase of annual assessed income of 110 per cent., or of 303,000,000*l.*, since 1848 has been accompanied by an increase in the population of only 6,000,000, or at the rate of less than 20 per cent. in the thirty years.’

Mr. Hyndman cites these figures to prove that English poverty cannot be due to over-population. What they may prove in that way this is not the place to consider. We are about to use them for a very different purpose. First, however, let us add to them one detail more. Of the above-mentioned 6,000,000, by which the population has increased, the larger part, as Mr. Hyndman often remarks, have developed into a new non-labouring middle-class, and the labouring classes have increased by barely 2,000,000. Accordingly, when we consider that in 1848 the hours of labour were longer by one-fifth than in 1878, we shall find that the total number of labour-hours contributed by the labourers was considerably smaller during the latter year than during the former. Now then let us turn to the fact which Mr. Hyndman proclaims so loudly, that the value of the commodities produced during the latter year was greater by 303,000,000*l.* than that of those produced during the former. Why was their value greater by this enormous sum? According to him, it can be for one reason only, that they embody a greater quantity of human labour. This, however, it is perfectly plain they cannot; for, on Mr. Hyndman's own showing, they embody not more, but less.

What

What reply will Mr. Hyndman make to this? Perhaps in desperation he will seek to escape from the difficulty by declaring that his figures refer to value in use, not to value in exchange. But even this verbal refuge he has already closed against himself; for he says of those very commodities, in the very chapter we have quoted from, that 'the whole world is laid under contribution' to furnish these islands for an equivalent for only part of them. The increased value that he speaks of is value in exchange, and it is essentially value in exchange. There is no room for a moment's doubt about it. And thus the crowning fact, that Mr. Hyndman insists on as an agitator, is simply an example on a gigantic scale of the truth, on the denial of which he founds his entire system as a theorist. These are his words when he is laying his theory down:—'To the working classes I say: All wealth is produced by labour, and goods exchange in proportion to the quantity of human labour which is embodied in them.' He asks the working classes to look at the wealth of this country; and the wealth of this country shows them, again to quote his own words, that to an extent 'which can scarcely be expressed in sober language,' goods exchange *out of proportion* to the quantity of labour which is embodied in them. No demonstration of anything, we conceive, could be more complete and absolute than this demonstration of the fallacy of the great first principle of Socialism—and that, from the materials which a Socialist himself supplies us with.

And now, having settled thus much, let us carry our enquiry further. Since all wealth is demonstrably not due to labour, but can go on increasing and increasing, whilst the quantity of labour remains stationary, or even diminishes, to what is the increase, when this happens, due? It is due to two things: to machinery, and to the *direction* of labour. As to the part played by machinery, the truth of this becomes evident the moment that we recognize the fact, that increased productiveness increases value in exchange, and not only value in use; for the enormous productive power it adds to human labour is a fact as much insisted on by the Socialists as by anybody: and, oddly enough, Mr. Hyndman himself, forgetting for a moment his theory, and lapsing into common sense, declares that what 'has gone to the few' has been '*the riches due to machinery*.'\* As to this point, then, we need have no further argument. But what varies the

\* 'The riches due to machinery have gone to the few.'—'England for All,' p. 73. Evidently these riches are riches, not *in use* but *in exchange*. A cotton lord does not live amongst bales of cotton, nor does Mr. Chamberlain lie down upon screws. The screws and the cotton due to machinery are wealth to the capitalists only when exchanged.

value of labour, even more than machinery, is that *direction* or *organization* of labour, for certain preconceived purposes, to which the existence of machinery is itself due. This question, indeed, forms the real heart of the matter, and we must consider it with our utmost care and attention.

Here again a large part of the truth is admitted already by the Socialists. Marx and Mr. Hyndman agree fully with all other Economists, that labour becomes more productive from being minutely divided, as well as from being assisted by machinery. But the singular point about the Socialistic theorists is, that having said thus much, they think they have said all. Division of labour, they admit, increases production; but they never dream of enquiring what has caused division of labour. One would imagine, from the manner in which Mr. Hyndman speaks about it, that somehow or other it had taken place spontaneously, in accordance with some natural impulse on the part of the labourer: that so many thousands had instinctively taken to bricklaying, so many thousands to making pins' heads, so many thousands to painting china plates, and so many thousands to stoking the fires of steam-engines. One would imagine that the connection between various industries, and between the various parts of the same industry, was as simple as the connection between killing a sheep and eating it. One would imagine that a knowledge of the remotest routes of commerce, and of the products of the most distant countries, formed part of the ideas which the dullest peasant was born with; and that the details of the locomotive, with which even now but a few thousands are familiar, were evolved 'like an exhalation' out of the common consciousness of millions. Of the real truth of the matter neither Mr. Hyndman nor any of his instructors seem, from their arguments, to have had the smallest glimmering. They seem never to have suspected that in the advance of civilization the division of labour will not take care of itself; and that the mere division of it is in itself nothing, except as improved and directed by some guiding power from without.

And yet a very little reflection will convince us that such is the case. Let us consider first the necessity of the direction; and then consider the quarter from whence the direction comes.

It must be perfectly clear, then, that merely to divide labour need not of necessity increase wealth in any way. It need not even produce it. A thousand men might dig a trench; as fast as they dug it another thousand might fill it up again; and a third thousand meanwhile might throw mud at the two first. Here would be division of labour; but there would certainly be

no production of wealth. Three gangs of navvies might begin a railway at three different places; but the three fragments might never meet. A thousand men might be employed in fifty different groups, each group making some separate part of a watch; and each separate part might in itself be perfect. But unless these parts fitted each other, for all their perfection they would be of no more value than pebbles. Division of labour increases the skill of the individual labourer; but the limits of this skill are reached almost as soon as was perfection of form in the individual types of Caxton; and it does as little in itself to promote industrial progress as the beauty of Caxton's letters did to quicken the power of printing. There is nothing to show that the present generation of mechanics can individually do finer work than the mechanics of the last century. The workmen of Boulton were as skilful as those of Gillow. One of Tompion's assistants, had he been born in this generation, might have become a foreman at the Swindon engine-works. Manual skill, no matter how great, is developed and dies with each generation that possesses it; it is not transmitted from father to son; it is not progressive. What is progressive is, not the faculties of the labourers, but the knowledge of the men by whom labour is directed. The labourers begin exactly where their fathers began. The directors of labour begin exactly where their fathers ended.

And now comes the question, who are these directors of labour? and what are the causes, either within or without themselves, that have raised them to such a position? This is a question that can be answered only in one way; and that is by an appeal to history. To judge from the language of Mr. Hyndman, one would think that it was as easy a thing to have invented the steam-engine as to file the head of a nut, or to plane the surface of a slide-valve; and that it was as much a matter of indifference who was the engineer of a railway as who turned the first sod with a spade. One would think that to have originated the alpaca manufacture had been an effort of the same nature as carrying a can of beer, and that the workmen of England had drawn lots as to who should do it. One would think that the laws of electricity had been discovered by a mob in Trafalgar Square, and been enunciated by acclamation. But what has really been the case? We have no hesitation in saying that the industrial progress of the modern world, and that rapid growth of wealth which Mr. Hyndman justly says is so astonishing, has been the creation, not of the labour of many, but of the intellect, the ingenuity, and the perseverance of the few; and that, despite numberless cases of cruelty, of oppression, and

and extortion, it is, broadly speaking, at the present moment in the hands of the very men, or the heirs of the very men, who have created it and are creating it. As we have observed, this is a matter of history and observation, and we refer Mr. Hyndman and the entire school of Socialists to the hard facts of the case, which may be easily ascertained by any of them. It is not our purpose here to attempt, even in outline, an account of the progress of modern invention and manufacture; but we will take two events which, from their evidently typical character, will, for our present purpose, be as good as a thousand. We will take the history of the railway system, and the history of the alpaca manufacture.

Mr. Hyndman, in several places, declaims against the State for having allowed private individuals to 'seize upon' the railways of this country. Now who does he think made the railways? He himself of course answers 'the navvies;' and it is on their labours, he implies, that the private individuals have seized. We will therefore ask him for a moment to consider the origin of the word 'navvy.' He will find in it, to use the phrase of Archbishop Trench, a most instructive chapter of 'fossil history.' Navvies were originally the class of workmen who were employed in the making of navigable canals; and had not their labours been given some new direction, the same class of workmen would be making navigable canals still. What then turned the makers of canals into the makers of railways, and worked, in doing so, a miracle like that of changing lead into gold? The navvies themselves were not the alchemists. They themselves were merely the individual molecules. The workers of the change, the creators of the new wealth, were a set of men whose numbers, when compared with the nation, were infinitesimal; and whose names, whose biographies, the parts they played, the rewards they reaped, could be all set set down with exactitude in a pamphlet of fifty pages. Granting, which is not the case, that mere labour, without any direction, would suffice to make canals, all the difference between a canal and a railway, between a barge and a goods-train, is the creation, not of the labourers, but of this narrow and numbered minority.

The case of the alpaca manufacture is simpler still. This manufacture was the creation not even of a minority. It was, as Mr. Hyndman knows perfectly well, the creation of one single man. 'Little could Pizarro have fancied,' as Dr. Blaikie writes, 'when he found the natives of Peru clothed from the wool of an animal, half sheep, half camel, and brought home specimens of it for the museums of the Old World, that three or four centuries

turies later the vigorous brain of a Yorkshire spinner would fasten upon that material, gaze at it, tease it, think of it, dream of it, till he compelled it to yield its secret; and then, by means of it, supplied clothing for millions, and employment (that is to say, the means of subsistence) for thousands of his race.'

These two cases speak for themselves. We have little need to point the moral to be drawn from them: and before Mr. Hyndman again assumes labour to be the source of all value, we would recommend him to visit the Patent Museum at South Kensington, and meditate on the 'Rocket' and 'Puffing Billy'; and, if that is not sufficient, to take the train to Saltaire, and ask himself where Saltaire would have been but for the creative faculties that were localized in the brain of its founder.

We have said that a key to the errors of the Socialists may be found in the passages Mr. Hyndman quotes from Adam Smith and from Ricardo. Adam Smith undoubtedly says that 'Labour was the first price, the original purchase-money that was paid for all things.' But though Mr. Hyndman has quoted the sentence that follows, he utterly fails to perceive its real significance. 'In that early and rude state of society,' Adam Smith continues, 'which precedes both the accumulation of stock and the appropriation of land, the proportion between the quantities of labour necessary for acquiring different objects seems to be the only circumstance which can afford any rule for exchanging them for one another.' Here really is the whole point of the argument. 'In that early and rude state of society,' labour undoubtedly is the sole source of value; but it is the sole source of value in that rude state of society only. The Socialists err from the singularly unscientific procedure of taking a barbarism that is essentially stationary, as the type of a civilization of which the very essence is movement. Mr. Hyndman's quotation from Ricardo shows this with equal clearness. 'Labour,' says Ricardo, 'is really the foundation of the exchangeable value of all things, except those which cannot be increased by human industry.' And again: 'the quantity of labour realized in commodities regulates their exchangeable value.' This is what Ricardo says. This is what Mr. Hyndman quotes. But Ricardo merely says that labour is the *foundation* of the value: Mr. Hyndman argues that it is also the superstructure. He does not see that the same rock or gravel will support either a Westminster Abbey or a Brighton Pavilion; and that the difference between a pig-stye and the Cathedral of St. Peter's consists in what is built, nor in what is built upon.

The same astonishing oversight, the same lacuna in thought, is shown us with the same clearness in another part of his argument.

ment. We supposed just now three thousand men engaged in digging a trench, and filling it up again; and we asked if their labour would be productive of wealth. We of course said, no: and Mr. Hyndman would say no, too. But why? He admits that 'use is an essential element of exchangeable value:' and things which are useless, whatever labour they may have cost, have no value at all. But he speaks of *use*, as though it were an absolute thing, and as though all objects were divided into two classes—those that are useless to anybody, and those that are useful to all. He regards *use*, in fact, as a single unchanging unit, which, to show us the value of any given product, need only be multiplied by the labour-hours taken in producing it. This view is merely another instance of how the type of all society is for him a stationary barbarism. For, in such a barbarism, his theory is perfectly true. When men require nothing but the bare necessities of existence, *use* is a constant unit; and *uselessness* has all the precision of a cypher in arithmetic. But the moment a step in advance is made, this ceases to be true; with every further step it becomes less true; and, long before civilization has come to maturity, it has become a grotesque falsehood. For the process of civilization is a double one. It consists, not only in satisfying wants that are inevitably felt, but in building up a fabric of new wants. It is a creation of the ingenuity and the imagination of the few, acting upon the desires and on the character of the many. We can see this at this very day. Did any of us want the electric light, before some few experts had shown it to us? Let us look at the windows of any shop in London, except those of the butchers and the bakers, and we shall see in the goods exhibited for sale a constant effort at creating some new want, whether it be for some new fabric, or for some new book, or for some new bon-bon.

We might pursue this subject further; but space forbids us.\* Before quitting it, however, for the present, there are certain remarks that we desire to make in conclusion. False as we have shown this Socialistic theory to be, there are not a few points of which we shall do well to let the Socialists remind us. We have shown that to say that the profits of capital are essentially, or even mainly, the products of unpaid labour, is not only

\* The Socialistic estimate of the existing situation—the doctrine that the yearly tendency of things, as they are, is to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer, we must consider on another occasion. Whenever we do so, we undertake to show, by reference to authorities which Mr. Hyndman himself refers us to, that the case is the precise reverse of what Mr. Hyndman himself asserts it to be; and that, did he possess the candour of an ordinary man, or the arithmetic of an ordinary school-boy, the sets of statistics on which he avowedly bases his calculations, would have been enough to show him this.



false, but ridiculously and demonstrably false. But there can, we fear, be little doubt that of a portion of these profits it has in many cases been true. Of this the Factory Acts, carried in the teeth of the Radical party, are, we fear, an admission the truth of which cannot be doubted. But these very Factory Acts, though they form a sombre comment on the past, may form for the Constitutional party a model and an encouragement for the future. We, of all parties, should be the first to prevent labour from robbing capital: but we, of all parties, should be the first also to prevent capital from robbing labour. We do not profess to treat all men as equal now; we do not hope or promise to make them ever equal at any time; but it may be at once our effort and our hope, that even the humblest and the poorest shall be able to lead a life that shall be consistent alike with his happiness and his self-respect. The greatest danger that now threatens progress, is the close connection, which such men as Mr. Hyndman are doing all they can to establish, between demands which are really made by misery, and can only be ignored by cruelty, and demands which could only be made by madmen, and only listened to by fools. It rests with us, if it rests with any party, to break this hateful and unhallowed association; and to show that, however far we differ from our opponents, we can at least echo those memorable words of Cobbett's, 'There never yet was, and never will be, a nation permanently great, consisting for the greater part of wretched and miserable families:'—to show that it is for others to trade on misery, but that it is for us to do all, that can be done by laws, to alleviate it.

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- ART. III.—1. *Acta S. Teresiæ a Jesu, Carmelitarum strictioris Observantiæ parentis.* Illustrata a Josepho Vandermoere, Societatis Jesu Presbytero Theologo. Bruxellis, 1845.  
2. *Obras de Santa Teresa de Jesús.* Barcelona, 1844.

ON the western slope of the Guadarrama mountains, midway between Medina del Campo and the Escorial, stands the ancient town of Avila. From the windows of the railway carriage can be seen the massive walls and flanking towers, raised in the eleventh century in the first heat of the Spanish crusade. The fortifications themselves tell the story of their origin. The garrison of Avila were soldiers of Christ, and the cathedral was built into the bastions, in the front line of defence, as an emblem of the genius of the age. Time has scarcely touched the solid masonry. Ruy Diaz and his contemporaries have vanished into legend; but these silent monuments of the old Castilian character survive to remind us what manner of men they were. Revolutions on revolutions overflow the Spanish peninsula, condemn the peasantry to poverty, and the soil to barrenness; but they have not unearthed in the process a single man like those whose names are part of European history. They have produced military adventurers, and orators like Castelar, of 'transcendent eloquence;' but no Grand Captain, no Alva, not even a Cortez or a Pizarro. The Progresista has a long ascent before him if he is to rise to the old level.

The situation of Avila is extremely picturesque, standing in the midst of grey granite sierras, covered with pine forests, and intersected with clear mountain rivulets. It is now thinly populated, and, like most towns in Spain, has fallen into decay and neglect; but the large solid mansions, the cathedral, the churches, the public buildings, the many convents and monasteries, though mostly gone to waste and ruin, show that once it was full of busy, active life, of men and women playing their parts there in the general drama of their country.

In the Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella there were two peculiarities: first, that there was no recognized capital, for the provinces which formed the monarchy were still imperfectly cemented; and secondly, that the nobles and gentry, the señores and the hidalgos, had their chief residences in the towns, and not on their estates. The causes and consequences of this practice of theirs it would be interesting to trace, were the present the occasion for it, but of the fact itself there is no doubt at all. Of feudal châteaux and manor-houses, so numerous in France and England, there were few in any part of Spain, and next to none

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in the Castiles. The landed aristocracy congregated within the walls of the provincial cities. Their palaces are still to be seen in grand and gaunt neglect, with their splendid staircases, their quadrangles, their columned verandahs, the coats of arms carved over the portals. In the cities also were the learned professions: the lawyers, the doctors, the secular clergy, the religious orders. The Court moved from place to place, and there was no central focus to draw away men of superior rank or superior talents. The communications were difficult; the roads were horse-tracks; the rivers, save where some enterprising municipality had built a bridge, were crossed only by fords and pontoons. Thus each important town was the heart of a separate locality, a complete epitome of Spanish life, with all its varied circles. An aristocracy was in each, proud and exclusive. A religious world was in each; a world of art and literature, of commerce and adventure. Every family had some member pushing his fortunes in the army or in the New Hemisphere. The minds of men were in full activity. They were enterprising and daring. Their manners were polished, and their habits splendid; for into Spain first had poured the fruits of the discoveries of Columbus, and the stream of gold was continually growing with fresh conquests. Perhaps nowhere on the earth was there a finer average of distinguished and cultivated society than in the Provincial Castilian cities, as it is described in Cervantes's novels. The Castilians were a nation of gentlemen, high bred, courteous, chivalrous. In arms they had no rivals. In art and literature Italy alone was in advance of them, and Italy led by no great interval; while the finest characteristics were to be met with equally in every part of the country.

They were a sincere people too; Catholic in belief, and earnestly meaning what they professed. In the presence of the Moors, Christianity had remained a passion with them. Of Christianity itself they knew no form, and could conceive of none, save that for which they had fought against the Moslem; and the cause of the Church was the cause of patriotism. Therefore, when the Reformation began in Germany, the Spaniard naturally regarded its adherents as the old enemy in another dress. An Italian priest could mutter at the altar, 'Bread thou art, and bread thou wilt remain.' No such monster could have been found in the Spanish Peninsula. Leo X. called Christianity a profitable fable. To the subjects of Isabella it was a truth, which devils only could deny.

The Northern nations revolted from the Church in the name of liberty. The Spaniards loved liberty, but it was the liberty  
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of their country, for which they had been fighting for centuries against the Infidel. As aristocrats, they were instinctively on the side of authority. United among themselves, they believed in the union of Christendom; and they threw themselves into the struggle against heresy with the same enthusiasm with which they contended with the Crescent in the Mediterranean. They sent their chivalry to the Low Countries as if to a crusade. Two Spaniards, Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier, created the spiritual army of the Jesuits. Engaged with the enemy abroad, the finer spirits among them undertook the task of setting in order their own house at home; they, too, required a Reformation, if they were to be fit champions of a Holy Cause; and the instrument was a woman, with as few natural advantages as Ignatius himself, distinguished only in representing, as he did, the vigorous instincts of the Spanish character.

The Church of Rome, it has been said, does not, like the Church of England, drive her enthusiasts into rebellion, but preserves and wisely employs them. She may employ them wisely while they are alive, but when they are dead she decks them out in paint and tinsel, to be worshipped as divinities. Their history becomes a legend. They are surrounded with an envelope of lies. Teresa of Avila has fared no better than other saints in the calendar. She has been the favourite idol of modern Spain, and she deserved more modest treatment.

The idolatry may merit all that Mr. Ford has said about it, but the account which he has given of herself is so wide of the original, that it is not even a caricature. Ford, doubtless, did not like Catholic saints, and the absurdities told about them amused him; but the materials lay before him for a real portrait of Teresa, had he cared to read them; and it is a pity that he did not, for no one could have done better justice to his subject.

Teresa de Cepeda was born at Avila on the 28th of March, 1515—a time, according to her biographer, ‘when Luther was secreting the poison which he vomited out two years later.’ . . . She was one of a large family, eleven children in all, eight sons and three daughters. Her father, Don Alfonso, was twice married. Teresa’s mother was the second wife, Beatrice de Ahumada, a beautiful, imaginative woman, whom bad health confined chiefly to a sofa. The Cepedas were of honourable descent; Don Alfonso was a gentleman of leisure and moderate fortune. He spent his time, when not engaged with works of charity, in reading Spanish literature—chiefly Church history and lives of the saints. But his library, if the same Inquisitors had

sat upon it, would have been sifted as ruthlessly as the shelves of the Ingenious Knight of La Mancha, for half of it was composed of books of Knight Errantry—the same volumes probably which the niece and housekeeper condemned to the flames. These were devoured as eagerly by the delicate Beatrice as the graver pages by her husband, and her example was naturally imitated by her children. They sate up at nights in their nursery over Rolando and Don Belianis and Amadis of Gaul. Teresa composed odes to imaginary cavaliers, who figured in adventures of which she was herself the heroine. They had to conceal their tastes from their father, who would not have approved them. He was a very good man, exceptionally good. He treated his servants as if they were his sons and daughters. He was never heard to swear, or to speak ill of any one. He was the constant friend of the Avila poor. If too indulgent, he had sense and information, and when he discerned what was going on, he diverted Teresa's tastes in a safer direction. By nature, she says, she was the least religious of her family, but her imagination was impressible, and she delighted in all forms of human heroism. She forgot her knights, and devoted herself to martyrs; and here, being concrete and practical, she thought she would turn her new enthusiasm to account. If to be in heaven was to be eternally happy, and martyrs went to heaven straight, without passing through Purgatory, they had made a good bargain for themselves. Why should not she be a martyr too—a real one? When she was seven years old, she and her little brother Antonio actually started off to go to the Moors, who they expected would kill them. They had reached the bridge on the stream which runs through the town, when an uncle met them and brought them back. As they could not be martyrs, they thought, as next best, that they would be hermits. They gave away their pocket-money to beggars. They made themselves cells in the garden. Teresa's ambition grew. When other girls came to see her, they played at nunneries, when she was perhaps herself the abbess. Amidst these fancies her childish years passed away. She does not seem to have had much regular teaching. Nothing is said about it; and when she grew up she had difficulty in reading her Latin Breviary.

The Knight Errantry books, however, had left their traces. Her mother died while she was still very young, and she was much affected. But natural children do not long continue miserable. As she passed into girlhood, her glass told her that she was pretty, and she was pleased to hear it. She was moderately tall, well shaped, with a fine complexion, round brilliant black eyes, black hair, crisp and curly, good teeth, and firmly

firmly chiselled lips and nose. So fair a figure deserved that pains should be taken with it. She was particular about her dress; she liked perfumes; her small dainty hands were kept scrupulously white. Cousins male and female went and came; and there were small flirtations with the boys, and with the girls not very wise confidences. One girl cousin there was especially, whom the mother, while she lived, would not allow to visit at the house, and whom an elder sister would still have kept at a distance. But Teresa was wilful, and chose this especial young lady as her principal companion. There were also silly servants, too ready to encourage folly, and Teresa says that at this time nothing but regard for her honour kept her clear of serious scrapes.

Don Alfonso grew uneasy; the elder sister married and went away; so, feeling unequal himself to the task of managing a difficult subject, he sent her to be educated in an Augustinian Convent in the town. Neither her father nor she had any thoughts of her adopting a religious life. He never wished it at any time. She did not wish it then, and had undefined notions of marrying as her sister had done. The convent to her was merely a school, where there were many other girls of her own age, nor did she wholly like it. She made friends among the elder nuns, especially with one, a simple pious woman, who slept in the same room with her. But the younger sisters were restless. They had friends in the town, and were occupied with other things beside religious vows. Within the convent itself all was not as it should have been. The vicar of the Order had the whole spiritual management both of the nuns and of their pupils. No one but himself might hear their confessions, and the prioress could not interfere with him, since by his position he was her superior. Teresa does not hint that there was anything positively wrong, but when she came to lay down rules in later life for such matters, she refers to her recollections of what went on in language curiously frank:—

‘The confessor in a convent,’ she says, ‘ought not to be the vicar or the visitor. He may take a special interest in some sister. The Prioress will be unable to prevent him from talking to her, and a thousand mischiefs may follow. . . . The sisters should have no intercourse with the confessor except at the confessional. . . . The very existence of the institution depends on preventing *these black devotees* from destroying the spouses of Christ. The devil enters that way unperceived.’\*

\* ‘Va nos, todo nuestro Ser, en quitar la ocasion para que no haya estos negros devotos destruidores de las esposas de Christo, que es menester pensar siempre en lo peor que puede suceder, para quitar esta ocasion, que se entra sin sentirlo por aqui el demonio.’—‘*Cartas de la Santa Madre*,’ vol. vi. p. 232.

The vicar confessor encouraged Teresa in her views for marriage, but her fancies and her friendship were suddenly broken off by an attack of illness. She required change of air; she was sent on a visit to her sister; and on her way home she spent a few days with an uncle, a man of secluded and saintly habits, who afterwards withdrew into a monastery. The uncle advised his niece to take the same step that he was himself meditating; and she discussed the question with herself in the same spirit with which she had designed throwing herself among the Moors. She reflected that convent discipline might be painful, but it could not be as painful as Purgatory, while if she remained in the world she might come to something worse than Purgatory. She read St. Jerome's Epistles; she then consulted her father, and was distressed to meet with strong objections. Don Alfonso was attached to his children, and Teresa was his especial favourite. The utmost that she could obtain was a permission to do as she pleased after his own death. But 'a vocation' was held to dispense with duties to parents. She made up her own mind, and, like Luther, she decided to act for herself, and to take a step which, when once accomplished, could not be recalled. One morning she left her home with her brother, and applied for admission at the Carmelite Convent of the Incarnation. She was then eighteen. She had been disappointed with the Augustinians; but the Carmelites had a reputation for superior holiness, and she threw herself among them with the passionate enthusiasm of an ardent girl, who believed that she was securing her peace in this world, and happiness in the next. Again she was to be undeceived. The Order of Mount Carmel had been founded by Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem, in the second Crusade. The rule had been austere—austere as the rule of the Carthusians—with strict seclusion, silence, solitude, the plainest dress, the most ascetic diet. But by the beginning of the sixteenth century time and custom had relaxed the primitive severity, and Carmelite convents had become a part of general society; the nuns within the cloisters living and occupying themselves in a manner not very different from their friends outside, with whom they were in constant communication. Austerity was still possible, but it was not insisted on, and was a sign of presumption and singularity. In the 'Incarnation' there were a hundred and ninety sisters, and the discipline among them was scarcely more than a name. They went in and out as they pleased; they received visits and returned them; they could be absent from the cloister for months at a time. Catholics accuse Protestants of having libelled the monastic life of Europe as it existed before the Reformation.



formation. Luther himself has said nothing harsher of it than the saint of Avila. She followed the stream, she said; she abandoned herself to vanity and amusement, and neither custom nor the authority of her superiors laid the slightest check upon her. She had as much liberty as she liked to ask for, and liberty in a convent meant free opportunities of evil. She does not assert that there was gross licentiousness; but she does assert that to 'ill-disposed women' convent life 'was rather a road to hell than an aid to weakness;' and that 'parents would do better to marry their daughters honestly than to place them in relaxed houses of religion':—

'The girls themselves,' she says, 'are not so much to blame, for they do no worse than they see others do. They enter convents to serve the Lord and escape the dangers of the world, and they are flung into ten worlds all together, with youth, sensuality, and the devil, tempting them to evil. . . . In the same house are two roads, one leading to virtue and piety, another leading away from virtue and piety; and the road of religion is so little travelled, that a sister who wishes to follow it has more to fear from her companions than from all the devils. She finds it easier far to make intimacies with the devil's instruments than to seek friendship with God.'

How dangerous this lax temper might have been to herself Teresa tells us in an instructive incident. Her health was never strong, and the convent had disagreed with her. She was sick every morning, and could touch no food till noon. She often fainted, and there were symptoms of heart disorder. Nor was she happy in herself. She had tried to be good, and had only made enemies by her efforts. She found herself rebuked for small offences of which she was wholly innocent. She lived much alone, and the sisters thought she was discontented. Her father became alarmed for her, and again sent her away into the country, with a single nun for a companion. At the place where she went to reside there was an attractive priest, a man of intellect and culture. Teresa was fond of cultivated men. She took the priest for her confessor, and found him more and more agreeable. He flattered her conscience by telling her that she could never wish to do wrong. He said it was his own case also, and they became extremely intimate. She was informed after a time that this charmingly innocent person had been living for some years with a female companion, while he continued to say mass as if nothing were the matter. She was at first incredulous. She made enquiries, but the scandal was notorious. Every one was aware of it, but the offender had influence, and it was unsafe to interfere with him. Even so, however, Teresa would not abandon her friend, and looked for

excuses

excuses for him. The woman, she found, had given him an amulet, and while he wore it he was under a spell. He told her this himself, and her interest was now increased by pity and anxiety. She admits that she was unwise, that she ought at once to have ended the acquaintance. She preferred to endeavour to save a perishing soul. She was but twenty; she was very beautiful. She spoke to the attractive sinner of God; and of course to a lesson from such lips he was delighted to listen. She perceived the cause, but was not discouraged. She pressed him to give her the amulet, and equally of course he consented. She threw it into the river, and he at once broke off his guilty connection, and devoted himself to spiritual communion with herself. She flattered herself that he was penitent, though it was equally clear to her that he was in love with herself; and he abandoned himself to his affection with the less reserve, because she says he had confidence in her virtue, and supposed that he could do so without danger. The danger was as great as it usually is under such circumstances. They had 'opportunities of sin,' she said, and though she believed that they would not have fallen mortally, she admits that they might have gone seriously wrong if they had not kept God before their eyes. The priest died a year after, and, as Teresa observes naively, was delivered from further temptation. She long retained some tenderness for him; twenty years later, when she wrote the story, she expressed a conviction that he was saved: but the experience must have helped her to the opinion, which she afterwards so strongly insisted on, that confessors were the most unsafe of friends.

After this adventure, which she relates with perfect simplicity, she returned to the convent. Her health was not improved. She was still constantly sick; she had paroxysms of pain; her nervous system was shattered, and the physicians were afraid of madness. In this state she remained for three years. At the end of them it occurred to her to pray for help to San Josef. From some cause she became comparatively better; and to San Josef she supposed that she owed her recovery. 'God,' she says, 'has allowed other saints to help us on some occasions; my experience of this glorious saint is that he helps us in all: as if the Lord would teach us that, as he was subject to San Josef on earth, and San Josef was called his father though only his guardian, so San Josef, though in heaven, has still authority with him.'

The illness had become less acute; but, as the pain of body grew less, Teresa became conscious of spiritual maladies that were left uncured. 'She loved God with half her mind, but she

loved the world with the other.' Her prayers troubled her, she says, for she could not fix her mind on them. Meditation was yet more difficult. 'She had a slow intellect and a torpid imagination.' She required a book to help her, for the right reflections and emotions would not occur to herself; other thoughts persisted in intruding themselves; and at length, being, as she was, a veracious woman, she abandoned prayer altogether. Among all her faults, she says she was never a hypocrite, and prayer when it was no more than a form of words seemed an indecent mockery.

Her confessor, when she explained her troubles, only thought her morbid. In the convent she was regarded as exceptionally good, and wide as was the general liberty, with her every rule was dispensed with. She spent her time in the society of Avila with more enjoyment than she was herself aware of, and when a pious old nun told her that she was causing scandal, she would not understand it, and was only angry.

'Unless God had brought me to the truth,' she says, 'I should most assuredly have gone at last to hell. I had many friends to help me to fall, while, as to rising again, I was utterly alone. My confessor did nothing for me. For twenty years I was tossed about on a stormy sea in a wretched condition, for if I had small content in the world, in God I had no pleasure. There were months, once there was an entire year, when I was careful not to offend; but of all those years eighteen were years of battle. At prayer time I watched for the clock to strike the end of the hour. To go to the oratory was a vexation to me, and prayer itself a constant effort.'

Such was Teresa's conventual experience, as described by herself. She began her noviciate in 1534. The twenty years, therefore, extended to 1554, the year in which Philip went to England to be married to our Queen Mary. She was then nearly forty, and her efforts so far in the direction of religion had consisted rather in helping others (which she says she was always eager to do) than in framing any steady resolutions for herself. Her conversion, as it is called, her first attempt to think with real seriousness, was occasioned by the death of her father. She had watched by him in his last illness. She saw his spirit take flight, and heard the assurance of his Dominican confessor that it had gone straight to heaven. She had been deeply attached to him. She woke up out of her irresolutions, and determined to use the rest of her life to better purpose than the beginning.

She was not a person to do anything by halves. She thought of Mary Magdalene. She read the 'Confessions' of St. Augustine, and

and saw an image there of her own state of mind. One day, as she was entering the oratory, she was struck by the sight of an image which had been brought thither for an approaching festival. It was a wounded Christ, the statue coloured with the painful realism which suited the Spanish taste, the blood streaming over the face from the thorns, and running from the side and the hands and feet. Protestants and Catholics experience an identical emotion when the meaning of Christianity is brought home to them. Each poor sinner recognizes, as by a flash of lightning, that these tortures were endured for him or her—that he or she was actually present in the Saviour's mind when he was suffering on the cross. The thought when it comes is overpowering. Teresa felt as if her heart was wrenched in two. She fell in tears at the feet of the figure. She did not seek for sentimental emotions. She surrendered herself wholly and for ever to the Being whose form was fastened on her soul, and from that moment every worldly feeling was gone, never to return. Her spiritual life had begun. She explains the condition in which she found herself by an image familiar to every one who has seen the environs of a Spanish village. She apologizes for its simplicity, but it is as true and pregnant as a Gospel parable.

‘A man is directed to make a garden in a bad soil overrun with sour grasses. The lord of the land roots out the weeds, sows seeds, and plants herbs and fruit trees. The gardener must then care for them and water them, that they may thrive and blossom, and that “the Lord” may find pleasure in his garden and come to visit it. There are four ways in which the watering may be done. There is water which is drawn wearily by hand from the well. There is water drawn by the ox-wheel, more abundantly and with lighter labour. There is water brought in from the river, which will saturate the whole ground; and, last and best, there is rain from heaven. Four sorts of prayer correspond to these. The first is a weary effort with small returns; the well may run dry; the gardener then must weep. The second is internal prayer and meditation upon God; the trees will then show leaves and flower-buds. The third is love of God. The virtues then become vigorous. We converse with God face to face. The flowers open and give out fragrance. The fourth kind cannot be described in words. Then there is no more toil, and the seasons no longer change; flowers are always blowing, and fruit ripens perennially. The soul enjoys undoubting certitude; the faculties work without effort and without consciousness; the heart loves and does not know that it loves; the mind perceives yet does not know that it perceives. If the butterfly pauses to say to itself how prettily it is flying, the shining wings fall off, and it drops and dies. The life of the spirit is not our life, but the life of God within us.’

This is very beautiful. It is the same, in fact, as what Bishop Butler says, in less ornamented prose, of the formation of moral habits. We first learn to do right with effort. The habit grows till it pervades the nature, and then and there we act as we ought spontaneously, with no more consciousness than animals have, which do what they do by instinct.

But we are now on the edge of the abnormal features of Teresa's history, and before we enter on the subject we must explain briefly how we ourselves regard the aberrations which will have to be related. All physicians, all psychologists of reputation, agree that besides sleeping and waking there are other conditions—trances, ecstasies, catalepsies, and such like—into which the body is liable to fall; and, as in sleep images present themselves, more vivid than can be called up by waking memory or waking fancy, so in these exceptional states of the system peculiar phenomena appear, which are none the less real because fools or impostors have built châteaux in the air upon them. The muscles sometimes become rigid, the senses become unnaturally susceptible. The dreaming power is extraordinarily intensified, and visions are seen (we say 'seen' for want of a more scientific expression) palpable as sense itself. Such conditions are usually brought about by ordinary causes. Perhaps they may be created artificially. They are not supernatural, for they have an exact analogy in the universal experience of sleep. They are considered supernatural only because they are exceptional, and the objects perceived are always supplied out of the stores with which memory is furnished. Teresa's health was peculiar. For twenty years she had been liable to violent nervous attacks—those, too, an imperfectly understood form of disorder. She was full-blooded, constantly sick, constantly subject to fainting fits and weakness of the heart. Her intellect and moral sense, on the other hand, were remarkably strong. She was not given to idle imaginations. She was true and simple, was never known to tell a lie or act one. But her mental constitution was peculiar. Objects that interested her, she says, never ran into words, but fastened themselves as pictures upon her brain. Meadows, trees, and rivers, effects of sky, all materials of landscape beauty, gave her intense emotions, but emotions which she was unable to describe. She was a painter, but without the faculty of conveying her impressions to canvas. She perceived with extreme vividness, but the perception ended in itself. If she wanted phrases she had to look for them in books, and what she found in books did not satisfy her because it did not correspond to her own experience.

This

This was her general temperament, on which powerful religious emotion was now to work. The figure of Christ had first awakened her. The shock threw her into a trance. The trances repeated themselves whenever she was unusually agitated. Such a person would inevitably see 'visions,' which she would be unable to distinguish from reality; and if she believed herself subject to demoniac or angelic visitations, she was not on that account either a fool or an impostor.

In the life of every one who has really tried to make a worthy use of existence, there is always a point—a point never afterwards forgotten—when the road has ceased to be downhill, and the climb upward has commenced. There has been some accident perhaps; or some one has died, or one has been disappointed in something on which the heart had been fixed, or some earnest words have arrested attention; at any rate, some seed has fallen into a soil prepared to receive it. This is called in religious language conversion; the turning away from sin and folly to duty and righteousness. Beginnings are always hard. Persons who have hitherto acted in one particular way, and suddenly change to another way, are naturally suspected of having motives, and those motives not the best. They have lived so far for themselves. They cannot be credited at once with having ceased to live for themselves. They must still be selfish. They must have some personal object in view.

Teresa in her convent had resolved to be thenceforward a good woman, and to use to better purpose the means which the Church offered to her. She found at once that she was misunderstood and disliked. She wished to be peculiar, it was said; she wished to be thought a saint; she was setting herself up to be better than other people. Her trances and fits of unconsciousness were attributed to the most obvious cause. She was said to be 'possessed' by a devil. She had been humbled in her own eyes; and she herself thought that perhaps it was a devil. She could not tell, and her spiritual adviser could not tell any better. The Jesuits were then rising into fame. Francisco Borgia, ex-Duke of Gandia, had joined them, and had been made Provincial General for Spain. He came to Avila, heard of Teresa, and took charge of her case. He put her under a course of discipline. He told her to flog herself with a whip of nettles, to wear a haircloth plaited with broken wires, the points of which would tear her skin. Had her understanding been less robust, he would have driven her mad; as it was, he only intensified her nervous agitation. He bade her meditate

meditate daily on the details of Christ's passion. One day, while thus occupied, she became unconscious; her limbs stiffened, and she heard a voice say, 'Thou shalt no more converse with men, but with angels.' After this the fits always returned when she was at prayers. She saw no distinct form, but she felt that Christ was close to her. She told her confessor what she had experienced. He asked how she knew that it was Christ. She could not explain. A few days after, she was able to tell him that she had actually seen Christ. She had seen him, she said (without being aware that she was explaining from whence the figure had been derived), exactly as he was painted rising from the sepulchre. The story went abroad. The ill-natured sisters made spiteful remarks; the wisest shook their heads. Teresa had not been noted for special holiness in the many years that she had been among them. Others, much more like saints than she, had never seen anything wonderful; why should God select her to visit with such special favour? They were more clear than ever that she was possessed. She was preached at from the pulpit; she was prayed for in chapel as bewitched. She could not tell how to behave: if she was silent about her visions, it was deceit; if she spoke of them, it was vanity. She preserved her balance in this strange trial remarkably well. Her confessor had been warned against her, and was as hard as the rest. She continued to tell him whatever she supposed herself to see and hear, and absolutely submitted to his judgment. He confidently assured her it was the devil, and directed her when Christ appeared next to make the sign of the cross and point her thumb at him. God would then deliver her. She obeyed, though with infinite pain. Christ's figure, whoever made it, ought, she thought, to be revered; and to point her thumb was to mock like the Jews. As her trances recurred always at her devotions, she was next forbidden to pray. Under these trials Christ himself interposed to comfort her. He told her that she was right in obeying her confessor, though the confessor was mistaken. The inhibition to pray, he said, was tyranny, and, in fact, it was not long maintained. The apparitions grew more frequent and more vivid. One day the cross attached to her rosary was snatched out of her hands, and when it was given back to her it was made of jewels more brilliant than diamonds. A voice said that she would always see it so, though to others it would seem as before. She had often an acute pain in her side; she fancied once that an angel came to her with a lance tipped with fire, which he struck into her heart. In after years, when she became legendary, it was gravely declared that the



the heart had been examined, and had been found actually pierced. A large drawing of it forms the frontispiece of the biography provided for the use of pious Catholics.

This condition continued for several years, and became the talk of Avila. Some held to the possession theory; others said it was imposture; others, especially as there was no further harm in poor Teresa, began to fancy that perhaps the visions were real. She herself knew not what to think. Excellent people were satisfied that they were a deception, and the excellent people, she thought, might very likely be right, for the apparitions were not all of a consoling kind. She had seen Christ and the angels, but also she had seen the devil. 'Once,' she says, 'the devil appeared to me in the oratory; he spoke to me; his face was awful, and his body was of flame without smoke. He said that I had escaped him for the present, but he would have me yet. I made the sign of the cross; he went, but returned; I threw holy water at him, and then he vanished.' At another time she was taken into hell; the entrance was by a gloomy passage, at the end of which was a pool of putrid water alive with writhing snakes. She fancied that she was thrust into a hole in a wall where she could neither sit nor lie, and in that position was tortured with cramps. Other horrors she witnessed, but did not herself experience: she was shown only what would have been her own condition if she had not been rescued.

One act she records, exceedingly characteristic. Avila was not wholly unbelieving. Afflicted persons sometimes came to her for advice. Among the rest a priest came, who was living in mortal sin, miserable, yet unable to confess in the proper form, and so made fast in the bonds of Satan. Teresa prayed for him; and then he managed to confess, and for a time did not sin any more; but he told Teresa that the devil tortured him dreadfully, and he could not bear it. She then prayed that the tortures might be laid on her, and that the priest might be spared. For a month after, the devil was allowed to work his will upon her. He would sit upon her breviary when she was reading, and her cell would fill with legions of imps.

An understanding of less than unusual strength would have broken down under so severe a trial. Teresa knew nothing of the natural capacities of a disordered animal system. She had been taught theologically that angels and devils were everywhere busy, and it was inevitable that she should regard herself as under a preternatural dispensation of some kind; but, as long as she was uncertain of what kind, she kept her judgment undisturbed, and she thought and reasoned on the common subjects of the day like a superior person of ordinary faculty.

Society

Society at Avila, as throughout Spain, was being stormily agitated at the advance of the Reformation. From Germany it was passing to the Low Countries and into France. England, after a short-lived recovery, had relapsed into heresy, and dreadful stories were told of religious houses suppressed, and monks and nuns breaking their vows and defying heaven by marrying. Antichrist was triumphing, and millions of souls were rushing headlong into the pit. Other millions too of ignorant Indians, missionaries told her, were perishing also for want of vigour in the Church to save them. Teresa, since she had seen hell, had a very real horror of it. Torment without end ! What heart could bear the thought of it ? To rescue any single soul from so terrible a fate, she felt ready herself to die a thousand deaths ; but what could one poor woman do at such a time—a single unit in a Spanish country town ? Something was wrong when such catastrophes could happen. What the wrong was, she thought she saw within the limits of her own experience. The religious orders were the Church's regular soldiers. Their manual was their rule ; their weapons were penance, prayer, and self-denial ; and as long as they were diligent in the use of them, God's favour was secured, and evil could not prevail. But the rules had been neglected, penance laughed at, and prayer become half-hearted. Cloister discipline had been accommodated to the manners of a more enlightened age.

'Hinc fonte derivata clades  
In patriam populumque fluxit.'

Here was the secret of the great revolt of the Church, in the opinion of Teresa, and it was at least part of the truth ; for the cynical profligacy of the religious houses had provoked Germany and England more than any other cause. Teresa herself had learnt how little convent life in Spain could assist a soul in search of perfection. At the Incarnation she could not keep her vows if she wished to keep them ; for the cloister gates were open, and the most earnest desire for seclusion could not ensure it. Friends who wanted a nun to visit them had only to apply to the provincial, and the provincial would give a dispensation, not as a permission, but as a mandate which was not to be disobeyed.

Puzzled with what she found, Teresa had studied the ancient rule of the Carmelite Order before it was relaxed by Eugenius IV. If a house could be founded where that rule could be again kept, she considered, how much easier her own burden would be ; how much better God would be served ; and then, perhaps, the Church would regain her strength. No improvement could be  
looked

looked for in the Convent of the Incarnation itself. Two hundred women, accustomed to indulgence which a Pope had sanctioned, were not likely to be induced to part with it. She talked of her scheme with her friends in the town. The difficulties seemed enormous; she had no money to begin with, and her friends had little. If this obstacle could be overcome, the government of the Order was despotic; she could do nothing without the consent of the provincial, and for such a consent she knew that it would be idle to ask. She was thinking the matter over one day after communion, when she fell into her usual trance. 'The Lord' appeared and told her that her design was to be carried out. A house was to be founded, and was to be dedicated to her old patron San Josef. It would become a star which would shine over the earth. She was to tell her confessor what he had said, and to require him to make no opposition.

The apparition was a natural creation of her own previous musings, but it fell in so completely with her wishes that she would not and could not doubt. It appeared again and again. She wrote an account of it by her confessor's orders, and it was submitted to the provincial and the bishop. If they hesitated, it was but for a moment; they naturally consulted Teresa's prioress, and at once the tempest was let loose. 'This then,' exclaimed the incensed mother and the rest of the sisterhood, 'this is the meaning of the visions we have heard so much of. Sister Teresa thinks herself too good for us. We are not holy enough for her. Pretty presumption! Let her keep the rule as it stands before she talks of mending it.' From the convent the disturbance passed to the town. The Spaniards had no love for novelties; they believed in use, and wont, and the quiet maintenance of established things. They looked on ecstasies and trances as signs rather of insanity than sanctity; they thought that people should do their duty in the state of life to which they had been called, and duty was hard enough without artificial additions. Teresa's relations told the provincial she was out of her mind. Some thought a prison would be the best place for her; others hinted at the Inquisition and a possible trial for witchcraft. Her confessor called her scheme a woman's nonsense, and insisted that she should think no more of it.

'The Lord' said that she was not to be disturbed by all this outcry; good things were always opposed when first suggested; she must wait quietly, and all would go well. Though Avila seemed unanimous in its condemnation, there were two priests there of some consequence—one a Dominican, the other a Franciscan—who were more on a level with the times. They

saw

saw that something might be made of Teresa, and they wrote to their friends in Rome about her. Her Jesuit confessor held to his own opinion, but a new rector came to the college at Avila, with whom they also communicated. The rector, after a conversation with her, removed the confessor and appointed another. The provincial remained obstinate, but the bishop, Alvarez de Mendoza, was privately encouraging. Teresa was made to feel that she was not deserted, and, with a new spiritual director to comfort her, she took up her project again.

She was in a difficulty, for she was bound by her vows to obey the provincial; he had already refused his permission, and she dared not apply to him again. But she probably knew that an appeal had been made to the Pope, and, pending the results of this, she thought that she might begin her preparations. She had to be secret—almost deceitful; and might have doubted if she was keeping within even the letter of her duty if her visions had been less inspiring. A widow friend in the town bought a house as if for her own private occupation. Alterations were wanted to make it suitable for a small convent, and Teresa had no money to pay for them; but San Josef told her to engage workmen, and that the money should be found; and in fact at that moment a remittance came unexpectedly from a brother in Lima. She was afraid of the Carmelite authorities. The house, Christ told her, should be under the bishop, and not under the Order; she was herself to be the superior, and she saw herself robed for office by San Josef and the Virgin in person.

Careful as she was, she still feared that the provincial would hear what she was doing, and would send her an inhibition, to which, if it came, she had resolved to submit. It became expedient for her to leave Avila till the answer from Rome could arrive. At that moment, most conveniently, Doña Aloysia de la Cerda, sister of the Duke of Medina Celi, wrote to the provincial to say that she wished Teresa to pay her a visit at her house at Toledo. Doña Aloysia was a great lady, whose requests were commands. The order came to her to go; she was informed by the usual channel that the invitation had been divinely arranged. She was absent for six months, and became acquainted with the nature and habits of Spanish grandees. Doña Aloysia treated her with high distinction; she met other great people, and was impressed with their breeding and manners. But the splendour was disagreeable. She observed shrewdly, that between persons of rank and their attendants there was a distance which forbade familiarity; if one servant was treated with confidence, the others were jealous. She was herself an object of ill-will through Doña Aloysia's friendship; and

and she concluded that it was a popular error to speak of 'Lords and Ladies,' who were slaves in a thousand ways. Her chief comfort at Toledo was the Jesuit College, where she studied at leisure the details of monastic rule. Her visit was unexpectedly ended by a letter from her provincial. The feeling in the Incarnation convent had suddenly changed; a party had formed in her favour, who wished to choose her as prioress. The provincial, who disliked her as much as ever, desired Doña Aloysia privately to prevent her from going home; but 'a vision' told her that she had prayed for a cross, and a cross she should have. She concluded that it was to be the threatened promotion, and after a stormy scene with her hostess she went her way.

She was mistaken about the cross. On reaching Avila, she found that she had not been elected, but that the bull had arrived privately from Rome for her new convent. The Pope had placed it under the bishop, as 'the Lord' had foretold, and the bishop had undertaken the charge. The secret had been profoundly kept; the house was ready, and nothing remained but to take possession of it. It was to be a house of 'Descalzos' (Barefoots), the name by which the reformed Order was in future to be known, in opposition to the Relaxed, the Calzados. The sisters were not to be literally 'shoeless;' 'a barefoot,' as Teresa said, 'makes a bad beast of burden.' They were to wear sandals of rope, and, for the rest, they were to be confined to the cloister strictly, to eat no meat, to sleep on straw, to fast on reduced allowance from September till Easter; they were to do needlework for the benefit of the poor, and they were to live on alms without regular endowment. Teresa had been careful for their health; the hardships would not be greater than those borne without complaint by ordinary Spanish peasants. The dress was to be of thick undyed woollen cloth, with no ornament but cleanliness. Dirt, which most saints regarded as a sign of holiness, Teresa always hated. The number of sisters was to be thirteen; more, she thought, could not live together consistently with discipline.

Notwithstanding the Pope's bull, difficulty was anticipated. If the purpose were known, the Carmelites would find means of preventing the dreaded innovation; an accomplished fact, however, would probably be allowed to stand. Teresa selected four poor women as the first to take the habit, and quietly introduced them into the house. She had gone out on leave from her own cloister, as if to attend a sick relative, and was thus unobserved. On the 24th of August, 1562, ten years exactly before the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the sacrament was brought

brought into the tiny chapel of San Josef's, a bell was hung, mass was said, and the new Order had begun to exist.

Teresa was still bound by her vows to her convent: when the ceremony was over, she returned to the Incarnation, half frightened at what she had done. She had stirred a hornet's nest, as she was immediately to find. The devil attacked her first; he told her that she had broken obedience, she had acted without the provincial's leave, and had not asked for it because she knew it would be refused; her nuns would starve; she herself would soon tire of a wretched life in such a wretched place, and would pine for her lost comforts. She lay down to rest, but was soon roused by a storm. The townspeople were the first to discover what had happened. It was easy to foresee the anger of the Carmelites; why the townspeople should have been angry is less obvious. Perhaps they objected to the establishment of a colony of professed beggars among them; perhaps they were led by the chiefs of the other religious Orders. A riot broke out; the prioress sent for Teresa; the provincial arrived, hot and indignant. She was rebuked, admonished, informed that she had given scandal, and required to make instant submission before the assembled convent. The Alcalde meanwhile had called a meeting of the citizens; the provincials of the Dominicans, Franciscans, and Augustinians, attended. A resolution was first passed for the instant dissolution of the new house and the removal of the sacrament; on second thoughts, it was decided to refer the matter, being of such high importance, to the Council of State at Madrid. Teresa had but one friend to go to. 'My Lord,' she said, on her knees, 'this house is not mine, it is yours; all that I could do is done. You must see to it.' She was not to be disappointed.

The bishop prevented immediate violence, and Avila waited for the action of the Council. The Council was in no hurry with an answer. Certain persons wrote to Philip: Philip referred to the Pope, and there were six months of suspense, the four poor sisters living as they could, and Teresa remaining in disgrace. The town authorities cooled; they said the house might stand if any one would endow it. Afterwards, finding that they were not likely to be supported from Madrid, they were ready to dispense with endowment. On the arrival of a fresh bull from Pius V. all remains of opposition vanished, except among the Carmelites, and the Carmelites found it prudent to suppress their objections. Public opinion veered round; the foundation was declared to be a work of God, and Teresa to be his special servant, instead of a restless visionary. The provincial gave her leave to remove and take charge of her flock. The luggage which

which she took with her from the Incarnation was a straw mattress, a patched woollen gown, a whip, and a haircloth; that was all.

Thus furnished, she entered on the five happiest years of her life. Other sisters joined, bringing small dowries with them, and the number of thirteen was soon filled up. Her girls, she says, were angels, perfect especially in the virtue of obedience. She would try them by orders contradictory or absurd; they did their best without a question. One sister was told to plant a rotten cucumber in the garden; she merely asked if it was to be planted upright or lengthways.

The visions were without intermission. She was taken up to heaven and saw her father and mother there. The Virgin gave her a cope, invisible to all eyes but her own, which would protect her from mortal sin. Once at 'hours' she had a very curious experience. She fancied that she was a mirror without frame, without dimensions, with Christ shining in the centre of it, and the mirror itself, she knew not how, was in Christ. He told her that when a soul was in mortal sin the glass was clouded, and though he was present, it could not reflect him. With heretics the glass was broken, and could never be repaired.

Heretics and the growth of them still occupied her, and the more keenly as the civil war grew more envenomed in France. They were too strong, she thought, to be overcome by princes and soldiers. In such a contest the spiritual arm only could prevail. In a trance she saw seven Carmelite monks, of the pristine type, reformed like her own sisterhood, with swords in their hands on a battle-field. Their faces were flushed with fighting. The ground was strewn with the slain, and they were smiting still, and the flying enemy were the hosts of Luther and Calvin. These air-drawn pictures, lately illusions of Satan, were now regarded as communications direct from heaven. They were too important to be lost. Her superior ordered her to write them down, and the result was the singular autobiography which has hitherto been our guide to her history.

She wrote it unwillingly; for it is evident that, deeply as these communications had affected her, and definitely as her spiritual advisers had at length assured her of their supernatural origin, she was herself still uncertain of their nature. Many of her visions, she was confident, had been the creation of her own brain. If any had come from another source she did not regard them as of particular importance, or as symptoms of a high state of grace. This is certain, from a passage on the subject in one of her writings. Hysterical nuns often fancied that they  
had



had received revelations, and their confessors were too apt to encourage them. She says:

‘Of “revelations” no account should be made; for though some may be authentic, many are certainly false, and it is foolish to look for one truth amidst a hundred lies. It is dangerous also, for “revelations” are apt to stray from the right faith, and the right faith is of immeasurably greater consequence. People fancy that to have “revelations” implies exceptional holiness. It implies nothing of the kind. Holiness can be arrived at only by acts of virtue and by keeping the commandments. We women are easily led away by our imagination; we have less strength and less knowledge than men have, and cannot keep things in their proper places. Therefore I will not have my sisters read my own books, especially not my autobiography, lest they look for revelations for themselves in fancying that they are imitating me. The best things that I know came to me by obedience, not by revelation. Sisters may have real visions, but they must be taught to make light of them. There is a subtle deceit in these experiences. The devil may lead souls to evil on a spiritual road.’

The priest editor of Teresa’s works makes an honest observation on this remarkable acknowledgment. ‘I know not how it is,’ he says, ‘but the revelations received by women seem of consequence to men, and those received by men of consequence to women.’ Though he pretends that he did not know, he knew very well, for he goes on: ‘It must arise from those accursed sexual inclinations—each sex believes most where it loves most.’ He should have drawn one more inference—that young men were the worst possible spiritual advisers for young women.

Teresa was not to be left to enjoy her quiet. A single convent had hitherto sufficed for her ambition; but she had been told that it was to be a star which was to shine over the earth, and at that solitary taper other flames were now to be kindled. The Church of Rome was rallying from its confusion, and was setting its house in order. The clergy were clearing themselves of the scandals which had brought such tremendous consequences on them. The Catholic powers were putting out their strength, and Teresa’s energetic spirit would not allow her to rest. The Carmelites themselves now partially recognized her value. The General came to Spain, and visited her at Avila. He reported what he had seen to Philip, and, with Philip’s sanction, he sent her powers to found other houses of Descalzos, forbidding the provincials to interfere with her. The champions whom she had seen on the battlefield in a vision had been *brothers* of her reformed Order. The General empowered her to establish institutions of men as well as women, if she could find recruits who  
were

were willing. In other respects she was left to herself, and she was to show what a single woman, with no resources but her own internal force, was able to accomplish. She was now fifty-two, with bad health, which was growing worse by age. The leaders of the Church were awake; princes and statesmen were awake; but the body of the Spanish people was still unstirred. She had to contend with official pedantry, with the narrow pride of bishops, with dislike of change, and the jealousies of rival jurisdictions. As to barefoot monks, it was long before she could find one man in flesh and blood whom she could tempt to join with her.

Her adventures in the fifteen years of her pilgrimage would fill a long volume. We must content ourselves with fragmentary incidents of her wanderings, a few pictures of persons with whom she came in contact, a few glimpses of Peninsular life in the sixteenth century, and the human features of a remarkable person still traceable behind the paint and tinsel of miracle, with which her biographers have disfigured Teresa de Cepeda.

Her first enterprise was at Medina del Campo, a large town fifty miles from Avila, on the road to Valladolid, and lately the residence of Isabella's Court. A lady of Medina, of small property, had applied for admission into San Josef's, and could not be received for want of room. She purchased a house, at Teresa's suggestion, which could be turned into a second convent. Difficulties were to be anticipated, of the same kind which had been encountered at Avila, and promptitude and secrecy were again necessary. A house itself was not enough. Medina could not provide the first sisters, and a colony had to be introduced from the parent stock. Teresa set out with two nuns from San Josef's, and four from the Incarnation, of whom two went with sinking hearts. Julian of Avila, the chaplain, was their single male escort and companion. They travelled in a cart, with a picture or two, some candlesticks for the altar—probably of tin, for they were utterly poor—a bell, and the sacrament. To a stranger who met them they must have appeared like a set of strolling mountebanks. In Avila itself they were thought mad, and the bishop had much the same opinion, though he would not interfere. It was hot August weather—the eve of the Feast of the Assumption—and the roads were parched and dusty. On the way they were met by the news that the Augustinians, whose wall adjoined the building which the lady had bought, intended to prevent them from settling there. They went on, nothing daunted, and reached Medina at nightfall. On the road they had been in danger of being arrested as vagrants by the police. Within the gates they were in worse peril; for the next day  
there

there was to be a bull-fight, and the bulls were being driven in through the streets. But nothing could stop Teresa. She had resolved to take possession at once, before she could be interrupted, and she went straight to her point. The party arrived at midnight, and never did intending settlers in an American forest look round upon a less promising scene. The courtyard walls were in ruins, the doors were off their hinges, the windows shutterless, the roof fallen in, the single room which would serve for a chapel half open to the air, and littered with dirt and rubbish. The group and the surroundings would have made a subject for Murillo—seven poor women and their priest, with the sacrament, for which they were more alarmed than for themselves, the desolate wreck of a place, ghastly in the moonlight, to which they had come expecting to find a home. Four hours of night remained, and then daylight would be on them. Teresa's energy was equal to the occasion. Not a thought was wasted on their own accommodation. The sisters were set to clear the dirt from the chapel. In a garret, the one spot that was weatherproof, were some tapestries and bed-hangings. These would protect the altar. They had no nails, and at that hour the shops were closed; but they picked as many as they wanted out of the walls. By dawn the altar was furnished, the bell was hung, mass was said, and the convent was an instituted fact.

Sleepless and breakfastless, the unfortunate creatures then looked about them, and their hearts sank at their prospects. They crept disconsolate into their garret, and sat watching the sacrament through a window, lest rude hands might injure it. In the evening a Jesuit father came. Teresa begged him to find lodgings for them till the house could be put in order; but the town was full, and for a week no suitable rooms could be found. Medina, naturally, was excited at the strange invasion, and was not inclined to be hospitable. At length a charitable merchant took compassion. An upper floor was provided, where they could live secluded, with a hall for a chapel. A Señora de Quiroga, a relation perhaps of the Archbishop of Toledo, undertook the repairs of the convent. The citizens relented and gave alms; and in two months the second house of the reformed Descalzos was safely established.

This was in 1567. In the next year a third convent was founded at Malaga, with the help of another sister of the Duke of Medina Celi. From Malaga Teresa was 'sent by the Spirit' to Valladolid, where a young nobleman offered a villa and garden. While she was considering, the youth died; he had led a wild life, and she was made to know that he was in purgatory, from which he was to be released only when the first

mass

mass was said at the spot. She flew instantly across Spain with her faithful Julian. The villa did not please her; for it was outside the town, near the river, and was reported to be unhealthy. But the gardens were beautiful. Valladolid, stern and sterile in winter, grows in spring bright with flowers and musical with nightingales. Objections melted before the thought of a soul in penal fire. She took possession; the mass was said; and, as the host was raised, the pardoned benefactor appeared in glory at Julian's side on his way to paradise. Another incident occurred before she left the neighbourhood. Heresy had stolen into Castile: a batch of Lutherans were to be burnt in the great square at Valladolid; and she heard that they meant to die impenitent. That it could be anything but right to burn human beings for errors of belief could not occur to her; but she prayed that the Lord would turn their hearts, and save their souls, and inflict on her as much as she could bear of their purgatorial pains. She supposed that she had been taken at her word—the heretics recanted at the stake—she herself never after knew a day without suffering.

Toledo came next. She was invited thither by her Jesuit friends. She was now famous. On her way she passed through Madrid. Curious people came about her, prying and asking questions. 'What fine streets Madrid has!' was her answer on one such occasion. She would not stay there. Philip wished to see her, but she had already flown. She had two sisters with her to start the colony; of other property she had four ducats, two pictures, two straw pallets, and nothing besides. She had gone in faith, and faith as usual works miracles. Doña Aloysia had not forgiven her desertion, and from that quarter there was no assistance; but a house was obtained by some means, and the sisters and she, with their possessions, were introduced into it. Of further provision no care had been taken. It was winter, and they had not firewood enough to 'boil a herring.' They were without blankets, and shivered with cold; but they were never more happy, and were almost sorry when fresh recruits came in and brought money and ordinary conveniences.

The recruits were generally of middle rank. 'The Lord' had said that he did not want members of high families; and Teresa's own experience was not calculated to diminish her dislike of such great persons. Ruy Gomez, Prince of Eboli and Duke of Pastrana, was Philip's favourite minister. His wife was the famous Aña de Mendoza, whom history has determined to have been Philip's mistress. The chief evidence for this piece of scandal is the presumption that kings must

have had mistresses of some kind. The single fact that points to the princess of Eboli is a passage in a letter of Antonio Perez, who says that the king was jealous of his intimacy with her. It is a pity that people will not remember that jealousy has more meanings than one. Perez was Philip's secretary. The princess was a proud, intriguing, imperious woman, with whom Philip had many difficulties; and he was jealous of the influence which she was able to use in his cabinet. More absurd story never fastened itself into human annals, or which more signally illustrates the appetite of mankind for garbage. For a short period Teresa was brought in contact with this high lady, and we catch an authentic glimpse of her. She wanted some new excitement, as ladies of rank occasionally do. She proposed to found a nunnery of a distinguished kind. She had heard of the Nun of Avila as one of the wonders of the day, and she sent for her to Pastraña. Teresa had not liked the princess's letters; but Ruy Gomez was too great a man to be affronted, and her confessor told her that she must go. A further inducement was a proposal held out to her of a house for monks, also of the reformed rule, for which she had been trying hitherto in vain. The princess had a young Carmelite about her, a Father Mariano, who was ready to take charge of it.

Teresa was received at Pastraña with all distinction. A *casa* was ready to receive sisters, but she found that the princess had already chosen a prioress, and that in fact the convent was to be a religious plaything of a fashionable lady. Three months were wasted in discussion; and in the course of them Teresa was questioned about her history. The princess had heard of her autobiography, and begged to see it. She was not vain of her visions, and consented only when the princess promised that the book should be read by no one but herself and her husband. To her extreme disgust she found that it became the common talk of the household, a subject of Madrid gossip, and of vulgar impertinence. Doña Aña herself said scornfully that Teresa was but another Magdalen de la Cruz, an hysterical dreamer, who had been condemned by the Inquisition.

Ruy Gomez had more sense than his wife, and better feeling. The obnoxious prioress was withdrawn, and the convent was started on the usual conditions. The Barefoot Friars became a reality under Father Mariano, whom Teresa liked perhaps better than he deserved. As long as Ruy Gomez lived, the princess did not interfere. Unfortunately he survived only a few months, and nothing would satisfy Doña Aña in her first grief but that she must enter the sisterhood herself. She took the habit, Mariano having provided her with a special dress of rich

rich materials for the occasion. In leaving the world, she had left behind her neither her pride nor her self-indulgence. She brought her favourite maid with her. She had a separate suite of rooms, and the other sisters waited upon her as servants. Teresa had gone back to Toledo.\* She quarrelled with the prioress, whose appointment she had disliked; and finally left the convent, returned to the castle, and stopped the allowance on which the sisters depended.

Teresa, when she heard what had passed, ordered the removal of the establishment to Segovia. Two years later, we find her on the road to Salamanca. It was late in autumn, with heavy snow, the roads almost impassable, and herself suffering from cough and fever. This time she had but one companion with her, a nun older and scarcely less infirm than herself. 'Oh these journeys!' she exclaims. She was sustained only by the recollection of the many convents which the 'Lutherans' had destroyed, and the loss of which she was trying to repair. It was All Saints' eve when they reached Salamanca. The church bells were tolling dismally for the departed souls. The Jesuits had promised that she should find a habitation ready, but they found it occupied by students, who at first refused to move. The students were with difficulty ejected. It was a great straggling place, full of garrets and passages, all filthily dirty. The two women entered worn and weary, and locked themselves in. The sister was terrified lest some loose youth might be left hidden in a corner. Teresa found a straw loft, where they laid themselves down, but the sister could not rest, and shivered with alarm. Teresa asked her what was the matter. 'I was thinking,' she said, 'what would become of you, dear mother, if I was to die.' 'Pish,' said Teresa, who did not like nonsense, 'it will be time to think of that when it really happens. Let me go to sleep.'

Two houses were founded at Alva with the help of the duke and duchess; and the terrible Ferdinand of Toledo, just returned from the Low Countries, appears here with a gentler aspect. Teresa's 'Life' was his favourite study; he would travel many leagues, he said, only to look upon her. In one of her trances she had seen the three persons of the Trinity. They were painted in miniature under her direction, and she made the likenesses exact with her own hand. These pictures had fallen into the Duchess's hands, and the miniature of

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\* The princess sent her back in her own carriage. 'Pretty saint you, to be travelling in such style as that!' said a fool to her as she drove into Toledo. 'Is there no one but this to remind me of my faults?' she said, and she never entered a carriage again.

Christ was worn by the duke when he went on his expedition into Portugal.

After this Teresa had a rest. In her own town she was now looked on as a saint, and the sisters of the Incarnation were able to have their way at last and to elect her prioress. There she was left quiet for three years. She had much suffering seemingly from neuralgia, but her spirit was high as ever. Though she could not introduce her reformed rule, she could insist on the proper observance of the rule as it stood. She locked up the locutoria, the parlours where visitors were received, keeping the keys herself, and allowing no one to be admitted without her knowledge. A youth, who was in love with one of the nuns, and was not allowed a sight of her, insisted once on seeing Teresa and remonstrating. Teresa heard his lamentations, and told him then, that if he came near the house again she would report him to the king. He found, as he said, 'that there was no jesting with that woman.' One curious anecdote is told of her reign in the Incarnation, which has the merit of being authentic. Spain was the land of chivalry, knights challenged each other to tilt in the lists, enthusiastic saints challenged one another to feats of penance, and some young monks sent a cartel of defiance to Teresa and her convent. Teresa replied for herself and the sisters, touching humorously the weaknesses of each of her own party:—

'Sister Anne of Burgos says that if any knight will pray the Lord to grant her humility, and the prayer is answered, she will give him all the merits which she may hereafter earn.

'Sister Beatrice Juarez says that she will give to any knight, who will pray the Lord to give her grace to hold her tongue till she has considered what she has to say, two years of the merits which she has gained in tending the sick.

'Isabel de la Cruz will give two years' merits to any knight who will induce the Lord to take away her self-will.

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'Teresa de Jesús says that, if any knight will resolve firmly to obey a superior for all his life who may be a fool and a glutton, she will give him on the day on which he forms such a resolution half her own merits for that day—or, indeed, the whole of them—for the whole will be very little.'

The best satire of Cervantes is not more dainty.

The sisters of the Incarnation would have re-elected their prioress when the three years were over; but the provincial interfered, and she and her cart were soon again upon the road. She had worse storms waiting for her than any which she had yet encountered.



At Pastraña, besides Mariano, she had become acquainted with another Carmelite, a Father Gratian, who had also become a member of the Descalzos. Gratian was then about thirty, an eloquent preacher, ambitious, passionate, eager to rule and not so eager to obey, and therefore no favourite with his superiors. On Teresa this man was to exert an influence beyond his merits, for his mind was of a lower type than hers. Such importance as he possessed he derived from her regard; and after her death he sank into insignificance. He still tried to assume consequence, but his pretensions were mortified. In a few years he was stripped of his habit and reduced to a secular priest. He wandered about complaining till he was taken by the Moors, and was set to work in a slave-yard at Tunis. Ransomed at last, he became confessor to the Infanta Isabella in Flanders, and there died. But it was his fate and Teresa's, that before these misfortunes fell upon him he was to play a notable part in connection with her. He had friends in Andalusia, and he persuaded Teresa that she must found a convent at Seville. It was a vast adventure, for her diploma extended only to the Castiles. She set out with six sisters and the inseparable Julian. The weather was hot, the cart was like purgatory, and the roadside posadas, with their windowless garrets at oven heat, were, she said, 'like hell.' 'The beds were as if stuffed with pebbles.' Teresa fell into a fever, and her helpless companions could only pray for her. When they were crossing the Guadalquivir in a pontoon, the rope broke. The ferryman was thrown down and hurt; the boat was swept away by the current. They were only rescued by a gentleman who had seen the accident from his terrace. Cordova, when they passed through it, was crowded for a fête. The mob, attracted by their strange appearance, 'came about them like mad bulls.' At Seville, where Gratian professed to have prepared for their reception, they were met by a flat refusal from the archbishop to allow the establishment of an unendowed foundation, and to live on alms only was an essential of their rule. Teresa was forced to submit.

'God,' she wrote, 'has never permitted any foundation of mine to be set on its feet without a world of worry. I had not heard of the objection till I arrived. I was most unwilling to yield, for in a town so rich as Seville alms could have been collected without the least difficulty. I would have gone back upon the spot, but I was penniless, all my money having been spent upon the way. Neither the sisters nor I possessed anything but the clothes on our backs and the veils which we had worn in the cart. But we could not have a mass without the archbishop's leave, and leave he would not give till we consented.'

But

But sharper consequences were to follow. In overstepping the boundaries of her province, Teresa had rashly committed herself. From the first the great body of the Carmelites had resented her proceedings. Circumstances and the Pope's protection had hitherto shielded her. But Pius V. was gone. Gregory XIII. reigned in his stead, and a chapter-general of the Order held at Piacenza in 1575 obtained an injunction from him prohibiting the further extension of the reformed houses. The foundation of the Seville convent was treated as an act of defiance. The General ordered its instant suppression. Teresa's other foundations had been hitherto quasi-independent: Father Jerome Tostado was dispatched from Italy as commissioner to Spain, to reduce them all under the general's authority; and a new nuncio was appointed for the special purpose of giving Tostado his support. If Philip objected, he was to be told that the violation of order had caused a scandal to the whole Church.

Little dreaming of what was before her, Teresa had been nourishing a secret ambition of recovering the entire Carmelite body to their old austerities. The late nuncio had been a hearty friend to her. She had written to the king to ask that Gratian might be appointed visitor-general of her own houses for the whole peninsula. The king had not only consented to this request, but with the nuncio's consent, irregular as it must have seemed, Gratian's jurisdiction was extended to all the Carmelite convents in Spain. Philip could not have taken such a step without Teresa's knowledge, or at least without Gratian's; and in this perhaps lies the explanation of the agitations in Italy and of Tostado's mission. Evidently things could not continue as they were. Teresa's reforms had been made in the teeth of the chiefs of the Order, and her houses, so far as can be seen, had been as yet under no organized government at all. She might legitimately have asked the nuncio to appoint a visitor to these; for it was through the Pope's interference that she had established them; but she was making too bold a venture in grasping at the sovereignty of a vast and powerful foundation, and she very nearly ruined herself. Gratian was refused entrance to the first convent which he attempted to visit. The new briefs arrived from Rome. Teresa received a formal inhibition against founding any more houses. She was ordered to select some one convent and to remain there; while two prioresses whom she had instituted were removed, and superiors in whom Tostado had confidence were put in their places. Teresa's own writings, on which suspicion had hung since they had been read by the princess, were submitted to the Inquisition. She herself chose

Toledo

Toledo for a residence, and was kept there under arrest for two years. The Inquisitors could find no heresy in her books; and, her pen not being under restriction, she composed while in confinement a history of her foundations as a continuation of her autobiography. Her correspondence besides was voluminous. She wrote letters (the handwriting bold, clear, and vigorous as a man's) to princes and prelates, to her suffering sisters, to her friends among the Jesuits and Dominicans.

The sequel is exceedingly curious. There is a belief that the administration of the Roman Church is one and indivisible. In this instance it proved very divisible indeed. The new nuncio and the General of the Carmelites intended to crush Teresa's movement. The king and the Archbishop of Toledo were determined that she should be supported. The Spanish Government were as little inclined as Henry VIII. to submit to the dictation of Italian priests; and when the nuncio began his operations, Philip at once insisted that he should not act by himself, but should have four assessors, of whom the Archbishop of Toledo should be one. It was less easy to deal with Tostado. Each religious Order had its own separate organization. Teresa had sworn obedience, and Tostado was her lawful superior; she acted herself as she had taught others to act, and at first refused Philip's help in actively resisting him. The nuncio had described her as 'a restless woman, unsettled, disobedient, contumacious, an inventor of new doctrines under pretence of piety, a breaker of the rule of cloister residence, a despiser of the apostolic precept which forbids a woman to teach.' Restless she had certainly been, and her respect for residence had been chiefly shown in her anxiety to enforce it on others—but disobedient she was not, as she had an opportunity of showing. In making the change in the government of her houses, Tostado had found a difficulty at San Josef's, because it was under the bishop's jurisdiction. The alteration could not be made without her presence at Avila. He sent for her from Toledo. She went at his order, she gave him the necessary assistance, and the house was reclaimed under his jurisdiction.

By this time temper was running high on all sides. Tostado was not softened by Teresa's acquiescence. The nuncio was exasperated at the king's interference with him. He regarded Teresa herself as the cause of the schism, and refused to forgive her till it was healed. She was now at Avila. The office of prioress was again vacant at the Incarnation. The persecution had endeared her to the sisters, and a clear majority of them were resolved to re-elect her. Tostado construed their action into defiance; he came in person to hold the election; he

he informed the sisters, of whom there were now a hundred, that he would excommunicate every one of them who dared to vote for a person of whom he disapproved. The nuns knew that they had the right with them, for the Council of Trent had decided that the elections were to be free. Fifty-five of them defied Tostado's threats and gave their votes for Teresa. As each sister handed in her paper, Tostado crushed it under his feet, stamped upon it, cursed her, and boxed her ears. The minority chose a prioress who was agreeable to him; he declared this nun duly elected, ordered Teresa into imprisonment again, and left her supporters cut off from mass and confession till they submitted. The brave women would not submit. They refused to obey the superior who had been forced on them, except as Teresa's substitute. The theologians of Avila declared unanimously that the excommunication was invalid. Tostado was only the more peremptory. He flogged two of the confessors of the convent, who had been appointed by the late nuncio, and he sent them away under a guard. 'I wish they were out of the power of these people,' Teresa wrote. 'I would rather see them in the hands of the Moors.'

One violence was followed by another. Father Gratian was next suspended, and withdrew into a hermitage at Pastraña. The nuncio, caring nothing about the assessors, required him to surrender the commission as visitor which he had received from his predecessor. Gratian consulted the Archbishop of Toledo, who told him that he had no more spirit than a fly, and advised him to appeal to Philip. The nuncio, without waiting for his answer, declared his commission cancelled. He cancelled also Teresa's regulations, and replaced her convents under the old relaxed rule. The Bishop of Avila was of opinion that the nuncio had exceeded his authority and had no right to make such a change. Teresa told Gratian that he would be safe in doing whatever the bishop advised; and she recommended an appeal to the Pope and the king for a formal division of the Carmelite Order. Tostado had put himself in the wrong so completely in his treatment of the sisters of the Incarnation, that she overcame her dislike of calling in the secular arm and wrote a detailed account of his actions to Philip. Gratian himself lost his head and was only foolish. One day he wrote to the nuncio and made his submission. The next, he called a chapter of the Descalzos and elected a separate provincial. The nuncio replied by sending Teresa back as a prisoner to Toledo, and Gratian to confinement in a monastery.

But the Spanish temper was now thoroughly roused. Philip and the Archbishop of Toledo had both privately communicated  
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with the Pope on the imprudence of the nuncio's proceedings; and the king on his own account had forbidden the magistrates everywhere to support either Tostado or his agents. The Duke of Infantado, the proudest of the Spanish grandees, insulted the nuncio at Court; and the nuncio, when he appealed to Philip for redress, was told coldly that he had brought the insult upon himself. The Pope, in fact, being better informed, and feeling that he would gain little by irritating the Castilians for the sake of the relaxed Carmelites, had repented of having been misled, and was only eager to repair his mistake. Teresa's apprehensions were relieved by a vision. Christ appeared to her, attended by his mother and San Josef. San Josef and the Virgin prayed to him. Christ said 'that the infernal powers had been in league to ruin the Descalzos; but they had been instituted by himself, and the king in future would be their friend and patron. The Virgin told Teresa that in twenty days her imprisonment would be over.' Not her imprisonment only, but the struggle itself was over. The nuncio and Tostado were recalled to Italy. Spain was to keep her 'barefoot' nuns and friars. We need not follow the details of the arrangement. It is enough to say that the Carmelites were divided into two bodies, as Teresa had desired. The Descalzos became a new province, and were left free to choose their own officers. We have told the story at so much length, because it illustrates remarkably the internal character of the Spanish Church, and the inability of the Italian organization to resist a national impulse.

All was now well, or would have been well but for mortal infirmity. Gratian went to Rome to settle legal technicalities. Teresa resumed her wandering life of founding convents. Times were changed since her hard fight for San Josef. Town Councils met her now in procession. Te Deums were sung in the churches, and eager crowds waited for her at the roadside inns. But so far as she herself was concerned, it is a question whether success added to her happiness. So long as an object is unattained, we may clothe it in such ethereal colours as we please; when it is achieved, the ideal has become material; it is as good perhaps as what we ought to have expected, but is not what we did expect. Teresa was now sixty-four years old, with health irrevocably broken. Her houses having assumed a respectable legal character, many of them had after all to be endowed, and she was encumbered with business. 'The Lord,' as she said, continued to help her. When she was opposed in anything, the Lord intimated that he was displeased. If she doubted, he would reply, '*Ego sum*,' and her confessor, if not herself, was satisfied. But she had much to do, and disheartening difficulties

difficulties to overcome. She had been working with human beings for instruments, and human beings will only walk straight when the master's eye is on them. In the preliminary period the separate sisterhoods had been left very much to themselves. Some had grown lax. Some had been extravagantly ascetic. In San Josef, the first-fruits of her travail, the sisters had mutinied for a meat diet. A fixed code of laws had to be enforced, and it was received with murmurs, even by friends on whom she had relied.\* She addressed a circular to them all, which was characteristically graceful:—

‘Now then we are all at peace—Calzados and Descalzados. Each of us may serve God in our own way, and none can say us nay. Therefore, my brothers and sisters, as he has heard your prayer, do you obey him with all your hearts. Let it not be said of us as of some Orders, that only the beginnings were creditable. We have begun. Let those who come after us go on from good to better. The devil is always busy looking for means to hurt us; but the struggle will be only for a time; the end will be eternal.’

Three years were spent in organization—years of outward honour, but years of suffering—and then the close came. In the autumn of 1581 Gratian had arranged that a convent was to be opened at Burgos. Teresa was to be present in person, and Gratian accompanied her. They seem to have travelled in the old way—a party of eight in a covered cart. The weather was wretched; the floods were out; the roads mere tracks of mud, the inns like Don Quixote's castle. Teresa was shattered with cough; she could eat nothing; the journey was the worst to which she had been exposed. On arriving at Burgos she was taken to a friend's house; a great fire had been lighted, where she was to dry her clothes. The damp and steam brought on fever, and she was unable to leave her bed.

The business part of her visit had been mismanaged. Gratian had been as careless as at Seville, and the same difficulties repeated themselves. The Council of Trent had insisted that all new convents should be endowed. The Archbishop of Burgos stood by the condition, and no endowment had been provided. Teresa was too ill to return. Month after month passed by. A wet autumn was followed by a wetter winter. Terms were arranged at last with the archbishop. A building

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\* One of the rules referred to prayers for the king, which were to be attended by weekly whippings, such as Merlin ordered for the disenchantment of Dulcinea. ‘Statutum fuit ut perpetuis temporibus una quotidie Missa, preces item continuæ, et una per singulas hebdomadas corporis flagellatio pro Rege Hispaniæ ejusque familiâ in universalis conventibus Carmelitarum utriusque sexus exalceatorum Deo offeratur.’

was found which it was thought would answer for the convent, and Teresa removed to it; but it was close to the waterside, and half in ruins. The stars shone and the rain poured through the rents of the roof in the garret where she lay. The river rose. The lower story of the house was flooded. The sisters, who watched day and night by her bed, had to dive into the kitchen for the soaked crusts of bread for their own food and hers. The communication with the town being cut off, they were nearly starved. Friends at last swam across and brought relief. When the river went back, the ground floors were deep in stones and gravel.

Sister Anne of St. Bartholomew, who was herself afterwards canonized, tells the rest of the story. When spring came the weather mended. Teresa was slightly stronger, and, as her own part of the work at Burgos was finished, she was able to move, and was taken to Valladolid. But it was only to find herself in fresh trouble. One of her brothers had left his property to San Josef's. The relations disputed the will, and an angry lawyer forced his way into her room and was rude to her. She was in one of her own houses, where at any rate she might have looked for kindness. But the prioress had 'gone over to her enemies,' showed her little love or reverence, and at last bade her 'go away and never return.'

She went on to Medina. She found the convent in disorder; she was naturally displeased, and found fault. Since the legal establishment of the Descalzos, she had no formal authority, and perhaps she was too imperious. The prioress answered impertinently, and Teresa was too feeble to contend with her. Twenty years had passed since that gipsy drive from Avila, the ruined courtyard, the extemporized altar, and the moonlight watch of the sacrament. It had ended in this. She was now a broken old woman, and her own children had turned against her. She ate nothing. She lay all night sleepless, and the next morning she left Medina. She had meant to go to Avila, but she was wanted for some reason at Alva, and thither, in spite of her extreme weakness, she was obliged to go. She set out before breakfast. They travelled all day without food, save a few dried figs. They arrived at night at a small pueblo, all exhausted, and Teresa fainting; they tried to buy an egg or two, but eggs were not to be had at the most extravagant price. Teresa swallowed a fig, but could touch nothing more. She seemed to be dying. Sister Anne knelt sobbing at her side. 'Do not cry,' she said; 'it is the Lord's will.' More dead than alive, she was carried the next day to Alva. She was just conscious, but that was all. She lay quietly breathing, and only



only seemed uneasy when Sister Anne left her for a moment. After a few hours she laid her head on Sister Anne's breast, sighed lightly, and was gone. It was St. Michael's day, 1582.

Nothing extraordinary was supposed to have happened at the time. A weak worn-out woman had died of sufferings which would have destroyed a stronger frame. That was all. Common mortals die thus every day. They are buried; they are mourned for by those who had cause to love them; they are then forgotten, and the world goes on with its ordinary business. Catholic saints are not left to rest so peacefully, and something has still to be told of the fortunes of Teresa of Avila. But we must first touch for a moment on aspects of her character which we have passed over in the rapid sketch of her life. It is the more necessary, since she has been deified into an idol, and the tenderness, the humour, the truth and simplicity, of her human nature, have been lost in her diviner glories. Many volumes of her letters, essays, treatises, memoranda of various kinds, survive in addition to her biography. With the help of these we can fill in the lines.

She was not learned. She read Latin with difficulty, and knew nothing of any other language, except her own. She was a Spaniard to the heart, generous, chivalrous, and brave. In conversation she was quick and bright. Like her father, she was never heard to speak ill of any one. But she hated lies, hated all manner of insincerity, either in word or action. In youth she had been tried by the usual temptations; her life had been spotless; but those whose conduct has been the purest are most conscious of their smaller faults, and she had the worst opinion of her own merits. The rule which she established for her sisterhoods was severe, but it was not enough for her own necessities. She scourged herself habitually, and she wore a peculiarly painful haircloth; but these were for herself alone, and she did not prescribe them to others. She sent a haircloth to her brother, but she bade him be careful how he used it. 'Obedience,' she said, 'was better than sacrifice, and health than penance.' One of her greatest difficulties was to check the zeal of young people who wished to make saints of themselves by force. A prioress at Malaga had ordered the sisters to strike one another, with a view to teaching them humility. Teresa said it was a suggestion of the devil. 'The sisters are not slaves,' she wrote; 'mortifications are of no use in themselves; obedience is the first of virtues, but it is not to be abused.' The prioress of Toledo again drew a sharp rebuke upon herself. She had told a sister who had troubled her with some question to go and walk in the garden. The sister went, and walked

walked and walked. She was missed the next morning at matins. She was still walking. Another prioress gave the Penitential Psalms for a general discipline, and kept the sisters repeating them at irregular hours. 'The poor things ought to have been in bed,' Teresa wrote. 'They do what they are told, but it is all wrong. Mortification is not a thing of obligation.'

Gratian himself had to be lectured. He had been inventing new ceremonies. 'Sister Antonia,' she wrote, 'has brought your orders, and they have scandalized us. Believe me, father, we are well as we are, and want no unnecessary forms. For charity's sake, remember this. Insist on the rules, and let that suffice.' Gratian had given injunctions in detail about dress and food. 'Do as you like,' she said, 'only do not define what our shoes are to be made of. Say simply, we may wear shoes, to avoid scruples. You say our caps are to be of hemp—why not of flax? As to our eating eggs, or eating preserves on our bread, leave it to conscience. Too much precision only does harm.'

Her own undergarments, though scrupulously kept clean, were of horse-cloth. She slept always on a sack of straw. A biscuit or two, an egg, a few peas and beans, made her daily food, varied, perhaps, on feast-days, with an egg and a slice of fish, with grapes or raisins.

Her constant trances were more a trial than a pleasure to her. She writes to her brother: 'Buen anda Nuestro Señor.—I have been in a sad state for this week past. The fits have returned. They come on me sometimes in public, and I can neither resist nor hide them. God spare me these exhibitions of myself. I feel half drunk. Pray for me, for such things do me harm. They have nothing to do with religion.'

Nothing can be wiser than her general directions for the management of the sisterhoods. To the sisters themselves she says :—

'Do not be curious about matters which do not concern you. Say no evil of any one but yourself, and do not listen to any. Never ridicule any one. Do not contend in words about things of no consequence. Do not exaggerate. Assert nothing as a fact of which you are not sure. Give no hasty opinions. Avoid empty tattle. Do not draw comparisons. Be not singular in food or dress; and be not loud in your laughter. Be gentle to others, and severe to yourself. Speak courteously to servants. Do not note other people's faults. Note your own faults, and their good points. Never boast. Never make excuses. Never do anything when alone which you would not do before others.'

Her greatest difficulty was with the convent confessors.  
Teresa

Teresa had a poor opinion of men's capacities for understanding women. 'We women,' she said, 'are not so easily read. Priests may hear our confessions for years and may know nothing about us. Women cannot describe their faults accurately, and the confessor judges by what they tell him.' She had a particular dislike of melancholy women, who fancied that they had fine sensibilities which were not understood or appreciated. She found that confessors became foolishly interested in such women, and confidences came, and spiritual communications of mutual feelings, which were nonsense in themselves and a certain road to mischief. Teresa perhaps remembered some of her own experiences in her excessive alarm on this point. She insisted that the confessor should have no intercourse with any sister, except officially, and in the confessional itself. At the direction of her superiors, she wrote further a paper of general reflections on the visitation of convents, which show the same insight and good sense.

The visitor was the provincial or the provincial's vicar, and his business was to inspect each convent once a year.

'The visitor,' she said, 'must have no partiality, and, above all, no weakness or sentimentality. A superior must inspire fear. If he allows himself to be treated as an equal, especially by women, his power for good is gone. Once let a woman see that he will pass over her faults out of tenderness, she will become ungovernable. If he is to err, let it be on the side of severity. He visits once only in a twelvemonth, and, unless the sisters know that at the end of each they will be called to a sharp reckoning, discipline will be impossible. Prioresses found unfit for office must be removed instantly. They may be saints in their personal conduct, but they may want the qualities essential to a ruler, and the visitor must not hesitate.

'He must look strictly into the accounts. Debt of any kind is fatal. He must see into the work which each sister has done, and how much she has earned by it. This will encourage industry. Each room in the house must be examined, the parlour gratings especially, that no one may enter unobserved. The visitor must be careful too with the chaplains, learn to whom each sister confesses, and what degree of communication exists between them. The prioress, as long as she retains office, must always be supported. There can be no peace without authority, and sisters sometimes think they are wiser than their superiors. No respect must be shown for morbid feelings. The visitor must make such women understand that, if they do wrong, they will be punished, and that he is not to be imposed upon.

'As to the prioress, he must learn first if she has favourites; and he must be careful in this, for it is her duty to consult most with the most discreet of the sisters; but it is the nature of us to over-value our own selves. When preference is shown, there will be jealousy.

jealousy. The favourite will be supposed to rule the Holy Mother : the rest will think that they have a right to resist. Sisters who may be far from perfect themselves will be ready enough to find fault. They will tell the visitor that the prioress does this and that. He will be perplexed what to think ; yet he will do infinite harm if he orders changes which are not needed. His guide must be the Rule of the Order. If he finds that the prioress dispenses with the rule on insufficient grounds, thinking this a small thing and that a small thing, he may be sure that she is doing no good. She holds office to maintain the rule, not to dispense with it.

‘A prioress is obviously unfit who has anything to conceal. The sisters must be made to tell the truth ; they will not directly lie perhaps, but they will often keep back what ought to be known.

‘Prioresses often overload the sisters with prayers and penances, so as to hurt their health. The sisters are afraid to complain, lest they be thought wanting in devotion ; nor ought they to complain except to the visitor. . . . The visitor, therefore, must be careful about this. Especially let him be on his guard against saintly prioresses. The first and last principle in managing women is to make them feel that they have a head over them who will not be moved by any earthly consideration ; that they are to observe their vows, and will be punished if they break them ; that his visit is not an annual ceremony, but that he keeps his eye on the daily life of the whole establishment. Women generally are honourable and timid ; they will think it wrong sometimes to report the prioress’s faults. He will want all his discretion.

‘He should enquire about the singing in the choir ; it ought not to be loud or ambitious. Fine singing disturbs devotion, and the singers will like to be admired. He should notice the dresses too ; if he observe any ornament on a sister’s dress, he should burn it publicly. This will be a lesson to her. He should make his inspection in the morning, and never stay to dinner, though he be pressed ; he comes to do business, not to talk. If he does stay, there must only be a modest entertainment. I know not how to prevent excess in this respect, for our present chief never notices what is put before him—whether it is good or bad, much or little.\* I doubt whether he even understands.

‘Finally, the visitor must be careful how he shows by any outward sign that he has a special regard for the prioress. If he does, the sisters will not tell him what she really is. Each of them knows that she is heard but once, while the prioress has as much time as she likes for explanations and excuses. The prioress may not mean to deceive, but self-love blinds us all. I have been myself taken in repeatedly by mother superiors, who were such servants of God that I could not help believing them. After a few days’ residence, I have been astonished to find how misled I had been. The devil, having few opportunities of tempting the sisters, attacks the superiors

\* This was meant as a hint to Gratian, who was much too fond of dining with the sisterhoods. Perhaps much of the rest was also intended for him.

instead.

instead. I trust none of them till I have examined with my own eyes.'

Shrewder eyes were not perhaps in Spain. 'You deceived me in saying she was a woman,' wrote one of Teresa's confessors. 'She is a bearded man.'

To return to her story. She died, as has been said, at Alva, and there was nothing at first to distinguish her departure from that of ordinary persons. She had fought a long battle. She had won the victory; but the dust of the conflict was still flying; detraction was still busy; and honour with the best deserving is seldom immediately bestowed. The air has to clear, the passions to cool, and the spoils of the campaign to be gathered, before either the thing accomplished or the doer's merits can be properly recognized. Teresa's work was finished; but she had enemies who hated her; half friends who were envious and jealous; and a world of people besides, to say that the work was nothing very wonderful, and that they could have done as well themselves if they thought it worth while.

It is always thus when persons of genuine merit first leave the earth. As long as they are alive and active they make their power felt. When they are looked back upon from a distance they can be seen towering high above their contemporaries. Their contemporaries themselves, however, less easily admit the difference; and when the overmastering presence is first removed, and they no longer feel the weight of it, they deny that any difference exists.

Teresa was buried where she died. Spanish tombs are usually longitudinal holes perforated in blocks of masonry. The coffin is introduced; the opening is walled up, and a tablet with an inscription indicates and protects the spot. In one of these apertures attached to the Alva convent Teresa was placed. The wooden coffin, hastily nailed together, was covered with quicklime and earth. Massive stones were built in after it, and were faced with solid masonry. There she was left to rest; to be regarded, as it seemed, with passionate affection by the sisters who survived her, and then to fade into a shadow, and be remembered no more for ever. But the love of those sisters was too intense, and their faith too deep. 'Calumny,' says Sir Arthur Helps, 'can make a cloud seem a mountain; can even make a cloud become a mountain.' Love and faith are no less powerful enchanters, and can convert into facts the airy phantoms of the brain. The sisters when they passed her resting-place paused to think of her, and her figure as it came back to them breathed fragrance sweet as violets. Father Gratian, who had been absent from the deathbed, came on a visitation to the convent nine months after. His imagination was as active

active as that of the sisterhood: he perceived, not the violet odour only, but a fragrant oil oozing between the stones. The tomb was opened, the lid of the coffin was found broken, and the earth had fallen through. The face was discoloured, but the flesh was uncorrupted, and the cause of the odour was at once apparent in the ineffable sweetness which distilled from it. The body was taken out and washed. Gratian cut off the left hand, and secured it for himself. Thus mutilated, the body itself was replaced, and Gratian carried off his prize, which instantly worked miracles. The Jesuit Ribera, who was afterwards Teresa's biographer, and had been present at the opening, saved part of the earth. He found it 'sweet as the bone of St. Lawrence which was preserved at Avila.' The story flew from lip to lip. Gratian, zealous for the honour of the reformed branch of the Carmelites, called a chapter, and brought his evidence before it that their founder was a saint. Teresa's communications with the other world at once assumed a more awful aspect. The chapter decided that, as at Avila she was born, as at Avila she was first admitted to converse with Christ, and as there was her first foundation, to Avila her remains must be removed, and be laid in the chapel of San Josef. The sisters at Alva wept, but submitted. They were allowed to keep the remnant of the arm from which Gratian had taken off the hand. Other small portions were furtively abstracted. The rest was solemnly transferred.

This was in 1585, three years after her death. But it was not to be the end. The Alva family had the deepest reverence for Teresa. The Great Duke was gone, but his son who succeeded him, and his brother, the Prince of St. John's, inherited his feelings. They were absent at the removal, and had not been consulted. When they heard of it, they held their town to have been injured and their personal honour to have been outraged. They were powerful. They appealed to Rome, and were successful. Sixtus V., in 1586, sent an order to give them back their precious possession, and Teresa, who had been a wanderer so long, was sent again upon her travels. A splendid tomb had been prepared in the convent chapel at Alva, and the body, brought back again from Avila, lay in state in the choir before it was deposited there. The chapel was crowded with spectators: the duke and duchess were present with a train of nobles, the Provincial Gratian, and a throng of dignitaries, lay and ecclesiastic. The features were still earth-stained, but were otherwise unaltered. The miraculous perfume was overpowering. Ribera contrived to kiss the sacred foot, and to touch the remaining arm. He feared to

wash his hands afterwards, lest he should wash away the fragrance; but he found, to his delight, that no washing affected it. Gratian took another finger for himself; a nun in an ecstasy bit out a portion of skin; and for this time the obsequies were ended. Yet, again, there was another disentanglement, that Teresa might be more magnificently coffined, and the General of the Carmelites came from Italy that he might see her. This time, the Pope had enjoined that there should be no more mutilation; but nothing could restrain the hunger of affection. Illustrious persons who were present, in spite of Pope and decency, required relics, and were not to be denied. The General distributed portions among the Alva sisterhood. The eye-witness who describes the scene was made happy by a single finger-joint. The General himself shocked the feelings or roused the envy of the bystanders by tearing out an entire rib. Then it was over, and all that remained of Teresa was left to the worms.

But the last act had still to be performed. Spanish opinion had declared Teresa to be a saint; the Church had to ratify the verdict. Time had first to elapse for the relics to work miracles in sufficient quantity, and promotion to the highest spiritual rank could only be gradual and deliberate. Teresa was admitted to the lower degree of beatification by Paul V. in 1614. She was canonized (*relata inter Deos*) eight years later by Gregory XV., in the company of St. Isidore, Ignatius Loyola, Francis Xavier, and Philip Neri. If a life of singular self-devotion in the cause of Catholic Christianity could merit so lofty a distinction, no one will challenge Teresa's claim to it. She had been an admirable woman, and as such deserved to be remembered. But she was to be made into an object of popular worship, and evidence of mere human excellence was not sufficient. A string of miracles were proved to have been worked by her in her lifetime, the witnesses to the facts being duly summoned and examined. Her sad, pathetic death-scene was turned into a phantasmagoria. Old people were brought to swear that the Convent Church had been mysteriously illuminated; Christ and a company of angels had stood at the bedside to receive the parting soul; and the room had been full of white floating figures, presumed to be the eleven thousand virgins. Others said that a white dove had flown out of her mouth when she died, and had vanished through the window; while a dead tree in the garden was found next morning covered with white blossom.

The action of the relics had been still more wonderful. If cut or punctured they bled. They had continued uncorrupted. They



They were still fragrant. A cripple at Avila had been restored to strength by touching a fragment; a sister at Malaga with three cancers on her breast had been perfectly cured;—with much more of the same kind.

Next the solemn doctors examined Teresa's character, her virtues of the first degree, her virtues of the second degree, the essentials of *sanctitas in specie*. Faith, Hope, Charity, love of Christ, were found all satisfactory. Her tears at the death of Pius V. proved her loyalty to the Church. The exceptional features followed, her struggles with the cacodæmon, her stainless chastity, her voluntary poverty, her penance, her whip, her haircloth, her obedience, her respect for priests, her daily communion, her endurance of the devil's torments, and, as the crown of the whole, her intercourse with San Josef, the Virgin, and her Son.

Her advocate made a splendid oration to the Pope. The Pope referred judgment to the cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, whose voices were unanimous, and Teresa was declared a member of the already glorified company to whom prayers might lawfully be uttered.

Teresa's image still stands in the Castilian churches. The faithful crowd about her with their offerings, and dream that they leave behind them their aches and pains; but her words were forgotten, and her rules sank again into neglect. The Church of Rome would have done better in keeping alive Teresa's spirit than in converting her into a goddess. Yet the Church of Rome is not peculiarly guilty, and we all do the same thing in our own way. When a great teacher dies who has told us truths which it would be disagreeable to act upon, we write adoring lives of him, we place him in the intellectual pantheon; but we go on as if he had never lived at all. We put up statues to him as if that would do as well, and the prophet who has denounced idols is made an idol himself. Yet good seed scattered broadcast is never wholly wasted. Though dying out in Spain and Italy, the Carmelite Sisterhoods are reviving in Northern Europe, and they owe such life as they now possess to Teresa of Avila. The nuns of Compiègne, who in 1794 fell under the displeasure of Robespierre, were Carmelites of Teresa's order. Vergniaud and his twenty-two companions sang the Marseillaise at the scaffold, the surviving voices keeping up the chorus, as their heads fell one by one till all were gone. Teresa's thirteen sisters at Compiègne sang the 'Veni Creator' as the knife of the Convention made an end of them, the prioress singing the last verse alone amidst the bodies of her murdered flock.

ART. IV.—*A Monograph of the Seal-Islands of Alaska.* By Henry W. Elliott. Reprinted, with additions, from the Report of the Fisheries Industries of the Tenth Census. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1882. 4to. With 2 maps and 29 plates.

**F**ORESIGHT has always been held to be one of the highest gifts that a statesman can possess, if it be not that which especially distinguishes him from his fellow-mortals. How far a late American Secretary of State may have foreseen the advantageous nature (in certain particulars presently to be set forth) of the purchase made from the Czar's Government, of what in our youth used to be called Russian America, needs not here to be considered. It is a matter of history that when, on the 18th of October, 1867, the five or six hundred thousand square miles of territory now known as Alaska were ceded, through the negotiations of Mr. Seward and Prince Gortchakoff, by Russia to the United States, the latter became the owners of a much more valuable property than most of the world had any notion of. To Senator Sumner was delegated the task of recommending the purchase to his countrymen; but his eloquent speech on the occasion—to all appearance exhaustive of the prospective advantages of the proposed acquisition—did not even allude to what has since proved to be one of its richest natural resources. By his fellow-citizens in general, Mr. Seward's bargain—*Walrussia* they nicknamed the 'Arctic Estate' he had bought—was looked upon as a bad investment of capital—upwards of seven millions of hard dollars against rocks, icebergs, and acres of snowy wastes; but the thought that he had outwitted the British Government, and (as the President, in his 'Message' to Congress of the 9th of December, 1868, put it) established 'republican principles' to the northward of our own Dominion on the Pacific, reconciled many ardent spirits to the step; so that in course of time the transaction came to be regarded with indifference, if not approbation, though perhaps there was some slight disappointment in the undoubted fact, that nobody in this country raised the least remonstrance in regard to the transfer. Furthermore, there was a certain appeal to poetic sentiment in the thought that a region, which had been chosen as the type of desolation by the bard who sang 'The Pleasures of Hope,' had passed to the rule of the people who owned also the idyllic valley of Wyoming, and that

'The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore'

would henceforth be an accompaniment to the patriotic strains of 'Hail Columbia!'

But,

But, in truth, whatsoever may be the future fortune of the continental portion of Mr. Seward's purchase, as yet its most valuable part consists of two small islands, wholly insignificant when we look them out on the map, and islands which the ordinary geographer may naturally scorn. They form the subject of the monograph whose title stands at the head of this article; and in telling their story as briefly as may be, and descanting upon some of their inhabitants, we hope we may contrive, not only to make their importance apparent to many of our countrymen, but even to interest some of our countrywomen, for, until imperious fashion rules otherwise, what garment is more cherished by the lady who has one, or more coveted by her who has not, than a '*Seal-skin*'? Moreover, the story is so far instructive, that a moral may not impossibly be deduced from it.

In the first half of the preceding century, when, in a way that still seems to us marvellous, a handful of Russians and Cossacks—able men it needs not to say—with means disproportionately small to the end attained, had achieved the conquest of the 'wilds immeasurably spread,' which we now know as Siberia, and had extended the way of the whilom Dukes of Muscovy to the very easternmost limits of Asia, *plus ultra* was still the motto of the intrepid adventurers, and they lost no time in building barks that would enable them to explore the waters of the Pacific Ocean, the margin of which they had reached. Rich booty rewarded their earlier efforts. Not only the coasts of the continent—hitherto unvisited by Europeans—but island after island in succession—on many of which no man had ever set foot—equally yielded spoils of the greatest value. The spoils were those of the chase. From the very dawn of history, the dwellers in Northern Asia, like the dwellers in Northern Europe, had gone clad in the skins of wild beasts, and the protection of such vestments against an extremity of cold, which we in temperate Britain (from want of experience) can scarcely conceive, is to this day fully appreciated by their successors. Very variable was, and is, the worth of these skins. Some from their rarity, some from their beauty, some from their lightness and flexibility affording surpassing comfort to their wearer, bore a far higher price than others. While the parti-coloured coat of the arctic squirrel, grey on the back and white on the sides, the origin of the heraldic *vair*—was hardly esteemed more than the lambskin in which the peasant clothed himself, the ivory-like hue of the ermine, set off with its black tail-tip, became identified with royal apparel,\* and 'a suit of sables' was too costly

\* The old story of the ermine (which is only our ill-smelling stoat in its winter dress) dying on the defilement of its coat, led to its being regarded as an emblem

costly for anybody under princely rank. None but the very wealthy could afford to dress in martens' fur, and skins of the blue and of the silver fox have always commanded a high price. The beaver it is only necessary to name. Great therefore was the delight of the Russian explorers, to find that the coasts and islands of their new acquisition abounded in an animal hitherto unknown to Europeans—an animal possessing fur that for warmth, softness, and rich colour, at once ranked it among the choicest of its class. This animal was the singular sea-otter,\* single skins of which, as we are told by Pennant, fetched in his day from 15*l.* to 20*l.* According to all accounts it was guileless and very easily captured; and, with such a price upon its pelt, so unrelenting a pursuit of it was immediately carried on, that within a few years it was exterminated in the neighbourhood of the Russian settlements, whether on the mainland or the adjacent islands. Then an active search was made for islands more remote, and these being one by one found, the same result followed, so far as they were concerned. But in the course of the explorations instituted and carried on with this intent—leading to the discovery of the Aleutian chain (which forms, as it were, a series of stepping-stones from Asia to America), and then, in 1768, to that of the peninsula to which the name Alaska (originally Aliaska) was at first confined—a second, equally novel, fur-bearing beast was observed, passing in countless numbers twice every year through the Aleutian channels. So long as sea-otters were forthcoming, this other beast, called by the Russians the 'sea-cat,' was not thought of much value; but, when their numbers declined from tens of thousands to hundreds, attention was directed to it as being a possible substitute for the fast-expiring species. But the 'sea-cat'—which we may as well henceforward call the Fur-Seal—was a mysterious creature, whose whence and whither none could tell, though its comings and goings were most regularly timed. In the spring it went northward, in autumn it returned southward—punctual as the wild-goose or the snow-bunting; but no one had ever heard of its lingering, for an hour even, on a single rock or beach throughout the Aleutian chain or along the American coast.

emblem of purity, and hence arose the supposition that a judge's robe was trimmed with its fur in token of his presumably unsullied character. But the story is of course fabulous, and judges appear rather to have worn ermine to show their exercise of power as the immediate representatives of the Crown. Similarly, peers are arrayed in ermine to indicate their rank as comrades of the Sovereign.

\* The *Enhydris lutris* of modern zoology. Dr. Coues, in his 'Fur-bearing Animals of North America' (Washington: 1877), gives an excellent account of this interesting animal, now threatened with extinction; and an admirable figure of it by Mr. Wolf will be found in the 'Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London' for 1865 (plate vii.).

Its summer home and its winter retreat were alike wholly unknown, and pains were taken to find them. In these days of fast steamers, there would doubtless be not much difficulty in tracking the course or in keeping company with a shoal of migratory Fur-Seals; but we are probably not wrong in assuming that such a feat would be completely beyond the sailing powers of the only ships that the Russians had at their disposal in those waters. At any rate, it is a fact that the Fur-Seals' summer home was not found until the year 1786, 'after more than eighteen years of unremitting search by hardy navigators,' as Mr. Elliott tells us. The discoverer, by name Gehrman Pribylov, was in command of a small sloop, the *St. George*, engaged in the fur-trade; and, according to the same author, was much exercised in his mind by the declarations of an old Aleutian *shaman*, or priest, at Oonalaska, as to the existence of certain islands in the sea to the northward. This sea, now known as Bering's, from the distinguished navigator, as illustrated in his life as in his posthumous reputation—since modern geographers with one accord agree to misspell his name\*—cannot be said to possess one of the most delightful climates on the globe. Its summer is nearly always foggy, its winter frosty, and there are no intermediate seasons. Pribylov, having spent two summers in fruitless search of the wished-for islands, in June, 1786, came upon one of them, though the fog was so thick that he was for three weeks close to it without being able to see it—indeed, he could scarcely see the length of his own small ship; but the tumultuous murmur that rose from thousands upon tens of thousands of Fur-Seals struck his ears, and to his joy he knew that his object was attained. At last the fog lifted, and he was able to land, taking possession of his discovery and naming it after his sloop. The island being destitute of any harbour, he was forced to return to Oonalaska, taking with him a few skins; but leaving a party of men to winter on the newly-found land. They seem to have fared not amiss; and, in the following summer, when anxiously looking out for the relief-ship they had been promised, they in a favourable hour descried the second of the two islands, which had hitherto been hidden

\* On this topic Mr. Elliott expatiates at some length (pp. 151, 152), but no more than is necessary. Vitus Bering was a Dane by birth, and the family name—about the spelling of which there ought to be no sort of doubt—still exists in Denmark. It is to be remarked that Grieve, Pennant, and Pallas, as well as John Reinhold Forster (the companion of Cook), write *Bering*. Coxo, King (the editor of the narrative of Cook's third and fatal voyage), and Beechey, have *Beerig*, which is wrong, but not so bad as the vulgar modern corruptions *Bhering* or *Behring*. It follows from this that we should write not only Bering's Sea, but Bering's Island and Bering's Strait.

by fogs from their sight. This they named after the saints—Peter and Paul—on whose joint feast-day the welcome apparition met their eyes; but the title has proved too long for ordinary use, the name of the chief of the Apostles was soon dropped, and by that of the Apostle of the Gentiles alone has the island been for many years known. On the arrival of Pribylov it was speedily reached; and, to the surprise of the explorers, signs of a prior but recent occupation by man—embers of drift-wood, a pipe, and a knife-handle of brass—were discovered on its shores; but what interested them far more was, to find that the extraordinary abundance of animal life on St. George's Island was actually surpassed by that on St. Paul's.

The Pribylov Islands—as these two insignificant specks of land, the largest having an area of some thirty-three square miles only, are now generally called—lie in about latitude  $56^{\circ}$  North, and longitude  $170^{\circ}$  West, or a little short of it, on the eastern side of Bering's Sea, being that part of the North Pacific Ocean which is cut off from the rest by the long peninsula of Alaska and the Aleutian chain. Into this sea we are told that ocean-currents, warmer than the normal temperature of the air, flow from the southward, and give rise during summer and early autumn to the dense and almost constant fogs before mentioned, which hang in heavy banks over the sea and its shores, seldom dissolving at that season in any other form than that of drizzling rain. About the middle or end of October, strong winds, cold and dry, sweep from the *tundras* of the north-eastern corner of Asia, and carry off the moisture. These, aided at intervals by violent gales, in time bring down vast fields of broken ice-floes, not very heavy or thick, but compactly covering the surface of the water, and, closing upon the islands, hush the wonted roar of the surf on their sloping beaches or steep cliffs. In some years they are thus blockaded by 'the moving isles of winter' from December to May, or even June; but in others, though this does not often happen, not a floe is visible from the land in all that time. Usually, the turn of the season takes place in April, when the ice and snow disappear so rapidly, that by the beginning of May all is melted, and then returns the reign of fog. The number of clear days is exceedingly small, and the sun is rarely visible till the middle of August; these islands,

'Where scarce a summer smiles,'

being shrouded day after day in the reek which rolls thickly up from the sea. On the whole, the climate seems to be intensely 'insular,' as meteorologists say, and is on that very account  
sought

sought by the greatest part of its animal population. In the winter, when the islands are all but deserted, ferocious storms, accompanied by snow, may rage for days together; but, considering the latitude, the temperature is seldom very low, the average of an ordinary season ranging from  $22^{\circ}$  to  $26^{\circ}$  of Fahr., and that of summer between  $46^{\circ}$  and  $50^{\circ}$ . When the sun does break out, the thermometer may rise to  $60^{\circ}$  or more in the shade, a 'fervent heat,' which the inhabitants, human and bestial, find to be far from agreeable.

It is now time to speak of these inhabitants, or some of them at least. We have already said that, when the islands were discovered by Pribylov and his men, no human beings were found upon them; but these have never been wanting since, and are mostly Aleuts, by birth or descent, with considerable intermixture, however, of Russian or Asiatic blood. Christians they are, at least in name; but, though fondly attached to the Orthodox Church, retaining not a few of their ancestral beliefs in Shamanism. Of their docile, courteous, and amiable disposition, Mr. Elliott speaks highly. Their greatest failing is an almost irrepressible love of drink, for which, unfortunately, the inhabitants of certain other islands cannot justly cast a stone at them; but in this respect there seems to have been a marked improvement of late years, thanks to the efforts of that gentleman, while residing among them as Assistant-Agent of the Treasury of the Federal Government. The Alaska Commercial Company, to whom the islands are leased, has also done much to ameliorate the condition, both material and intellectual, of its servants, every able-bodied man on the islands being in its employment. In 1880 the population numbered 390 souls, of whom more than three-fourths belonged to St. Paul's.

But our present business—as the title of this article shows—is with the Fur-Seals already mentioned, the animals to which the Pribylov Islands owe their importance. We have faint hope that we can succeed in imparting to our readers more than a portion of the pleasure with which we ourselves, several years ago, first read Mr. Elliott's account of these creatures,\* and this in spite of his narrative being written in a style which we confess we do not highly admire. The arrangement of his

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\* This account was originally printed at Washington by the Treasury Department in 1873, as a 'Report on the Pribylov Group, or Seal Islands of Alaska,' and was illustrated by fifty photographs from the author's drawings. For some reason, which has never been explained satisfactorily or otherwise, only *seventy-five* impressions were struck off, and it is in consequence one of the rarest books to be found in a zoological library. We know of only four copies in this country. All the letter-press is reprinted, together with much additional matter, and many of the illustrations are reproduced, in the volume now under review.



facts is most unmethodical. His language is the purest American—the tongue that our descendants are perhaps one day to speak—but it is needless to anticipate an evil. The vigour of his expressions none can doubt, and occasionally they are embellished by a quaintness which raises a smile, where nothing humorous seems intended. That of course only shows our own stupidity; but still this combination of qualities hinders us from quoting several passages we should like to extract; and, if it is not always necessary to paraphrase our author, it is at least advisable to translate what he says into the English of the present period. This statement we make to meet the natural objection, that the very words themselves of a writer who has so good a right to be read, and has so much to tell, are far better than the renderings of a reviewer.

For the sake of some of our readers it will be expedient, before we go further, to explain what Fur-Seals are, and briefly to show how they differ from other Seals. There is no need to enter upon any very technical description, or to inflict upon those who are not zoologically-minded a lengthy zoological disquisition.\* However, it may be necessary, even nowadays, to point out that Seals are neither fishes nor whales, but aquatic members of the great Order *Feræ* of Linnæus, forming part of the 'Carnassiers' of Cuvier, to which belong cats, dogs, bears, and many other flesh-eating and fish-eating quadrupeds. Moreover, it must be observed that the animals known generally as 'Seals' comprehend two very distinct groups, or as naturalists term them, families—the *Phocidæ* and the *Otariidæ*—the latter distinguishable at first sight by the presence of small external ears (whence their name), and the power of bringing forward their hind-limbs so as to use them in the act of progression, while in the former the hind-limbs are almost functionless except in the water. Hence it follows that the Otaries are able to travel on land for a considerable distance, and their activity may be appreciated by those who have seen the living examples, exhibited—generally under the name of Sea-Bear or Sea-Lion—in zoological gardens and elsewhere. To the Otaries belong the Fur-Seals, but all Otaries do not bear fur—at least in their adult condition; and, on this account, a further division has been attempted by some systematists, based on this external character. The number of species of Fur-Seals

\* Those who wish to be more deeply informed on the subject may with advantage consult, not only Mr. Elliott's work, but the excellent paper by Mr. J. W. Clark in the 'Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London' for 1875 (p. 650), as well as two admirable papers by Dr. Murie in the 'Transactions' of the same Society (vols. vii. and viii.).

existing is still open to doubt; but it seems most likely that there are not fewer than four, of which that resorting to the Pribylov Islands is the *Otaria ursina*, or *Callorhinus ursinus*, of scientific writers. No living example of it appears to have ever been brought to Europe; \* but the numerous figures whereby Mr. Elliott's volume is illustrated—all taken, as he assures us and we may well believe, from the life—show that, to some extent, in its physiognomy and in most of its attitudes, it strongly resembles those of its better-known brethren, the Sea-Bears, which are familiar to visitors at the Regent's Park, and the Aquarium at Brighton. These drawings of Mr. Elliott's will be to many eyes the most pleasing feature of his book, and they certainly prove him to have much more than the ordinary artistic faculty which so often only wofully caricatures living animals.†

There is probably, at the present day, no part of the world on which mammalian life is for a season so densely accumulated as on the Pribylov Islands, and on that of St. Paul in particular. That the same state of things existed years ago, in more than one place in the southern hemisphere, is certain; but it is there gone—never, it may be feared, to return. But the concourse on these islands only lasts for some six months. During winter, when their shores are ice-bound, and one furious 'boorga'—a gale of wind bearing snow—succeeds another, they are islands of desolation. In ordinary seasons, on the 1st of May in each year the elderly males of the Fur-Seal arrive—heavy-shouldered, obese creatures, their bodies quivering, as they move, with the fat they have laid on since the preceding autumn. At once they come ashore—'hauling up,' in the language of sailors, wherever a sloping beach presents itself. The first comers take their post

\* Mr. Elliott states that all attempts to keep the *Otaria ursina* in confinement have hitherto failed; but we think it is probable that if renewed with due care they would be successful. The *Otaria californiana*, which inhabits the western coasts of North America to the southward of the Pribylov Islands, is not unfrequently seen in European vicaria.

† Some of Mr. Elliott's original pictures, from which the illustrations in his book are taken, may have been seen by our readers at South Kensington, as they were contributed by the United States' Commission of Fish and Fisheries to the recent International Exhibition. The spirit which these works display is indeed very great, and no one can examine them without feeling assured of the fidelity with which he has portrayed the different animals and scenes they represent. In particular we should mention, though the subject is rather wide of our present scope, the very remarkable study of the Walrus of the North Pacific Ocean which is engraved in his volume (plate xxi.), and completely changes all pre-existing notions as to the appearance of that singular monster. To the same Exhibition was also sent a large group of stuffed specimens of the Fur-Seal of the Pribylov Islands, which, when first set up, must have been extremely life-like—the attitudes in which they are mounted having evidently been copied from his figures—but long exposure to light and dust has seriously impaired their beauty.

nearest the sea; but each has to maintain his ground against new arrivals, and sanguinary duels ensue—the victor occupying the station of the vanquished, who, if he survives the contest, retires landward. This condition of affairs goes on until, about the 12th or 14th of June, the females, in numbers vastly superior, make their appearance. Each as she reaches the land is accosted in the softest terms of endearment and persuasion of which seal-language is capable, by every male in possession, to rest within the precinct that he has appropriated; and to these gentle addresses force is not unfrequently added—the male, who is more than double the weight and strength of his partner, often seizing her in his mouth, and conveying her to a place where he can guard her in safety. Such a proceeding, however, is sure to excite the jealous wrath of his neighbours; and, in consequence, the conflicts that have before occurred are as nothing to the combats that now ensue. Fortunate is the female who, in such a case, escapes with a whole skin; for Mr. Elliott has seen a second male fling himself upon her, and in the struggle she may be wellnigh torn asunder. With marvellous fortitude she bears this treatment, and utters not a cry of suffering or complaint at the savage usage. All this too takes place at a critical moment; for it frequently happens that no sooner is she lodged, and sometimes before her dripping fur has dried, than she becomes a mother. Meanwhile her lord and master is ever intent upon new conquests, whether in love or war, and upon protecting those he has already achieved from his less lucky neighbours, always on the look-out for any ‘errant fair’ that chance or wayward disposition may induce to stray, be it but for two or three yards. Fortunately for him the greatest recreation of the ladies of his selection—whom the English-speaking inhabitants vulgarly denominate ‘cows’—seems to be sleep, though (as Mr. Elliott tells us) the sleep of the Fur-Seal is the very reverse of calm, and is accompanied by so much restlessness and muscular action, apparently involuntary, that the influence of the drowsy deity is of the slightest. When awake too, besides the ordinary cares of mammalian maternity, they find occupation in fanning and scratching themselves with their broad hind-flippers; for with all delicacy we must confess in sorrow that these pure ocean-nymphs are not free from the attentions of that familiar little beast which, according to Sir Hugh Evans, ‘signifies love.’ So passes away their summer. If the weather be warm, the fanning is more and more vigorously performed; and, should a sun-burst raise the temperature to the ‘servent heat’ before mentioned, away they go for a plunge in the sea, leaving their sultan, the ‘bull’ or ‘seecatch’ as he is commonly

monly called, in disconsolate loneliness. His life, however, is far different. To act on the principle of *parta tueri* is his inevitable lot. Never can he close his eyes without risk of his odalisques being borne off by a rival. Never can he stir from his own station without the certainty of having to fight for his life. Perseus is chained to the rock, and his countless Andromedas are at the mercy of any number of monsters of his own kin! In this best of all possible worlds, his fate—nay his very existence—must seem to him, if a sultan Fur-Seal can philosophize, to require some explanation. By courage and sheer strength he has gained his position, his rank, his hareem. He has braved countless perils by land and by water. In his youth he has escaped the massacre of his brethren (of which more will presently be said) at the hand of murdering man, and the fangs of the deadly grampus, or still more cruel shark. All this to pass weeks, nay months, agitated by the deepest passions that leave

‘The kingly couch

A watch-case, or a common ‘larum-bell.’

Better be content, like his cousin the Hair-Seal, with a single spouse, and be free to sleep, swim, dive, or fish, at pleasure; for, in addition to his wakefulness, hunger and thirst he must endure, as it is a proved fact that from the time he takes up his post in May, till he finally quits it at the close of summer, the ‘seecatch’ neither eats nor drinks, and it is no wonder that, when his season’s watching is over, he is reduced in bulk and weight to about a sixth of his former being. But it is not for us to solve the problem. Our sultan does as have done his forefathers for untold generations, and, as we shall immediately see, it is to the polygamous habit of the Fur-Seal, that it not only owes its chance of maintaining its existence, but that mankind is able to profit thereby.

But while all this is going on, another and very remarkable incident in the life-history of the species has to be considered. When the females follow their future lords to the islands, they are preceded or accompanied by troops of young males, varying in age from one summer to four or five, and not yet arrived at the dignity of ‘seecatchie.’ They are called ‘bachelors’—in Russ *holoshcheekie*—and are sportive and gay as befits their name. On them depends the value of these distant possessions, for, under the wise regulations which happily exist in the Pribylov Islands, these ‘bachelors’ alone are allowed to be taken. Practically they are as numerous as the females—their mothers or sisters. Wholly careless, they fish, doze, and merrily gambol in shoals round the shores, springing aloft into the air for very joy;

joy; or, landing, lie lazily in herds upon the beach for hours at a time, and then wander for a mile into the interior—ascending steeply which it would seem impossible for a man to climb, and playing with one another like puppies—rolling and crushing the vegetation till it is worn away. Then, tired with their exertions, they suddenly sink for a few moments into their usual restless sleep, awakening to pursue the same round of amusement. But woe be to that one of them who transgresses the boundary of the places appropriated by the elders of their kind. True that in some of the ‘rookeries’ (as these places are named) a right of way, through the herds of females and newly-born that throng the ground is accorded to the ‘bachelors’ by the sufferance of the patriarchs; but the way is of the straitest, and though traversed day and night by constant files, each passenger must keep strictly to the path, and even loitering brings upon him condign punishment from the nearest ‘seecatch.’

All the Fur-Seals while on the island, like many other animals in their breeding-haunts, show little fear of man. One may walk into the midst of a troop of these ‘bachelors,’ and they will but make way for a few yards, dividing right and left, staring at the stranger with their large soft eyes, and closing behind him as he passes on. It is this habit which makes their capture so simple, easy, and sure. And now we have the story of destruction to relate. On certain nights in the months of June and July, men told off to the duty leave their villages before daybreak, and quietly walk between the sea and the slumbering herd of ‘bachelors,’ who, aroused one by one, scramble inland till a drove, consisting of about the number that may be required, is formed, and leisurely urged in the proper direction by the drivers in the rear and on the flanks of the intended victims. The rate of progress is slow, not more than about half-a-mile in the hour; for though the Seals can move at much more than twice that pace, especially for a short distance, it is most important that they should not be overheated. To that end frequent pauses of some minutes’ duration are made, the ‘drivers falling back, and many of the animals that appear to be already exhausted by the journey, so far as it is accomplished, are left behind unmolested—to recover if they can. When the drove seems to be sufficiently rested, the men again advance with a shout, clattering together a few bones that they carry for the purpose, and off it moves again towards the appointed place, near the sheds which are fitted with the necessary appliances for what is to follow. All this time the ‘bachelors’ make no more attempt at resistance than so many sheep would do; and, indeed, it gives us satisfaction to state that far more humanity seems to be

shown

shown to them than ordinarily in England to sheep driven to the slaughter-house. Arrived on the killing-ground, the fated creatures are once more left to rest themselves and get cool. Then the male population of the village turns out—each of them furnished with a short bludgeon, two knives (one for stabbing and one for removing the skin), and a whetstone. At a signal from the *teeyoon* or foreman, about one hundred or one hundred and fifty Seals are separated from the rest, and driven a little way apart, into as close a compass as possible. The chief then closely surveys each individual of the 'pod,' as it is termed, passes the word that such or such a Seal has been bitten so that its skin is injured, is too young or too old, and the men take mental note of his orders. Then he gives the order 'Strike.' Instantly the heavy clubs come down on the head of every animal that is not to be spared, and it is stretched stunned and motionless in less time, says Mr. Elliott, than it takes to tell. Thereupon the clubs are dropped, the men drag out the prostrate bodies, and spread them on the ground so as not to touch one another, plunging as speedily as possible a knife into the heart of each that the blood may flow out, since, if this be not done at once, the carcass will 'heat,' and the skin prove worthless. This operation finished, that of skinning follows. So expert are the best men that they will remove the hide from a Seal of fair size in a minute and a half; but few are so expeditious, and on an average the skinning of each body (the limbs and head being left) takes about four minutes. This is, however, very laborious work, and it is needless to say that the knife must not slip and cut the skin, for in that case it is not paid for. The hides when removed are carried to a large barn-like wooden structure, and after being carefully examined are laid upon one another in bins, with salt properly spread upon their inside. In two or three weeks' time they are sufficiently pickled, and may be taken out, rolled into bundles of two skins each, with the hair outside, and, when tightly corded, are ready for shipment. In former days they were dried in the open air without any preservative, and in consequence were very liable to decay.

What seems the most unsatisfactory part of the whole proceeding is that the flayed carcasses of the Seals are left to rot on the ground, with a result that may be imagined; but, according to Mr. Elliott, the most sensitive nose, after only a couple of months' experience, becomes wholly used to the odour given off, and the cool, sunless weather, even during the warmest months, has doubtless much to do with checking decomposition, while the boisterous winds, so very prevalent, help to keep the island healthy. Nevertheless on the melting  
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of the snow in spring the olfactories of a stranger suffer, in that gentleman's words, 'terrific punishment' from the remains of the preceding year's crop of Seals—still lying 'unburied on the plain'; but the live Seals are perfectly indifferent to this, though, as every anatomist and Seal-shooter knows, their sense of smell is most acute. All attempts to utilize the Seals' flesh—save a very inconsiderable portion which is eaten by the inhabitants—have hitherto failed; and the oil that the carcasses furnish is so small in quantity and poor in quality as not to repay the trouble and expense of extracting it.

It will be already inferred from what was before said, as to the Pribylov Islands being more thickly peopled with the higher animal life than any other spots on the globe of similar area, as well as from some incidental remarks, that the number of Fur-Seals there must be enormous. Mr. Elliott was at first wholly unable to make any computation of it that he could consider trustworthy; but repeated observation convinced him of the orderly way in which the animals distributed themselves without crowding one another, on the breeding-grounds or 'rookeries,' which were invariably covered by them in exactly the same proportion. 'The Seals,' he says, 'lie just as thickly together where the rookery is boundless in its eligible area to their rear and unoccupied by them, as they do in the little strips which are abruptly cut off and narrowed by rocky walls behind. For instance, on a rod of ground, under the face of bluffs which hemmed it in to the land from the sea, there are just as many Seals, no more and no less, as will be found on any other rod of rookery-ground throughout the whole list, great and small; always exactly so many Seals, under any and all circumstances, to a given area of breeding-ground.' This fact being determined, all that was needed was to make an accurate survey and measurement of the extent of the several breeding-grounds on each island; and thus he arrived at the conclusion, that St. George's is inhabited by 163,420 breeding and newly-born Fur-Seals, while no fewer than 3,030,000 of the same occupy the wider and more numerous stations at St. Paul's. But these numbers are exclusive of the 'bachelors' before mentioned, which from their discursive habits are far more difficult to reckon. These young males between the ages of one year and six years seem to be as numerous as the adult breeding Fur-Seals; but, without putting them at so high an estimate, Mr. Elliott is persuaded that a million and a half is quite within the bounds of fact, and this 'makes the grand sum total, of the Fur-Seal life in the Pribylov Islands, over 4,700,000.' He further calculates that a million of young Fur-Seals



Seals are born every year on these islands; and taking one half (as we may fairly do) to be males, the slaughter of which alone is permitted, the 100,000 which the Alaska Commercial Company is allowed by its charter to kill, amounts to one in five. He was at first disposed to think that this number might be increased without injuring the stock; but on further reflection, after taking into consideration the casualties which must happen to the young—especially during the winter months when they are absent from the islands and exposed to their natural enemies, to say nothing of about 5000 which may be taken yearly by men in the Aleutian channels or at sea—he concluded that it would be better to ‘let well alone.’ Herein he is probably right, for, owing to the polygamous nature of the species, the present wise arrangement of the United States authorities and the Alaska Company justifies the expectation, that there is no greater fear of the stock of Fur-Seals diminishing by the annual destruction of 100,000 of its young males, than there is of a prudent farmer’s flock or herd being reduced by draughting its superfluous yearly increase.\* At the same time it is also satisfactory to know that in accordance with Mr. Elliott’s recommendation a strict watch seems to be kept, so as to detect, if possible, any sign of diminution. The chief risk appears to be that of an epidemic seizing the animals, and this risk seems to us to be increased by the practice of leaving the carcasses, unburied in defiance of all the laws of sanitation. There is some reason to think that in 1836 such a visitation did occur, but the extremely unsystematic way in which the slaughter was carried on in those days, and the statistics of the islands were kept, obscures the cause of the sudden diminution which was then undoubtedly observed.

In this connection another matter must be mentioned, and that is the steady improvement in the quality of the animal’s pelt during the first three or four years of its life. The very best furs are those from males of three years old, whose skin has an average weight of seven pounds; but the animals of four years have fur hardly, if at all, inferior, while their skins weigh twelve pounds. At five years the skin weighs more still, but what is called the ‘wig’—a mass of coarse hair on the shoulders—appears, and destroys the uniformity required in a pelt of the first quality, so that it does not pay to kill an animal of this age; while older animals, in addition to a greater de-

\* This arrangement is said to be due to the foresight of Mr. H. M. Hutebenson, of New Hampshire, and Captain Ebenezer Morgan, of Connecticut, who visited the islands in 1868, and rightly judged that unless restrictions were put upon the slaughter of the Fur-Seals, another season would have seen the end of them.

velopment of 'wig,' begin to have a thinner fur, and are absolutely profitless in the trade.

All the skins from the Pribylov Islands come to London, where the final operations of dressing and dyeing them are performed, at a cheaper rate than can be done elsewhere. The dressing consists chiefly of extracting all the hairs, and leaving only the fur which grows at their base. For a long while this was done by plucking out each hair separately—a slow and costly process. But at last the fur-dressers became aware of a fact, which almost any naturalist might have told them, even if they did not sooner observe it themselves. This fact is that the hairs are much more deeply rooted than the fur, and accordingly if the inside of the skins be scraped away, or pared down with a currier's knife, the roots of the hair are cut through, and the hair easily brushed off with the hand, the fur remaining attached to the skin, which is thus rendered very little thicker than a kid-glove. This fur is curly, and generally of a light brown colour, varying slightly in shade in the different parts. To render it uniform in tint it is accordingly dyed, and in the process of dyeing the ends untwist themselves and the fur becomes smooth and ready for use.\*

Of the actual profits made out of the Pribylov Fur-Seals we have insufficient data to form an estimate; but it is certain that the Alaska Commercial Company has a very good thing of their monopoly, though it pays the Government of the United States a yearly rent of \$55,000, besides \$2 on each skin taken—the number paid for being as nearly as possible the limited 100,000—amounting in all to an annual income of \$255,000, or a very fair interest on the original outlay of \$7,200,000 for the whole territory, and an income that is likely to be permanent, provided that the fashion of wearing seal-skin, and the effective protection of the animals, continue.

Let us now turn to other parts of the world and see, if we can, what we have lost or are daily losing through our own improvidence. The islands in Bass's Strait between Australia and Tasmania were at the beginning of the present century as fully stocked with Fur-Seals of another species (perhaps *Otaria forsteri*),† as are the Pribylovs at this day. But not many years ago Mr. Clark was told by a friend who knew the locality,

\* See 'Sea-Lions,' one of the 'Davis Lectures' delivered at the Gardens of the Zoological Society by Mr. John Willis Clark, and afterwards published in the 'Contemporary Review' for December 1875.

† The determination, and consequently the nomenclature, of the different species of Fur-Seals is still in a very unsettled condition, and it seems quite possible that some of them will be extirpated before the labours of naturalists in that direction be ended.

that he should as soon expect to meet a Fur-Seal on London Bridge as anywhere near Australia, though warning had been given in the colonies themselves, so early as 1826, of what was coming to pass. Yet there are islands further to the southward in which the same species still exists; and Mr. A. W. Scott, writing ten years ago, said that 'they need only the simple regulations enforced by the American Legislature to resuscitate the present state of decay of a once remunerative trade, and to bring into full vigour another important export to the many we already possess.\*' Not twenty years since, the Cape of Good Hope could still send a thousand skins of its small Fur-Seal (*Otaria antarctica*) to the London market,† but this was nearly the last 'parcel' received from that quarter; though in 1871 Sir Henry Barkly presented a living example of the species to the Zoological Society, which has been seen, no doubt, by many of our readers. A still more striking case is that afforded by the Falkland Islands, which, little more than one hundred years ago, excited so deep an interest in this country that a war with Spain concerning them was imminent, and the majestic pen of Samuel Johnson was employed to allay the feverish spirit manifested by the nation. This he could best do by representing the islands as valueless. England's only object in holding them, he wrote, would be to establish there 'a station for contraband traders, a nursery of fraud, and a receptacle of theft.' It was nothing to him that 'of useless animals, such as sea-lions and penguins,' which somebody had called vermin, 'the number was incredible.' If the Parliamentary Opposition of those days had only known what this admission meant, the warlike feeling would have been incontrollable! But when we call to mind the cost of life, suffering, and money, at which ship after ship—man-of-war, letter-of-marque and buccaneer—was impelled round Cape Horn to plunder the Spanish possessions in the Pacific and return with its scanty crew of scurvy-stricken survivors, we cannot help regretting what might have been effected with half the energy and none of the bloodshed—human, at least—by a settlement in the Malouines, and a properly-conducted system of taking the Seals. What their present state is—if we may be permitted to use the present tense in speaking of 1868, the date of our latest information—may be judged from the fact that, when in that year the old Frenchman, Lecomte, whom many of our readers will

\* 'Mammalia, Recent and Extinct.' Sydney: 1873. Preface, p. vii.

† Mr. Bartlett, the well-known Superintendent of the Zoological Society's Gardens, has obliged us with the sight of a catalogue of 920 such skins which were sold by auction in London on the 1st of March, 1867.

remember as the 'keeper of the Seals' in the Zoological Gardens, was sent thither, the Fur-Seals had dwindled to some hundred or hundred and fifty, which owed their safety to their taking refuge on some rocks which the violence of the surf renders inaccessible to man.\* The Falkland Islands are stated to have an extent of 4740 square miles, their population a year or two ago is said to have been 1543, and the amount of their public revenue 5519*l*. What a contrast between these figures and the 51,000*l*. or thereabouts paid yearly in rent and taxes alone by the Alaska Company to the United States as the products of the two tiny islets in Bering's Sea, inhabited by 390 human beings—which sum, and much more than we can estimate besides, is derived from the Fur-Seals of commerce!

It is not for us to say where the fault lies. That we have been guilty of shortsighted folly none can doubt, and few can doubt that this shortsighted folly still continues—not only in the Southern Ocean, but even on the ice-floes of the North Atlantic in the case of the Hair-Seals. When will men profit by the old fable of the goose and the golden eggs?

ART. V. — *Le Maréchal Bugeaud, d'après sa Correspondance intime et des Documents inédits, 1784–1849.* Par le Comte H. d'Ideville, ancien Préfet d'Alger. Paris, 1882.

**M**D'IDEVILLE'S merits as a sprightly, well-informed, and agreeable writer, were well known to us from a publication of his which we formerly took occasion to review;† but it required all our confidence in his literary experience and tact to induce us to undertake the critical examination of the book before us,—three volumes, royal octavo, averaging nearly five hundred pages each. We have read them carefully, and have found ample reason to be satisfied with the result. Marshal Bugeaud, Duke of Isly, was certainly a more remarkable man than nine out of ten who have been the idol of a biographer, and his career is fertile in episodes or incidents characteristic of the times and throwing light on history. His early life in the army is told with the graphic detail which formed the attraction of 'Le Conscrit' of Erckmann-Chatrian; whilst the deep sense of duty, the patriotic spirit, and the complete abnegation of self, combined with chivalrous bravery, by which he won his way

\* 'Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London' for 1868, page 528.

† 'Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie.' See the 'Quarterly Review,' October 1872, art. 6.

to the highest grades of his profession, might have supplied Alfred de Vigny with a fresh illustration of 'Grandeur Militaire.' But it is no more than fair to let M. d'Ideville justify his choice of a hero in his own language, somewhat exaggerated as it may seem at starting:—

'After the figure of Napoleon I., the greatest military figure of this age, the most complete is that of Marshal Bugeaud. Our disasters and our faults have reduced us now to such a rank in Europe, that it has seemed advisable to place in broad relief the figure of one of the most illustrious soldiers of France, who was at the same time one of her best citizens. Such an existence may serve as an instruction to all: it is not in fact only the warrior: the patriot, whose presence of mind, loyalty, eloquence a little rough, stupefied his adversaries of the tribune; it is also the eminent military writer, the consummate agriculturist, and, lastly, the man of the domestic hearth, austere, tender, and disinterested, that we propose to make known.'

He goes on to relate that, in September 1870, a young Frenchman, mortally wounded, was dying in the hospital of Haguenau. His mother arrived to watch over him, and on hearing that she was the Countess Feray, the daughter of Marshal Bugeaud, the German staff vied with each other in paying her the most marked attention. 'It was for me,' were her words to M. d'Ideville, 'the sweetest pleasure to hear from the lips of the Prussian officers the enthusiastic recital of my father's campaigns, and to see with what respect his name was surrounded. Most of his books, of his "Instructions aux Soldats," are translated into German, circulated in the military schools, and—must it be owned?—more perhaps on the other side of the Rhine than in his own country.' It is from notes kept by this lady, and the family correspondence, that much of M. d'Ideville's valuable material has been drawn.

Although the future Marshal entered the army as a private soldier, and was apt to make light of his genealogy, he was of noble birth. In a letter to the editor of the 'Tribune' in 1844 he wrote: 'My grandfather was an ironmaster: with his vigorous arms, and by scorching his eyes and hands, he acquired a property which my father, an aristocrat, who had no need of work, managed with intelligence and activity.' His grandfather was Marquis de la Piconnerie, a title which with sundry seignorial rights descended to his father, and his mother was a daughter of Thomas Sutton, Comte de Clonard, the chief of an Irish family that had emigrated to France in the suite of James II. He was born at Limoges on the 15th of October, 1784, and, being the youngest of fourteen children,

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was destined for the Church, but the Revolution broke out: his father and mother were thrown into prison: his brothers fled the country; and we find him domesticated with two sisters, whose sole means of subsistence was their needlework:—

‘Phillis,’ writes Madame du Feray, ‘then sixteen, and her younger sister, Hélène, were employed from morning to night in shirt-making. Their brother, who was under eight, did the cookery and carried out their work. My aunt Phillis was often called before the revolutionary tribunal, where the monsters had been struck by her beauty. She was therefore always accompanied by her little brother: they both showed so much courage, so much calmness, that they succeeded in commanding the respect of these men; and, thanks to them, the condemnation of their parents was delayed. Despite of their efforts, however, the day of execution was fixed for M. and Mdme. de la Piconnerie, when the news of the death of Robespierre saved them from the scaffold.’

Immediately after her release from prison, his mother caused his education to be resumed; but on her death his sole dependence was on his father, who took no further care nor notice of him beyond giving him an uncomfortable home. Driven to despair by bad treatment, he one night left the paternal roof with a crust of bread in his pocket, walked the whole night, and arrived the next morning at Durantie, an old farmhouse, sixteen leagues distant, in which his sisters were domesticated. He was kindly received, and took up his abode with them without any interference on the part of the father, who was only too glad to be rid of him. He was then thirteen. ‘He lived there,’ says Madame de Feray, ‘like Robinson Crusoe: rising at dawn to be on the look-out, he returned in triumph at the dinner-hour, seldom without game, which added to the homely repast, mainly consisting of chestnuts. By way of rest, he worked with his sisters, who taught him, poor things, all that they themselves had retained of the convent. Together they learnt Molière and Racine by heart, and then recited scenes, giving each other the catch-word.’

This way of life went on till he was eighteen, when he felt the necessity of choosing a career, and applied to an ironmaster of the neighbourhood to be taken as a clerk: ‘My good boy,’ was the reply, ‘I do not want a gentleman for clerk: it is not your place: your intelligence will carry you to great positions in the army. Enter it then, since you are poor.’ It was with extreme reluctance that he followed this advice; but he did follow it, and in June 1804, being then in his twentieth year, he was enrolled in the *Vélites* of the Garde, a corps professing to be composed of young men of superior education or condition,

dition, and intended by the First Consul to be a nursery of young officers. It was a mark of favour to be admitted of it; but he was not long in discovering that the cultivated and well-born recruits were in a small minority, whilst the habits of barrack life were such as could only be rendered endurable with well-bred or decently behaved associates. The soldiers were divided at meal-time into messes of six. A bowl or tureen of soup was placed upon a table or bench, round which they took their places, provided with wooden spoons, with which they helped themselves in turn. One day Bugeaud, being very hungry, forgot the prescribed order, and after swallowing the first spoonful, immediately took a second, upon which the messmate, a rude old soldier, whom he had deprived of his turn, broke out in a fury: 'With thy *thématiques* and thy *géographie*, thou art but a — — *blanc-bête*.' Bugeaud replied by throwing the contents of the tureen in his face. A duel ensued, in which the old soldier was run through the body and killed upon the spot.

The insulting allusion to Bugeaud's mathematics and geography was provoked by his studious habits. The greater part of the day being occupied by regimental duty, he often sat up half the night reading, and deprived himself of all but absolute necessities to buy books. To his favourite sister, Phillis, the confidante of all his thoughts, plans, and wishes, he writes:—

'My taste for the military profession, instead of increasing, diminishes daily, and I have reached the point of wishing not to be always a private solely to be less unhappy. The time may come when I shall think differently, but it is so hard a calling, a private is such a slave, and subject to so many persons by whom he is most frequently maltreated, that one must absolutely be as insensible as marble to be a soldier. Patrice [his brother] was mistaken in saying that I am making progress in mathematics: I only told him that I was studying them. How should I make progress with so little time at my disposal? Our fatigues are not diminished, and will not diminish, I believe, till after the coronation of the Emperor; because, as we are to go to Paris on that occasion, our commander takes a pride in making us equal to the oldest grenadiers in manœuvring.'

He was on duty at Fontainebleau during the reception of the Pope, and thought himself fortunate in being addressed by the Emperor, who enquired of him how many *vérites* were quartered in a barrack he was passing. 'I replied with a salute: he returned my salute, and dashed on with the rapidity of a flash of lightning.' To get a near view of the Empress, he volunteered to mount guard in the imperial antechamber, where he saw her  
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several times, and had 'a quarter of an hour's conversation with a very pretty and very pleasing lady of her suite.' The gratification of his curiosity was a poor recompense for the discomforts which the coronation, with its ceremonies and processions, brought upon him. 'We have made the journey to Paris to attend the coronation of his Majesty. It has lasted ten or twelve days. We have had a great deal that was disagreeable, and no pleasure whatever. The weather was very bad: we were heavily laden, and, to add to our ill-luck, we were obliged to go beyond Paris to be lodged in a barrack, a league and a half from the city. At each *fête* we remained the whole day under arms, in severe cold and abominable mud. At the end of the day we returned to our accursed barrack, where we were obliged to work like negroes to clean our arms and get ready for the day following.' He is enthusiastic in his admiration of the procession to Notre-Dame on the day of the coronation. The Pope went first, in a magnificent carriage drawn by eight grey horses of wonderful beauty:—

'An ecclesiastic rode a few paces in advance, mounted on a mule and carrying the cross: he had the air of a masquerader, and excited the laughter of the old soldiers, who have little faith in that sort of thing. The Emperor followed some minutes later, in a carriage even more magnificent than the Pope's, drawn by eight dun-coloured horses. It was all gold, and was surmounted by the imperial eagle with the crown. In a word, all had a divine air. I might have believed myself in Olympus if I had not been suffering from human wretchedness. I caught a fever the first day of the *fête*, and I have had it ever since, for I could not quit the ranks, and in spite of the deadly cold I was obliged to stand stiff as a pikestaff in the mud, and had often to present arms.'

This is written from the hospital in which he was laid up at the conclusion of the ceremonies, and it is difficult to avoid sympathizing with him when he pathetically exclaims: 'Ah, my dear Phillis, how, during all these hours of suffering, how preferable I found the old farm, my dog, and my gun, to this foolish ambition, which drives one from one's home to run after fortune amidst a thousand *désagréments*! How I long to be with my sisters!' He has thoughts of entering the military school, which would have given him a chance of obtaining a commission in two years, but he is deterred by pecuniary difficulties, and, whilst he is hesitating, his regiment is ordered to Boulogne to join the army of invasion. 'People talk of an expedition of which we shall certainly form part, but the politicians believe that it is only to decide the English to make peace. We have been supplied with linen jackets and trousers

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for the embarkation.' This, and other details which fell within his personal observation or experience, confirm what is now the received opinion, that Buonaparte meditated something more than a menacing display of force against our shores, and was quite in earnest when (in July 1805) he wrote to Villeneuve: 'Put to sea; do not lose a moment; enter the Channel with my united squadrons. England is ours. We are all ready: all is embarked. Appear twenty-four hours in the Channel, and all is finished.' It was on hearing that Villeneuve had put back to Cadiz, that he gave vent to one of his melodramatic bursts of passion, and then, suddenly changing his tone, told Daru to 'sit down and write,' and dictated the campaign of Austerlitz. On August 22, Bugeaud writes: 'Before the expedition was given up, we embarked and disembarked every day, so that we were constantly on the *qui vive*. One fine day we are told that the whole affair has been a failure, and that we are to start for the army of the Rhine, to be commanded by the Emperor. The troops were disembarked at once, and some days afterwards we were on the road to Strasburg.'

The Emperor never troubled himself about a commissariat; he was as insensible to the hardships and privations of his own army as to the sufferings of the peaceful inhabitants of the countries which he traversed in his desolating course, and it is a marvel that his soldiers proved physically equal to the sacrifices he exacted from them. Bugeaud writes from Augsburg:—

'I am absolutely worn-out, and I do not conceive how the body can resist such continual fatigue. If at the end of a day's march, we had but a good bed! But nothing of the kind; we have only a little straw, for which we have to wait three or four hours, and frequently we can only lie down in the open air by a fire. Hunger is another tyrant. Judge if ten thousand men arriving in a village can easily find for every one something to eat. What vexes me even more are the exactions on the peasantry: their poultry, their wood, their bacon, are taken with or without their consent. I do none of these things; but when I am wellnigh famished I secretly tolerate them, and I enjoy my part of the theft.'

Later in this campaign, he was quartered in the chateau of a nobleman, the Comte X., who with his daughters did the honours of his house with politeness and affability. The sergeant who commanded the party, instead of being softened by their reception, was emboldened by it to announce an intention of intruding with two of his soldiers into the private apartment of the young ladies. Bugeaud denounced the brutality of such an act in terms which led to a duel. The sergeant was run through the body and fell dead. This was Bugeaud's  
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second duel with a fatal issue, and a third was to come. Neither is stated to have led to notice or enquiry of any sort. He was present when the troops, included in the capitulation of Ulm, defiled before the conqueror. 'He followed them with a quiet and modest look, warming himself by a fire which we had lighted for him, and at which, by the way, he burnt that grey overcoat, to which he seemed to attach a little superstition.'

What surprised him most at Vienna was the apparent indifference of the Viennese to passing events: the shops were open, women elegantly dressed were to be seen as usual in the streets, and the look of the inhabitants was as serene as if it had been a time of complete peace:—

'Ah, my dear Phillis, how my heart bled when I saw that we were passing through this city, the taking of which promised to be the term of our toils and our miseries! I painted for myself a deplorable picture of my future lot: I already imputed to our Emperor the ambition of Alexander, and I put myself in the place of the old Macedonians whom he dragged across the world, and who sighed unceasingly for their family and their home. By way of consolation, we marched nearly all the night, and have completed some forty and odd leagues within three days.'

This feeling was widely prevalent in the army, and the Emperor was well aware of it. In the proclamation issued the evening before the battle of Austerlitz, he promised that victory should be the harbinger of peace, and the announcement was received with shouts of joy. Torches were lighted: songs and music resounded through the camp. 'It seemed as if each of us was celebrating his return to his family, and felt by anticipation the delight one has in seeing once again one's father and mother, brothers and sisters.' There was another passage of this proclamation, which showed how confidently Napoleon could calculate on the personal attachment of his soldiers so long as they were on the path of glory. He told them that if they fought with their wonted intrepidity he would hold aloof. 'But if by ill-luck you waver a moment, you will see me flying through your ranks to restore order.' His congratulatory proclamation, after the battle, began: 'Soldiers, I am content with you.'

Bugeaud's first promotion was to be corporal in the Guards, which gave the brevet rank of sergeant-major, and two months afterwards, April 6th, 1806, he was made sub-lieutenant in the 64th regiment of the line. He is still far from reconciled to his profession, and resolves on quitting it so soon as a continental peace should be declared. A serious drawback was the expense. 'One must stop at nothing to have the required equipment,

equipment, and one is often in danger of consuming one's patrimony; which I should do, if I remained, for the only way to be remarked is to cut a figure. Moreover, if you have the misfortune to displease the chief of the corps, he forces you in some underhand way to resign, and you lose in an instant the fruit of ten years' service.' This throws a new light on the composition and administration of the armies that overran Europe. There is little new in what he tells of their mode of living at free quarters. Writing from Waldhausen, in Franconia, Aug. 6, 1806, he says that the poor inhabitants must be entirely ruined. 'They are eaten up by every one, from the private to the general. There are generals who give dinners and suppers which cost as much as 600 florins, all at the expense of the inhabitants.'

He had a narrow escape at the battle of Pultusk, Dec. 26, 1806, where he was wounded in the leg, and lay like one dead upon the field (like Blücher at Ligny), whilst a squadron of cavalry passed over him. He is promoted to a lieutenancy by the Emperor in person at a review shortly after the battle. His wound heals rapidly, and he returns with his regiment to France, where he remains in country quarters till June 30, 1808, when he obtains leave of absence and hastens to join his family in Périgord. Here his dislike of the military life, contrasted with domestic comforts and rural habits, became irresistible, and, acting on a sudden impulse, he wrote a letter to the Minister of War, resigning his commission. His sister, Antoinette, offered to carry it to the post, but, after consulting the other sisters, she carefully placed the important missive under lock and key. Enchanted with his determination, and proud of having recovered his liberty once for all, he set himself seriously to study agriculture. At the same time he began to be astonished at the slowness of the minister in acknowledging the resignation, when instead of the definite discharge which he anticipated, it was the order to rejoin his regiment which he received. All was explained: the plot of the sisters was discovered and forgiven; and the poor officer, who with so good a grace had renounced the glorious career of arms, went to rejoin the 116th of the line, which had just been ordered to Spain. On arriving before Saragossa, 'that accursed infernal city,' as he terms it, he writes:

'Although we carried their ramparts by assault fifteen days before, and gained possession of a part of the place, the inhabitants, excited by the hatred they bear to us, by the priests and fanaticism, seem to wish to bury themselves under the ruins of their city, like the Numantines of old. Every convent, every house, makes the same  
resistance

resistance as a citadel, and a separate siege is required for each. It is disputed foot by foot from the cellar to the garret, and it is not till all have been killed by the bayonet, or thrown out of the window, that we can call ourselves masters of the house. No sooner have we conquered it, than the next house, through openings made for the purpose, pours upon us a hail of grenades and musket-balls. We are obliged to seek cover as best we may till we have taken measures for attacking this new fort, and this can only be done by piercing the walls, for to pass by the streets is impossible: the whole army would perish in two hours. You may imagine the cost in life of such a war. Our brigade has already lost two generals. In fact, there is not a day when several officers are not reckoned among the dead, because the Spaniard, taking sure aim when we attack, chooses his victim. Ah, my dear sister, what a life! what an existence! Two months already between life and death, ruins and dead bodies.'

His gallantry at Saragossa was rewarded by the rank of captain, and if promotion had kept pace with his services he would have obtained the highest grades before leaving Spain. He particularly distinguished himself at the siege of Lerida, and again in an action near Mora, where he states that six thousand Spaniards were defeated by one thousand French. After this affair, General Abbé told him: 'Young man, I think I may promise you that before the end of the year you will be *chef de bataillon*,'—the equivalent of lieutenant-colonel. 'But,' he remarks, 'fortune is very capricious with me, she aids me in the battle; everywhere else she abandons me. Success depends much upon chance. It is not enough to plan well; one must be lucky.' He had been lucky in attracting the notice of Marshal Suchet, Commander-in-Chief of the armies of Aragon and Catalonia, who told him, after one of his many displays of conduct and courage: 'Monsieur Bugeaud, I have already demanded a regiment for you: you have earned new rights, and I have good hopes that you will have the 116th: at all events I will go on asking for it until I get it for you.' Napoleon is reported to have said that with two marshals like Suchet in Spain, he should have kept the Peninsula as well as conquered it, adding, 'It is vexatious that sovereigns cannot improvise such men.' When, therefore, we find that Suchet's warm recommendations proved unavailing, we are reminded of the Duke of Wellington's position on taking the command of the Waterloo army, when he complained that he was not even allowed to nominate his staff. Bugeaud had the mortification of seeing the colonelcy of his old regiment conferred on another, and he thus analyses the cause:

'It is unlucky that too much was asked for me. If only the cross of officer (of the Legion of Honour) had been asked, it would have been  
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been obtained. My friends have asked for the grade of colonel, which is much preferable because it leads to everything, and this is the reason why I shall have nothing. I believe that the marshal does not stand well with the minister, because in the beginning he only addressed himself to the major-general (Berthier). Now that he (Berthier) is on the sick list, the Duc de Feltre is in no hurry to oblige the marshal. Alas! it is to all these petty passions that our advancement is subordinated, when His Majesty is not with the armies.'

On the 22nd of December, 1813, he writes from a place near Barcelona: 'I gave you, a short time since, news of myself through the gazettes. You will probably see in them that on the 10th of December I surprised an English picket of thirty-five horse and an officer. It was useless for them to cry "God-dam!" They were obliged to capitulate.' This is the only affair with the English mentioned in the correspondence, but there is a highly interesting communication from him, based on his Peninsular experience, to General Trochu, in which he gives a vivid description of the contrasted bearing of British and French soldiers in the field:—

'Arrived at a thousand yards from the English line, our soldiers began exchanging their ideas in agitation, and hastening their march so that the ranks began to waver. The English, silent, with grounded arms, presented in their impassible immovability the aspect of a long red wall: an imposing aspect, which never failed to impress the novices. Soon, the distances becoming less, repeated cries of "*Vive l'Empereur! En avant; A la baïonnette!*" sounded from our ranks; the shakos were raised on the muzzles of the muskets, the march became a run, the ranks got mixed, the agitation became tumult; many fired as they marched. The English line, still silent and motionless, and with arms still grounded, even when we were not more than 300 yards off, seemed not to be aware of the storm about to burst upon it. . . .

'At this moment of painful expectation, the English wall moved. They were making ready. An indefinable impression fixed to the spot a good many of our soldiers, who began an uncertain fire. That of the enemy, concentrated and precise, was crushing. Decimated, we fell back, seeking to recover our equilibrium; and then three formidable hurrahs broke the silence of our adversaries. At the third they were on us, pressing our disorderly retreat.\*

It is a significant fact, and honourable to both, that this statement should be made by one French general, and published by another.

It was not until the 12th of June, 1814, under the restored

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\* '*L'Armée Française en 1867.*' Douzième édition, 1867, p. 241.

dynasty, that he was made colonel. When he entered Orleans at the head of his regiment, he found the inhabitants in the full flush of loyalty, and he had no alternative but to take part in the fêtes given to celebrate the visit of the Duchesse d'Angoulême. It would appear that he was nothing loath, for some couplets in the royalist sense were circulated, signed 'Le Colonel Bugeaud, Colonel du 14<sup>m</sup><sup>e</sup> régiment de la ligne.' This did not prevent him from falling under the suspicion of disaffection, when the news arrived that the ex-Emperor had landed at Cannes. It was even said that, before quitting Orleans, the Colonel caused his soldiers to resume the tricolor. On the other hand, his alleged slowness in adopting the imperialism of the Hundred Days was deemed a sufficient reason for depriving him of his regiment, until the Emperor himself interfered, and repaired the injustice and affront by an autograph letter:—

'Colonel Bugeaud, I am satisfied with your conduct. It is wrongfully that the command of the 14th regiment of the line, with which you joined me at Auxerre, has been taken from you. I have ordered it to be restored to you; and, in proof of my satisfaction, I have named you Commander of the Legion of Honour. Signed, NAPOLEON.'

'Paris, May 8th, 1815.'

The situation between the conflicting dynasties was one in which it was hardly possible for a man of mark to avoid being more or less compromised; but if it is ever permissible for a functionary, civil or military, to regard himself as the servant of the nation, of the State, whoever—king, emperor, or president—might have the supreme direction of affairs, we should be slow to blame Bugeaud for being equally ready to uphold the banner of his country, whether white or tricolor. So long as he did his duty as a gallant soldier, it was no reproach to him that he was comparatively indifferent to forms of government. His regiment was part of the army of the Alps; and, left by chance in an independent command, he obtained a decided success against a Piedmontese brigade, which he was about to follow up, when (June 28) he received the official bulletin of the battle of Waterloo. By a singular coincidence, the deputation of the regiment, which had been sent to Paris for the distribution of eagles, rejoined it at the same time, bringing the eagle and the news of the abdication. He immediately drew up the regiment in close column, and presented the eagle with these words: 'Soldiers of the Fourteenth, behold your eagle. It is in the name of the country that I present it to you, for if the Emperor (as we are assured) is no longer our sovereign, France remains. It is she who entrusts you with this standard:

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it will be always for you the talisman of victory. Swear that so long as there exists a soldier of the Fourteenth, no enemy's hand shall approach it.' 'We swear,' was the unanimous response, and the officers quitted the ranks brandishing their swords and exclaiming a second time, 'We swear.' He lost no time in putting their professions to the test. With less than two thousand men, he did not hesitate to engage an Austrian corps of four times his strength, and (if we may trust his biographer) was on the point of completing their destruction, when a staff-officer announced that an armistice had been signed. On the 3rd of August, he writes to say that no difficulty had been experienced in inducing his regiment to resume the white cockade, and that the following address to Louis XVIII., obviously his own composition, had been transmitted through him:—

SIRE,—‘The officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the Fourteenth regiment of the line, present the homage of their entire submission to your Majesty. We frankly range ourselves under the banner of the lilies. The fate of the country is henceforth bound up with that of your sacred person. This truth will be the guarantee of our fidelity and our love. May all Frenchmen, forgetting their divisions, form but one great family, and have, like us, but one cry : *Vive le Roi ! Vive la France* in all its integrity! You would have ample proof of our devotion, Sire, if ever this integrity should be threatened.’

We may infer from this address, that he was quite ready to serve under the restored monarchy, and hardly expected that his military career would be peremptorily cut short. His old friend, Marshal Suchet, told him : ‘If any one in the army ought to be employed, it is you.’ Several notabilities of the department of the Loire instructed their Deputies to ask the King to appoint him military commander of the department. But he had enemies in the War Office, who did not hesitate to use the weapon supplied by the signal marks of favour bestowed on him during the Hundred Days; and on the 16th of December, 1815 (to adopt M. d’Ideville’s words) he ceased to belong to the army.

Strength of character is shown by the manner in which a man accommodates himself to circumstances; in which, suddenly cut short in a career or way of life to which his earliest and best years had been devoted, he adopts and pursues another with unabated energy and zeal. Bugeaud at once made up his mind to become an agriculturist, and an agriculturist of a kind hitherto unknown in the district where the family property, of which he now took the management,

ment, was situate. The mode of cultivation was of the most primitive sort: the spade did duty for plough and harrow: the new instruments of husbandry which he introduced were viewed with distrust or alarm by the peasantry; and when he proceeded to improve the natural capabilities of the soil by a scientific succession of crops, the neighbouring proprietors shook their heads and prophesied his ruin. At the end of two or three years, however, when he had doubled or trebled the produce of his little domain, they reluctantly admitted that some of his ideas were sound, and the more enlightened among them intimated a wish to profit by his example. Taking advantage of this disposition, he gradually brought them to act in concert for the promotion of their common interests; and the first agricultural society (*Comice agricole*) was founded under his roof. As deputy, he subsequently proposed a national grant to encourage the formation of similar institutions in all the cantons of France. 'His dream (says the biographer) has been realized, and under the Second Empire agricultural societies have been established on all the surface of our territory. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that this idea, so simple, so fruitful,—it is to the initiative of Colonel Bugeaud that we are indebted for it.'

Usefully and agreeably occupied as he was when the entire face of public affairs was changed by the Revolution of July, he gladly returned to his old profession, and was made colonel of a regiment of the line. His further promotion was delayed till after he had obtained a seat in the Chamber for Excideuil. 'My father,' writes Madame Feray, 'having been chosen deputy, had been a general since April 1831. He was commanding in Paris, and we were expecting him in the country, when, in January 1833, my mother, on receiving a letter from him, burst into tears. My father announced his departure for Blaye. The King, on giving him the order, had not allowed him time to refuse, not even to speak of it to his wife.'

Blaye was the temporary place of imprisonment of the Duchesse de Berri, who, after an abortive attempt at insurrection in La Vendée, had been compelled to surrender herself a captive, saying, as she emerged from her place of concealment behind a chimney, to General Dermancourt: 'General, I throw myself on your loyalty.' The general replied: 'Madame, you are under the safeguard of French honour.' In a letter to Bugeaud dated November 13th, 1832, six days after the arrest of the Duchess, Thiers, then Minister of the Interior, states that the intention was to propose to the Chambers to detain her only so long as the public safety should require. But, on its becoming

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known or strongly suspected that she was *enceinte*, Louis Philippe and his ministers eagerly seized the opportunity of disgracing her and her cause, and resolved to detain her till her situation was openly avowed, or till her confinement placed it beyond a doubt. The sole excuse for this course of proceeding was its expediency. In sacrificing the reputation of a daughter of France, the Citizen-King might have said, and virtually did say—

‘*Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt Moliri.*’

Thiers told Berryer that there was no alternative between checkmating the Legitimists in this fashion, and bringing to trial several of their leaders on a charge of treasonable conspiracy.\* Be this as it may, the prolonged detention under the circumstances was so ungenerous on the face of it, that from the moment the real object became clear, the post of Governor of Blaye was one which no man of fine feeling or sensitive temperament would have coveted. The manner in which Bugeaud was forced or drawn into accepting it, is related by himself in a letter dated Blaye, Jan. 13, 1833:—

‘The 30th (Dec.) I was at a Court ball. M. d’Argout† came up to me and said: “I have always thought, General, that you were very devoted to the monarchy of July. Would you accept a mission of confidence and devotion?” and he looked at me in a marked way while pronouncing these words. “When I devote myself to a cause, it is not by halves,” was my reply. “I will accept, therefore, and will do all that is not contrary to honour: the more difficult and perilous the employment, the more shall I be flattered by it.” “I expected as much,” added M. d’Argout, “and I go at once to carry your answer to the King.” When he left me, I set to work guessing what it all meant. Must I go to aid Don Pedro? or is it to Turkey that I am to be sent? At all events, I hope it will not be Greece. But I ended by trusting to chance, without thinking any more about it, and I remained at the ball till five in the morning. On my return home, I found the order to start for Blaye: I went to MM. d’Argout and Soult to take my instructions. The King sent for me, thanked me for accepting, and immediately gave me his instructions. I give you my word, I should have preferred taking 6000 men to Don Pedro or the Grand Turk. This employment of keeper agrees little with

\* ‘I have in this portfolio proofs enough to condemn to death all the chiefs of the Legitimist party who have risen in La Vendée. Their condemnation is there, signed by their own hand. Another mode presented itself, less tragic, less cruel: to aim at a woman instead of causing thirty or forty heads to fall. I have not hesitated; and to save these men I have made this woman my mark. History will give me credit for it, and I hope that you, you yourself, will hardly blame me for so doing.’—(Thiers to Berryer, *ex relatione* Berryer.)

† M. d’Argout had just succeeded Thiers as Minister of the Interior.

my character or my turn of mind ; but I must obey, for we soldiers are not used to act as suits our convenience, but to go where we are ordered to go.'

Although there was no moral doubt of the Duchess's situation, the instructions to the new Governor betrayed such unseemly impatience to obtain material proof, that he distinctly refused to act upon them unless they were modified. He was directed to compel the Duchess to receive a doctor and a midwife ; and in a letter addressed to the Ministry he impresses on them the indelicacy and probable inefficiency of such a measure.

'Suppose this forced upon her, we should not be nearer the object. The Duchess, who is of a very decided character, would withdraw into her chamber, would not consent to see either the doctor or the midwife, and, if they approached her, I am convinced she would resort to extremities : she would tear their eyes out. In any case she would have nervous attacks which might prove very dangerous. If, after all these scenes, which could not fail to be known, it turned out that she was not pregnant, or if these rigorous measures should cause an accident, either a premature delivery or an injury to her health, it is easy to see that the Government would be exposed to immense embarrassments. The press of all colours, the honest people of all opinions, would throw the stone at us. The hatred to the King, in a certain class, would be redoubled in intensity, and he would lose in the estimation of his friends.'

Before this letter was despatched, the event proved the soundness of his conclusion that, the Duchess being now six months advanced in her pregnancy, if she was pregnant, the revelation or avowal of the fact could not be delayed much longer. The postscript to the letter runs thus :—

'P.S.—I have just been sent for by the Duchess. She almost threw herself into my arms weeping. She clasped my hand, avowing that she had been secretly married in Italy, that she is pregnant, that she believes it to be her duty to her children, to her friends, to herself, to make the avowal. I warmly congratulated her, and asked her for a written declaration of the fact. She hesitated a little, but at last consented ; I expect to be able to annex it to this second despatch.

'My heart is lighter by three hundred pounds at least. I am happy : the object is obtained. The honour of the King and the country is saved ! Everything favours the throne of July.'

Five days later he writes to a friend : 'Before you receive this letter, you will have learned from the journals the declaration made by the Duchess of Berry, and your Carlists will be humiliated, indignant. We shall soon have to defend against them the new Joan of Arc, Maria-Theresa, &c. &c.' His exultation

ultation was premature and short-lived. The written declaration was simply the announcement of a secret marriage, not naming the husband or alluding to the pregnancy. The Carlists persevered in treating the whole story as a calumny, and, instead of releasing the Duchess as she was given to expect when the declaration was made, the Government peremptorily enjoined Bugeaud to neglect nothing to give the *accouchement* all possible authenticity. The proposal to admit a given number of persons to her apartment at the critical moment was repelled as a gross insult by her suite, and gave rise to a burst of passion on her part, but, according to the recognized ceremonial, a greater number would have been in attendance had she been about to give birth to an heir to the throne. She was brought to bed of a daughter on the tenth; and in a letter to the President of the Council announcing the event, Bugeaud says:—‘As soon as the *accouchement* was over, I went to the bedside of the Duchess at her request. She held out her hand, which I pressed: she returned the pressure. I read her your telegraphic despatch of yesterday, guaranteeing her liberty on condition that the verification (*constatation*) should be completed in due form. “General, I will do all I have promised,” was her remark.’

The promised verification was, that she should present the child as her own before witnesses, which she did. She insisted on nursing it herself, and made rather a parade of her fondness for it; but it long remained an article of faith in Legitimist circles that the child was supposititious, and the pregnancy an invention of the enemy, like the warming-pan in which the zealots of the Protestant Succession once implicitly believed. As soon as she was well enough to travel, she left Blaye for Palermo, which she had chosen for her temporary residence. Bugeaud escorted her. During the whole period of her detention, the Duchess treated him as her friend, and drew a marked distinction between him and the Government, but from the moment of the embarkation, he writes:—‘Her manner to me, to my aide-de-camp, and to M. Mémère (the doctor), has completely changed. She has put us aside with an affectation which has a touch of childishness and betrays littleness of mind. She has forgotten our care, our attention during her captivity, and treats us almost as if we had acted towards her like rude gaolers.’

It was the game of her party that they should be so considered, and she would have forfeited what little influence she retained by an amicable bearing towards one whom they regarded as the servile instrument of an usurper. Bugeaud was assailed with envenomed acrimony by the Legitimist organs

in the press, and was not spared by the Republicans, who caught at any weapon to wound and weaken the monarchy of July. On the 30th of January he writes to a military friend :

'I have just been engaged in an affair of honour. In the sitting of the 25th I said in my place to Larafit, "A soldier begins by obeying, and protests (*réclame*) afterwards." M. Dulong called out to me from his place : "Does obedience go the length of making one turn gaoler?" I went to him to demand satisfaction for this affront. He excused himself but imperfectly. *A demain*, were my words. The next day he consented to write a letter to the "Journal des Débats," which alone had reported the outrage. The letter did not appear the day following : I learnt that it had been withdrawn. A fresh explanation was inevitable. I soon understood that the *bousingots* (*sic*) had induced him to withdraw his declaration, and were inciting him to fight. I insisted on the letter or a meeting. They would make no concession. I agreed to their hour, and I chose the sword. Dulong's seconds would not hear of it : "Well then, gentlemen, we will each fire a pistol-shot, and if nothing happens, we will take to the sword." An equally obstinate refusal. I proposed successively two pistol-shots and the sword, the sabre, the musket,—and on their refusing all, I proposed in derision the cudgel (*bâton*). At last, tired out by so long a discussion, I ended by saying : "Well then, gentlemen, since the offended party is to make all the concessions, I will fight with the pistol till one of the two falls."

'Yesterday, at ten in the morning, we met in the Bois de Boulogne : we were placed at thirty paces, with liberty to advance to within twenty. I took aim at him twice, to induce him to fire, but without success : on reaching the barrier, I thought it best to take the first fire, having a very good weapon. After I had lowered my pistol in a line from his nose to his cravat, I fired before I intended, and hit him in the head. He fell flat (*raide*), and lived till six o'clock this morning. This unhappy man was the most insolent member of the Left. If he was doomed, it was better that he should fall there than anywhere else. The gods have been just. You see how he had insulted me.'

This account is substantially confirmed by the *procès-verbal*, signed by the seconds, who might and probably would have arranged the affair amicably had it not been embittered and inflamed by the spirit of party. It would seem that after the letter of explanation had been agreed upon, they had come simultaneously to the conclusion that (as Sir Lucius O'Trigger would have said) it was a very pretty quarrel as it stood, and that they would do wrong to make it up. Bugeaud's seconds were General de Rumigny and Colonel Lamy, aides-de-camp of the King : Dulong's, M. Georges Lafayette and Colonel César Bacot. According to the 'Journal des Débats,' MM. Lafayette  
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and Bacot, the day after the letter was written, went to the Tuileries to request General de Rumigny to give it up. He told them that he had already burned it in the presence of the King. The 'Tribune,' a Republican organ, made the best, or worst, of this incident: 'You have the uniform of General, you stain it by acting as a gaoler. The day will come when you will be reproached with the stain, and then you will fight and you will kill or be killed; and that nothing may be wanting, your journals will excite, the aides-de-camp will act as your seconds, and the Chief of the State will be the depository of the documents, and will burn them.'

Bugeaud's African career, on which his reputation mainly rests, dates from May 1836, when he was sent with a division to Algiers. It was six years since (July 1830) the French had assumed the sovereignty of Algiers on the forced abdication of the Bey; yet their real practical possession of the country was limited to the places occupied by their troops, immediately beyond which the power and influence of Abd-el-Kader were supreme. He had recently beaten them in one action, in which their loss was estimated at 800 killed and wounded; and another, although indecisive, in which they lost 300, is described by M. d'Ideville as bearing a strong likeness to a check. 'A French column,' says General Trochu, 'after difficult operations in the province of Oran, found itself driven into a corner in the sandy delta formed by the mouths of the Tafna. It was surrounded by all the armed musters of the country, attacked every day in its scarcely defensible position, subjected to continual efforts, to painful sacrifices. The situation was critical. An immediate despatch of troops was resolved upon, to start at once from the ports of the Mediterranean. The command was given to General Bugeaud.'

Directly after his arrival on the field of action, he called his principal officers together, and told them the system of strategy he intended to pursue. It was to break up the strong columns, to leave the artillery and heavy baggage behind, so as to be able to traverse mountains and torrents without encumbrance, and to reduce the Arabs to submission by harassing them so continually as to prevent them from reaping their harvests or pasturing their herds. It was his theory that a French movable column, however small, was a match for any number of Arabs acting in confused masses, and relying on their individual courage. The assembled officers were startled by what they deemed a reckless departure from the true principles of war, and one of the most distinguished, Colonel Combes, was deputed to remonstrate with the general: 'Our soldiers,' he objected,



objected, 'without artillery will be disheartened, and will refuse to march. It is the cannon that sustains their courage: to dispense with it would be disastrous. It is not possible for you to persist in your plan.' He did persist in it, relying, remarks the Duke of Orleans, 'on the soundness of the principles which his military talents had enabled him to work out, and which have since brought about a complete revolution in the war of Africa. He braved all, and he waited with patience the result of dispositions which guaranteed him success.\* The mobility of his troops, after everything requiring wheels was discarded, enabled him to reach Tlemcen with a convoy, and twice over to evade an encounter on disadvantageous terms with the Emir, by putting him on a false scent.' To have avoided the combat where the enemy wished it was to make sure of it in another place. Abd-el-Kader bore a defeat better than a mystification: he resigned himself to undergo the superiority of force: he could not allow the superiority of intelligence and stratagem. The humiliation of this double *chassé-croisé*, the anger at having been duped twice, added to his impatience to revenge himself on an adversary who was thus enabled to turn his vanity to account. 'This Frenchman,' exclaimed the Arab, 'is a fox, and his army is a serpent, but will he turn out a lion?'†

He resolved to attack the French, at all hazards, on their way with a second convoy, as they were crossing one of the bends of a deep ravine, and Bugeaud had made up his mind to fight on a plateau between these bends, into which each of the two opponents had simultaneously formed the design of precipitating his foe. The Arabs were about 12,000 strong, of whom only 1500 were infantry; the French numbered 8000, of whom 5000 were infantry. It was an essential point with Bugeaud to reach the plateau before he was attacked, but the Emir was too quick for him. 'I wanted ten minutes more to finish my dispositions and distribute the parts with precision. It was necessary also to give the enemy time to pass the river (the Sickack), so as to push them into it. He would not give me these ten minutes. He drove my skirmishers and *spahis* back upon me, and advanced in large unformed masses, uttering terrible cries. I thought that the moment had arrived for taking the offensive in my turn, and that a retrograde movement might compromise everything.' He ordered a regiment of Chasseurs à Cheval to charge, but, after effecting a temporary check, they were outflanked, and fell back with loss under cover of some battalions which the general in

\* 'Campagnes de l'Armée d'Afrique, 1835-1839, Par le Duc d'Orléans. Publié par ses fils.' Paris, 1870.

† 'Campagnes de l'Armée de l'Afrique,' p. 165. ]

person brought up to their support. A second charge with the whole of the cavalry was more successful. The masses of Arab horse which clustered round the French were cut down or dispersed. 'Then Abd-el-Kader himself, whose standard we had seen in the rear in the midst of his regular infantry, advanced with this reserve and the cavalry that he was able to rally. It was the first time that the Arabs had been known to employ a reserve or to bring it so opportunely into action.' But it was quickly broken and pushed into the ravine, where the whole of the infantry perished, except thirty, whom the French rescued with difficulty from their African allies, the Douairs. 'These presented themselves after the combat, bringing two or three heads each. I gave them all the money I had about me. But I told them that it was for the prisoners, and not for the heads, for which in future I would pay nothing.'

The Duc d'Orléans declares this battle to be 'not only the most brilliant success obtained in the open field against the Arabs, but the victory the most legitimately won; for it was one with which chance had the least to do, and for which the general had done most by combinations best adapted to the qualities of his soldiers and the defects of the enemies.' He adds that it was a great check to Abd-el-Kader, but came two years too late. 'His influence was too deeply rooted to be overthrown by a passing tempest. He transported far away from their territory entire tribes, whose fidelity he suspected, and beheaded the chiefs who showed signs of faint-heartedness. Throughout, the Arabs obeyed a prince, whose confidence in himself and in the final triumph of his cause seemed to increase with adversity.' It was the saying of Marshal Soult in 1843: 'There are at present only three men in the world who can be fairly called great, and all three belong to Islamism: they are Abd-el-Kader, Mehemet Ali, and Schamyl.'

The three special objects of Bugeaud's mission were to raise the blockade of the Tafna, to relieve Tlemcen, and to defeat Abd-el-Kader. These were completely attained, but his powers were limited, and instead of following up his success, he returned, recalled by telegraph, to France. When he re-appears upon the scene of his exploits, it is as a pacificator, backed indeed by an army, but with positive instructions to make peace. It was in April 1837 that we find him again in Algiers, and before the end of May he had concluded a treaty with Abd-el-Kader, which was far from giving satisfaction.

The day after the treaty was signed, he proposed an interview with the Emir, which was agreed upon: three leagues from the  
French

French camp, and six or seven from his. Bugeaud was on the ground with a strong body of troops at nine; the Emir did not appear; and the excuses brought by chief after chief for his non-appearance were by no means calculated to inspire confidence. When five o'clock arrived and no Emir, Bugeaud lost patience, and determined on a forward movement with his staff. After an hour's ride through a defile, he caught sight of the Arab army drawn up in a commanding position upon some heights. He was now met by a chief, who told him that the Emir was coming to a neighbouring hillock, and offered to lead the way. 'We were then in the midst of their advanced posts: to turn back would have been to betray timidity and perhaps disarrange all our affairs. I followed him, therefore, after telling him that I thought it insolent on the part of his leader to keep me waiting so long. He begged me not to be uneasy, and to have no fear. "I have no fear of anything," was my reply, "but I think it unbecoming in him to make me wait so long and come so far."—"He is there, you will see him directly."'

It was some time longer before they met him, and an officer of the staff proposed to turn back, but Bugeaud replied that it was too late, and at length the Emir appeared at the head of more than a hundred chiefs, mounted on magnificent horses. Abdel-Kader was some paces in advance, mounted on a fine black horse, which he managed with remarkable dexterity: making it curvet upon its hind-legs and bound with its fore-feet in the air. Several Arabs of his household held the stirrups, the skirts of his burnous, and even the tail of his horse. To abridge the ceremonial, and show that he was entirely at his ease, Bugeaud proposed that they should dismount, to talk more conveniently. 'He dismounted and sat down, without inviting me to be seated. I sat down beside him. The music, entirely composed of shrill hautbois, began to play so as to interrupt the conversation. I signed to it to cease, and it ceased.'

In the ensuing conference, which lasted forty minutes, nothing is more striking than the calm self-possession and natural dignity of the Arab, contrasted with the Frenchman's restless and uneasy assumption of equality. 'When,' continues Bugeaud, 'I had said all I had to say, I rose; the Emir remained sitting. I believe I saw through his intention in leaving me standing before him: I told him that it was proper for him to rise when I rose; and thereupon I took him by the hand, smiling, and raised him from the ground. He smiled, and did not appear offended at this liberty, a great one from the Arab point of view.'

His

His hand, which was well formed, struck me as weak : I felt I could have crushed it in mine.\*

In reference to the treaty, he writes : 'I regretted most of all when, at our interview, the Emir paraded 12,000 horse before my eyes ; and I learnt that he had been joined by 3000 horse and 4000 foot from the frontiers of Morocco. It was proved to me that preparations were made for a great battle. Then you would have had the bulletin which you expected, although I had no more than 8500 men. I have sacrificed all these certainties to what appeared to me conformable to the true interests of the country. It is less brilliant, but more wise. Moreover, the war is not compromised, if the treaty is not adopted. I hold myself ready to march.' The treaty was adopted, and he returned to France in December 1837. It came before the Chamber in the January following, when, in reply to those who condemned the pacific policy he had been instructed to carry out, he said :

'If the warlike spirits within this Chamber, or without, wish to renew the war, nothing is easier. Come here, to the tribune, and call on the Government to renew it. Eh, Messieurs! treaties have never bound nations, except when they are conformable to their interests. There is no need for us to violate the treaty: the Emir will supply occasions enough for breaking it. If I am well informed, he has supplied them already. The war then will be renewed, but it should be carried on better than it has been carried on hitherto, or it had better be let alone. . . .

'Great nations, like great men, should be great even in their mistakes. Now, in my opinion, the occupation of Algiers is a mistake ; but since you choose to commit it, since it is impossible for you not to commit it, you must commit it with grandeur, for this is the only mode of profiting by it. The country must be conquered, and the power of Abd-el-Kader destroyed. *This is my Delenda est Carthago.*'

The strength of the Emir, he pointed out, was not in his myriads of horsemen, nor in any army he could raise.

'On the contrary, it is this which constitutes his weakness: it is this which will enable us some day or other to get at him. His strength,—do you know where it is? It is in his *insaisissabilité* ; it is in the space ; it is in the heat of the African sun ; it is in the want of water ; it is in the *nomadité*, so to speak, of the Arabs.

'The African is not sufficiently known. His capacity, his *finesse*,

\* When M. d'Ideville wrote to Abd-el-Kader to ask his impressions of Bugeaud, he replied : 'It was above all when we met face to face at the Tafna that I was able to appreciate his political capacity as well as his military qualities. It was under these circumstances that I recognized all the genius and goodness that were in him. It was to him that it rightly belonged to represent the great nation.'

his duplicity, make him very dangerous. [A desperate, an implacable war must be waged against him, but that would require great forces and a great deal of perseverance. There, certainly, you will want an *esprit absolu*.]

In the course of the debate, Thiers, then President of the Council, had called him an *esprit absolu*, to which he replied, 'I do not repel this epithet, for it is with an *esprit absolu*, when it is in the right, that we surmount the greatest difficulties.' His views so completely fell in with the public opinion of the period, that he was now generally regarded as the future Governor-General of Algiers, and on the 17th of October, 1840, he writes to a friend: 'They (the Government) talk decidedly of sending me to Africa, and I even believe that it is settled, although they do not wish it to be published just yet. I have anticipated your advice. I have not stirred a step. Though I am no Achilles, they are coming to seek me in my tent.' On the 29th of December following, he was appointed Governor-General of Algeria by the Soult Cabinet. The nomination is duly recorded by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Guizot, in his Memoirs.

'When the King, at the request of the Cabinet, named General Bugeaud Governor-General of Algiers, I did not hide from myself the consequences of this choice, the obligations, nor, I may add, the difficulties, it imposed upon us. He was not an officer to whom we could give such and such instructions with the certainty that he would limit his ambition to executing them as well as he could, and making his way in his career by satisfying his chiefs. He was a man of an independent and original mind, of a fervent and fruitful imagination, of an ardent will, who thought for himself, and made ample room for his own thought whilst serving the power from which he held his mission. Neither education nor study had, by developing, regulated his strong nature. Thrown early in life into the rude trials of the military life, and too late into the complicated scenes of the political, he had formed himself, solely by his observations and his personal experience, according to the instincts of a fearless good-sense, which sometimes failed in proportion and tact, never in justness or strength. He had on all things, particularly on the war and affairs of Africa, his ideas, his plans, his resolutions, which he proclaimed beforehand on every occasion to the first comer, in his conversation, in his correspondence, with a force of conviction and a warmth of expression that went on increasing in proportion as he encountered contradiction or doubt. He committed himself so passionately, was so full of his own firm judgment and his patriotic intentions, that he was not aware of the prejudices inspired by the intemperance of his language, and did not foresee the difficulties that these prejudices would sow upon his steps, when, after so much speaking, he should have to act.'

When

When the Duke of Orleans rallied him on his readiness to carry out a policy of conquest and annexation of which he disapproved, he replied : ' Monseigneur, it is very agreeable for a man to marry a young, rich, beautiful and fascinating woman, with whom he is over head and ears in love. Where is the wonder if he treats her well? But what would you say of the man compelled to marry a poor and ugly one, whom he could not endure? What would you say of him if he was, notwithstanding, never wanting in any duty or any mark of attention towards her? Well, Monseigneur, I will be this husband to Algeria, this new kind of adorer. I will treat her so well, I will surround her with so many marks of attention, so much love, that in her own despite she will become young, beautiful, and fascinating.' In his first proclamation to the inhabitants of Algiers, he did not hesitate to say that he was opposed in principle to the Government under which he came to act :

' In the tribune, as well as in the exercise of my commands in Africa, I have endeavoured to prevent my country from engaging in the absolute conquest of Algeria. I thought it would require a numerous army and great sacrifices to attain this end : that, during the prolonged period of this vast enterprise, her foreign policy might be embarrassed by it, and her internal prosperity thrown back. My voice was not powerful enough to arrest an impulse which is perhaps the work of destiny. The country has committed itself : I must follow. I have accepted the grand and noble mission of aiding it to accomplish its work : I henceforth consecrate to it all that nature has bestowed upon me of activity, devotedness, and resolution.

' The Arabs must be reduced to submission ; the flag of France must be the only one on this land of Africa. But the war now indispensable is not the end. The conquest will be barren without colonization. I shall therefore be an ardent promoter of colonization, for I see less glory in winning battles than in founding something of lasting utility to France.'

This declaration of his personal views had the obvious effect of creating a temporary distrust. It even threw suspicion on the real motives and intentions of the King and Cabinet in selecting him. But all doubts and fears of this nature were speedily dissipated by the spirit he infused into every branch of his administration, and the ceaseless energy he displayed in organizing the expeditions which he simultaneously set on foot. The mode of warfare he principally relied on was the *razzia*, which a French *savant* defines : ' An Arabian word signifying an attack by surprise before the break of day, when the horse is unbridled and the woman unbraced ' (*sans ceinture*). The scale on which these expeditions were conducted may be judged from the fact that in one of them, commanded by

Pelissier,

Pelissier, the French took two thousand prisoners of both sexes, from four to five hundred horses, seven to eight hundred asses, and twelve thousand head of cattle. Driven from the plain, followed and harassed in the mountain, unable to sow or reap in security, the Arabs everywhere lost heart, and were only prevented from coming to terms by their indomitable irrepressible chief. 'A few months more of resistance,' was still the uniform tenor of his language to them, 'and you will tire out the infidels who sully our soil. But if you are no longer true Mussulmans, if you shamefully abandon your religion and all the goods that God has given you, believe not that by this unworthy weakness you will obtain repose. So long as I retain a breath of life, I will make war against the Christians, and I will follow you, I will reproach you to your faces with your shame.'

To cripple him if possible by bringing the miseries of war home to him in his family, it was resolved to track and attack him in his *Smalah*. This was his *Maison du Roi*, his household, civil and military, in the largest acceptation of the term, and was computed to contain not less than twenty thousand persons, including the whole of the regular infantry which constituted his guard. The plan was to enclose him in a triangle formed by three bodies of troops, commanded by Bedeau, Lamoricière, and the Duc d'Aumale respectively, so that he must inevitably encounter one of them. The lot or (it may well be deemed) the prize, fell to the Duke, who started with a force of about thirteen hundred infantry and from eight to nine hundred horse. On the morning of the 16th of May, 1843, after an exhausting march of twenty leagues through a desert, he received information which led him to make a reconnaissance with his cavalry, leaving his infantry two hours' march in the rear, when a friendly Aga, who had gone forward to look for water, came back at full gallop, pale with terror, to announce that there was only a rising ground between them and the object of their pursuit. 'Fly! fly!' were his words to Colonels Yusuf and Fleury, who were a little in advance of the squadron, 'fly, if you still can. They are there, quite near! They are arriving at the encampment on the Taguin. If they see you, you are lost. There are sixty thousand of them, and with sticks only they could kill you like hares. Not one of you will return to carry to Medeah the news of your disaster.'

After sending back a messenger to put the Prince upon his guard, the two officers galloped to the intervening hillock, from which they could see that, except as regards numbers, the Aga's report was not far from the truth. The Emir, with five or six thousand of his best troops, was immediately in their front, and

must



must at any moment become aware of their proximity. A council was hastily got together, and Colonel Yusuf gave it as his opinion that they should attack at once, without waiting for the infantry. The Duke took the same view, and gave orders for the charge; when Colonel Beaufort, speaking for himself and his fellow aide-de-camp, Colonel Jasmin, addressed him: 'Monseigneur, we are here, responsible to the King, with a mission to watch over your Royal Highness. Permit us to remark that the infantry is still far off, and that it would be prudent to wait at least till the Zouaves and the artillery come up.' 'The infantry,' replied the Prince, 'which I have sent to hasten, will make an effort; but the perilous situation you point out is exactly what compels us to advance. My ancestors have never fallen back: I will not set the example.' The result is related in his own striking language in the official report to the Governor-General.

'The Smalah of Abd-el-Kader is taken; his treasure in our hands; the regular infantry killed or dispersed. Four standards, a cannon, an immense booty, numbers of his people, and considerable herds, have fallen into our hands.'

After stating the preliminary incidents, and his reasons for attacking at once, he proceeds:—

'The cavalry form and rush to the charge with that impetuosity which is the distinctive feature of our national character, and which allows not a momentary doubt of success. On the left, the spahis, carried away by their brave officers, attack the tent of Abd-el-Kader and overthrow the regular infantry, who fight with the courage of despair. On the right, the Chasseurs traverse all the tents under a hot fire of musketry, overturn everything they encounter, and hasten to head back the fugitives. Here, General, my task becomes more painful. I should relate to you a thousand traits of courage, a thousand brilliant episodes of this combat, man to man, which lasted over an hour. Officers and privates rivalled each other, and multiplied themselves to disperse an enemy so superior in number. We were but 500: there were 5000 muskets in the smalah. We killed only actual combatants, and there remained 300 dead bodies on the field. When the native prisoners saw our squadrons, they could not believe that this handful of men had dispersed that immense force, the moral and real prestige of which was so great amongst the tribes. We had nine men killed and twelve wounded!'

The chiefs of four or five important tribes immediately gave in their adhesion; but the moral effect of the blow was materially lessened by the circumstance that the Emir was not with his smalah when it was attacked. In his version of the affair, communicated to a French general, he states:

'When

'When my *smalah* was attacked by the Duc d'Aumale, I compute at not less than 60,000 souls the population it contained. He did not make himself master of a tenth part of them.'

Then, after stating that he was personally engaged in watching the movements of another French division, he goes on :

'Notwithstanding this, we should not have been surprised if God had not blinded my people. But on seeing your *spahis* arrive with their red burnous, they believed in the *smalah* that they were my *khialas* returning with me. The women raised cries of joy in our honour : they were not undeceived until the first shots were fired. It was then an inextricable confusion, which annihilated the efforts of those who strove to defend themselves. If I had been there, we should have fought for our wives, for our children, and you would have seen beyond doubt a great day. But God willed it otherwise. I only heard of this misfortune three days afterwards. It was then too late !'

Veillot, whilst bearing testimony to the fine qualities of Bugeaud, accuses him of want of moral courage, and the reproach was well founded. He could not remain quiet under an unjust imputation, or leave an erroneous statement affecting him or his policy to be corrected or refuted by events. Although he affected to despise the press, and was wont to speak of journalism as a curse to the country, he was always rushing into print. A long article in the '*Moniteur Algérien*,' signed '*Un Touriste*,' in defence of his system of *razzias* against what he called the pseudo-philanthropists, was written by himself ; and suspecting, with or without reason, that the forces under his command were about to be reduced, he published a pamphlet protesting against the reported or fancied intentions of his Government. The Minister of War expressed a marked disapproval of this proceeding, and M. Guizot took occasion to intimate its irregularity :—

'You are entrusted with a great work, and you will succeed in it. It is glory : you love it, and you are right. There are but two things in this world which are worth wishing for ; domestic happiness and glory. You have both. The public are beginning to be persuaded that it is necessary to leave everything in Africa to you, and give you everything you need to accomplish what you have begun. I have read what you have just written : it is conclusive. In your place, I do not know if I should have written ; action has more authority than words. But your reasonings are supported by your acts. I shall make use of them in the next session.'

Speaking of Bugeaud's irresistible tendency to engage in paper warfare, the Duc d'Aumale states that it was a constant source of embarrassment to the Government. 'Although the  
Marshal

Marshal was subject to the orders of the Minister of War, that official hardly cared to resort to a prohibition: in fact, it could not be forgotten that the Marshal was the greatest personage in the kingdom. My father often sent one of his aides-de-camp to him as ambassador. I myself was sometimes commissioned to advise him to keep quiet.'

His susceptibility was sorely wounded by the terms in which his elevation to the rank of Marshal, July 31, 1843, was announced to him by Soult, who wrote thus:

'At the same time, his Majesty, in the interest of the good of the service and your own glory, makes it a *condition* that you will continue to exercise your double functions of Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the army of Africa for a year, and that, in the interval, you will give up your project of returning to France, even on leave of absence, so that the supreme direction of the war and the administration may remain in your hands long enough for you to finish what you have so ably begun.'

He replied in terms which M. Guizot describes as 'becoming and bitter,' and it was with difficulty that he was persuaded to retain the government, which he proposed to hand over to the Duc d'Aumale. 'Algeria,' remarked the King, 'is a heavy burthen, no doubt. The good Marshal would like to place it in the arms of another, to confide it to d'Aumale. But it is too soon. He must remain in Africa. With his fixed idea of retirement he reminds me a little of a comedy of Scarron, in which one of the heroes, carrying a baby in his arms, vainly trying to get rid of it, runs about the stage offering it to every one he meets. Our infant, our Algeria, is very well where it is, that is, in the arms of the Marshal. He must make up his mind to keep it.'

The difficulties and responsibilities of the position were greatly aggravated by the breach with Morocco, where the growing dominion of the French had for some time been watched with a mixture of jealousy and apprehension. In June 1844, M. Guizot writes to assure the French ambassador at London, and through him the English Government, that if the French should engage in a fresh African war, it would be because it was forced upon them, and from no wish of theirs to extend their dominion.

'In truth, it is not with the Emperor of Morocco, it is with Abd-el-Kader that we have to deal. He first took refuge as a suppliant, then established himself as master, in the province of Ouedda; he has got hold of the popular spirit without much trouble; he preaches every day: he inflames the Arab patriotism and the Mussulman fanaticism: he lords it over the local authorities; threatens, intimidates, draws the Emperor

Emperor along with him, and acts as from an invisible haunt to recommence the war which he can no longer sustain on his former territory. Jugurtha was not, I promise you, more skilful, or bolder, or more persevering, than this man; and if there were a Sallust of our time, the history of Abd-el-Kader would be worthy of his pen.\*

The expected provocation came from the Moors, who fired upon the French outposts whilst negotiations were pending, and refused to listen to terms including the abandonment of Abd-el-Kader. The Marshal at once assumed the responsibility of decided action, disregarding the pacific instructions of the home government, and called on the Prince de Joinville, as Commander of the naval forces off Tangier, to co-operate with him. The Prince sent him a letter from the minister containing these words: 'So long as the *pavillon* of France is not insulted, you are not to act.' 'Since when,' wrote the Marshal, 'has a distinction been drawn between the *pavillon*\* and the *drapeau* of France? Beware, Monseigneur, of lending an ear to such subtleties. The *drapeau* of France has been insulted, and you and I are bound to make it respected. The care for your glory ought to rise superior to the fear of diplomatic combinations. Listen only to the inspirations of that honour of which you are the personification.' The reply was a letter from the Prince announcing that he had bombarded Tangier, with the English looking on, and was on his way to bombard Mogador. The Marshal's rejoinder, August 12, 1844, was equally brief and to the point. 'Monseigneur, you have drawn on me a bill of exchange, I promise you to honour it. To-morrow, I execute a manœuvre which will bring me close to the army of the Prince (of Morocco) without his knowledge, and the day after to-morrow I will rout it.'

There are two features of this battle in which it resembles that of Tel-el-Kebir. The French commander, like Lord Wolseley, specified the exact day when he should strike the decisive blow, and made it an essential point to conceal his approach so as to gain the advantage of a surprise.

The leading incidents are best told in the animated language of M. Léon Roches, the Secretary of Legation and Interpreter, who accompanied the troops. He relates that on the morning of the 12th two cavalry regiments arrived from France, and a 'punch' was given in their honour, to which all the officers not on service were invited, and nothing was wanting to the hilarity of the party but the presence of the Commander-in-Chief, who, overcome with fatigue, had gone to sleep on his camp-bed. None of his staff would assume the responsibility of disturbing

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\* The *pavillon* is the French flag (*drapeau*) afloat.

him,

him, but M. Roches, who was on the most familiar terms with him, awoke him without ceremony, and, after being roughly rated for his pains, had the satisfaction of bringing him in tolerable good-humour to the entertainment. Immediately after taking his place in the centre of the circle, he rose and addressed them :

‘The day after to-morrow, my friends, will be a great day. I give you my word for it. With our little army, which hardly numbers 6500 bayonets and 1500 horse, I am going to attack the army of the Prince of Morocco, which, according to my information, amounts to 60,000 men. I wish the number were double, were treble, for the more there are, the greater will be their disorder and their disaster. I have an army : the Prince but a crowd (*cohue*). I will tell you what will happen. And first I wish to explain to you my order of attack. I give my little army the form of a wild boar’s head. The right tusk is Lamoricière ; the left tusk is Bedeau ; the muzzle is Pelissier, and I am between the two ears. Who can arrest our force of penetration ? Ah, my friends, we shall enter the Moorish army like a knife into butter ! I have but one fear : it is that, foreseeing a defeat, they may not await the attack.’

The Moors had got used to the French foraging parties, and on the 13th the whole of the French army was ostensibly employed in foraging ; but, instead of returning as usual to their quarters at nightfall, they bivouacked upon the field, and at two in the morning of the 14th they advanced in profound silence in the direction of the Moorish army. At eight they reached a hillock from which they had a full view of the Moorish camp, or (more correctly speaking) camps, for there were seven, occupying (as it struck M. Roche) a greater space than Paris. ‘At this sight the soldiers uttered a formidable hurrah, and threw into the air the canes or short poles which they use to support their tents at night and their bags during a halt by day. This place was named “*Le Champ des Cannes*.” The Moors were just coming out of their tents, and before they had time to form, had they thought of such a thing, the French had crossed the river, and were advancing on their camps. The scene suggested to an Arab spectator the image of a lion surrounded by a hundred thousand jackals. During two hours, the French had to receive in front, flank, and rear, the charges of myriads of horsemen.’ The Marshal states that the solidity of his infantry was put to a severe test, but they seem to have beaten off their undisciplined assailants with comparative ease, for they never paused to form square, and forced their way onwards without a check towards the camp which the standards and the parasol, emblem of command, indicated as the headquarters of the Prince.

‘The enemy’s cavalry being broken up by its own movements, and by my march, which cut it in two, I thought the moment had come to throw mine on the capital point. I gave the order, and after sabreing a good number of horsemen, Colonel Yusuf attacked this immense camp, after having sustained several discharges of artillery. He found it filled with horsemen and infantry, who disputed the ground foot by foot. A reserve of three squadrons of Chasseurs arrived; a fresh impulse was given, the artillery was taken, and the camp carried.’ This was practically the conclusion of the battle. ‘At twelve o’clock,’ adds M. Roches, ‘the Marshal made his entry into the magnificent tent of the Emperor’s son, and we partook with a relish of the tea and cakes prepared for this unfortunate Prince.’ The parasol was amongst the spoils.

The Marshal had somewhat exceeded the instructions of his Government in hurrying on this battle, and he made no attempt to follow up the victory. The conditions of peace were moderate: the essential ones being, that the French should be left in undisputed possession of the disputed territory, and, that no support or assistance of any kind should thenceforth be given to Abd-el-Kader. Bugeaud was created Duc d’Isly, and, on his return to France soon afterwards, he became the hero of the hour. Amongst the many marks of respect and distinction showered upon him, the one to which he always reverted with pride was a banquet given in his honour by the commercial men of Paris, at which he took his place with four princes of the blood on his right, and a host of merchant princes and civil notabilities on his left.

During his stay in Paris he regularly attended the sittings of the Chamber of Deputies, of which he had never ceased to be a member since his first election, and on the 24th of January, 1845, when the treaty with Morocco was under discussion, he delivered a long and carefully prepared speech, in which he justified step by step the leading measures and principles of his government. What he particularly insisted on was the necessity of maintaining the system of military colonization which he had uniformly pursued. The sense of security, he argued, was indispensable to cultivation, to civilization, to progress; and if settlements were formed otherwise than by or under the immediate protection of the troops, the settlers should be armed and disciplined so as to be equal to self-defence on an emergency. He earnestly deprecated any reduction of the army, and warned the Chamber that any economy in this respect would be miserably misplaced; the bare work of conquest being incomplete, and the work of civilization in its infancy.

Events had occurred during his absence in confirmation of his views, and a formidable insurrection broke out soon after his return, March 1845. A *razzia*, which acquired European notoriety, could only be justified on the ground that the Arab spirit was unsubdued. In June 1845, Pelissier, then a colonel, was sent to compel the submission of a tribe, a part of whom retreated into a grotto, in which their wives and children, with their herds, had already taken refuge. He lost several men in an attempt to carry it by assault, and more time than he could afford was required to take it by blockade, as they were amply supplied with provisions and water from a spring. After repeated warnings that he was about to *chauffer*\* them, he caused lighted fascines to be thrown from the rocks above, before the entry of the grotto, during the night. 'At one o'clock, wishing (according to M. d'Ideville) only to frighten them, he ordered the fire to be extinguished. It was too late: the catastrophe was consummated: more than five hundred human beings had perished by suffocation.' The Colonel's report terminates thus: 'These are operations which we undertake when they are forced upon us, but which we pray God never to have to do over again.' M. Guizot states in his Memoirs, that when the Minister of War, Soult, was questioned in the Chamber of Peers, 'he lost his wonted presence of mind and authority. He expressed a cold and timid disapproval in a few embarrassed sentences, giving up Colonel Pelissier without satisfying his assailants.' Bugeaud came gallantly to the rescue, took the whole responsibility on himself, and declared that he had ordered Pelissier to resort in the last extremity to the very measure which has left a blot upon his name.

During the two last years of his government, Bugeaud was in a state of normal disagreement with the Citizen-King and the Cabinet, who wished to place the civil administration of the colony in the hands of civil functionaries, instead of leaving the entire control to the military. With this view they issued ordinances, without consulting him, of which he strongly disapproved. About the same time, he was the subject of reiterated attacks from a paper called 'L'Algérie,' which was said to draw its inspiration from the War Office and to be in communication with Lamoricière, his second in command, who headed what might be called the opposition party in the colony. His health also began to fail, and in March, 1847, he apprised M. Guizot of his intention to resign; but before formally acting on it he resolved on terminating his African career by the complete sub-

\* This is the expression used by the 'Moniteur, Algérie' of July 15, 1845.



jection of the Kabylie, a troublesome province within fifteen leagues of the capital. He was in the act of leaving the palace to take the command of the expeditionary forces, his horses were already before the gates, when a telegraphic despatch from the Minister of War was put into his hands, forbidding the expedition. He simply turned aside into a guard-room, where he found pen, ink, and paper, and wrote to the Minister :

‘I received your despatch. It is too late. The troops from Constantine were on the march forty-eight hours ago. Mine have already started, and I am about to join them. If we succeed, the Government and France will have all the honour. In the contrary event, the entire responsibility will fall on me. I claim it.’

He succeeded (as he writes a week afterwards) beyond his hopes, to the confusion of his ill-wishers, and directly after his return from the expedition he resigned. His formal adieu to the army of Africa is dated June 5, 1847. His successor was the Duc d’Aumale, whose nomination was not announced till the 11th of September following. The delay was honourable to the Duke, for he was named in deference to public opinion, which, after the claims of every possible viceroy had been thoroughly discussed, fixed upon him as possessing the most eminent qualifications for the post. The choice was highly agreeable to Bugeaud, who had always been on an excellent understanding with the Duke. They kept up an animated correspondence, and the Duke’s letters in particular are remarkable for enlightened views, graceful expression, and tact. The one thing wanting to the complete conquest of Algeria, when Bugeaud left it, was the submission of Abd-el-Kader. This took place on the 23rd of December, 1847, and on the 2nd of January, 1848, the Duke writes :

‘The events of Morocco and the political life of Abd-el-Kader have had the *dénouement* which you foresaw in your last letter, and which I did not dare hope. When this great fact occurred, your name was in all hearts. Every one has gratefully recalled that it was you who put an end to the struggle, that it is the excellent direction you gave to the war and all the affairs of Algeria, that have brought about the moral and material ruin of Abd-el-Kader. Permit one of your former and humble lieutenants to offer, amongst the compliments of the New Year, his personal good wishes and those of the army you commanded so brilliantly for seven years.’

The soundness of the Marshal’s system of African warfare and colonization was fully recognized by his successors, who rarely departed from the broad lines laid down by him ; and it was finely as well as truly said by Veuillot : ‘He has left us a kingdom larger and more submissive than it ever was under the  
Turks.

Turks. This kingdom, created by his arms, is defended by his traditions.'

At the next meeting of the Chambers after his return he was honourably mentioned in the Speech from the Throne, and elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the Chamber of Deputies. He took as usual an active part in the debates, and M. d'Ideville has devoted two chapters to his parliamentary career, which was certainly creditable on the whole, although hardly so much as to merit the vivid laudation of the biographer. So early as 1838, he is sketched amongst 'Orateurs en Buste,' by Timon, alias Vicomte de Cormenin, whose celebrated portraits are one and all the reverse of flattering :

'*Le Général Bugeaud.*—Orator beneath all that can be said: ministerial above all that can be said. He speaks as they speak in the barracks, and advances, his pistols between his teeth, as he would advance to the assault. His eloquence smells of gunpowder. He often breaks into an harangue, jumps three or four paces, and finds himself at the end without having made a beginning. Another time, he will ascend the tribune, lay down a principle, and descend without applying it. He does not discuss; he flies into a passion, and fires at you pointblank a good coarse brutality. Well, so much the better. I like these modes of proceeding better than those mawkish orators who envelope you with their sticky wings, whose sharp hypocrisy pierces you unawares. People have laughed at the agricultural societies, of which General Bugeaud has been the most active and the most efficacious promoter. I do not laugh at them, for it was at least a useful proposition, and I often ask myself what, on the contrary, has been the practical utility of so much magnificent parliamentary talk with which my ears are ringing. Good works are better than fine speeches.'\*

This obviously borders on caricature. The examples selected by M. d'Ideville prove that the General possessed the art of clear exposition when he had meditated his subject; that he had a ready command of strong idiomatic language: that his vehemence was controlled by good feeling and good sense; and that the ringing blows which he dealt right and left when he was roused were appropriately as well as powerfully applied. His peculiarities were strikingly displayed in November 1840, when, amongst other arguments against going to war, he pressed the imminent risk of domestic disturbances.

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\* 'Études sur les Orateurs Parlementaires. Par Timon. Huitième édition.' Paris, 1839. This work, which obtained great celebrity, was reviewed in the 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxiv., pp. 411, seqq. Speaking of M. Guizot, Timon says: 'Lord John Russell, so little, so pale, and so feeble that it was necessary to stretch him on a sofa in the lobby after his speech on Parliamentary Reform, may give you an idea of this person.'

'The real danger is in the division of the country, in the language of faction—

'*M. Dupin.*—In case of war, we should be united.

'*Le Général Bugeaud.*—Yes, I should have been more inclined to war but for this horrible maxim, that a great invasion cannot be resisted without revolutionary measures. This lamentable, barbarous error, is unhappily shared by the youth of the schools. And how could they help sharing it? They have found it in the historians of the Revolution. It is to treat our country with contempt, to tell it that it will not know how to resist if it has not the Terror behind it.

'*M. Manuel.*—You calumniate the country.

'*Le Général Bugeaud.*—The Terror, we are told, saved France. Has it the gift of improvising armies, of disciplining them, of inuring them to war, and can it cause Grenadiers like those of the Old Guard to spring spontaneously from the earth? (*A laugh.*) We were not successful in the earlier campaigns; sometimes conquerors, more frequently beaten. (*Interruption from the Left.*) Let the facts speak: it is necessary to recal them to you, at least for the public out of doors, for there are many in France who are persuaded that singing the *Marseillaise* alone suffices to overthrow the armies of Europe. (*A laugh from the Centre, murmurs from the Left.*) It is necessary to learn, Messieurs, that whilst our armies were not well organized, whilst strategy was wanting, we had no decided successes and we had reverses.

'*M. Taschereau.*—The people of Paris, in 1830, proved that it could overthrow an army.

'*M. Odilon-Barrot.*—Enthusiasm and exaltation are a force.

'*Le Général Bugeaud.*—I fully appreciate the *Marseillaise* (*a laugh*), but I do not believe that of itself it gives victory. It may be well for the combatants to sing the *Marseillaise* before, but not during the action; what is then needed, is silence, is *aplomb*. Silent troops inspire respect, not so those who shout and sing.'

'If you had been pursued, if the enemy had concentrated only 100,000 men in that first campaign, he would most assuredly have come to Paris. But for the war of irresolute tentative operations, but for the sieges of all our little places of the North, it is probable that, in spite of the ravings of Danton, the Republic would have succumbed.'

Any question in which the honour of the army was involved immediately brought him to the tribune. When it was proposed to place the remains of the citizens Foy, La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, Manuel, and Benjamin Constant, in the Panthéon, Bugeaud moved that the same honour should be paid to Ney, Dugommier, Masséna, Hoche, Kléber, Desaix, and La Tour d'Auvergne.

'I respect, I revere the memory of the great men who have ascended this tribune to defend liberty, and who have defended it by their writings, but I think that no inferior rewards are due to those

those who have defended it on the field of battle. The great men whose memory you wish to honour flourished in the repose and tranquillity which France owed to those I propose to associate with them. If we had not conquered on the Rhine and the Alps, Manuel, Foy, and Benjamin Constant, would not have been enabled to make this tribune illustrious by parliamentary eloquence.'

The press, as has been seen, was the peculiar object of his antipathy, and any allusion to it acted on him like a red flag on a bull.

'An advanced, very advanced, orator has spoken of the persecutions of the press. Is it not the press, on the contrary, which is essentially persecuting, which persecutes all honest people, all the friends of their country, all those who have consecrated their lives to labour for their fellow-creatures, and precisely for the people it pretends to defend? . . . Yes, the journalists, they are our new despots. They have replaced the barons of feudality. It is precisely because I love liberty that I will not submit to their despotism. I say then, that a journalist who attacks every day, I do not say the Government, but all social order, we declare him worthy of all indulgence; we protest against the over-severe punishment inflicted on him; and yet he is in my eyes a hundred times more guilty than the wretch who is sent to the galleys for an isolated act.'

In proof of the mischief done by the press, he related in the Chamber that, relying on a report in the '*Temps*,' a colonel of the department of the Loire wrote him an insulting letter.

'He told me that I was "*un homme vil*." I replied: "I see clearly that you are a vile slave of the press: I am willing, however, to descend to your level and teach you to read newspapers. I give you a rendezvous halfway, and we will fight it out to the death." The Colonel rejoined, "I have since read other journals, amongst others the '*Débats*.' I see that your opinion has been misrepresented. I hasten to make my excuses and to withdraw my subscription to the '*Temps*.'" This is the sort of thing that is brought about by the press. It has caused much bloodshed, and will cause more.'

M. d'Ideville says that the Marshal was at Paris fulfilling modestly his functions of deputy, when the Revolution of February 1848 broke out. According to other accounts, he was conspicuous for his zeal in support of the Guizot ministry when the Reform banquets were suppressed. M. Odilon-Barrot represents him as saying to a group of deputies in the lobby after the division on the Address: 'Ah, Messieurs les Libéraux, you wish to come to action! Well, begin, and we will give you a good lesson.' The King, as is well known, vacillated between concession and resort to force, till no hope remained of saving his throne by either course. Barricades were rising on the

22nd, and it was not till 2 A.M. on the 24th that the command of the troops and the National Guard was offered to Bugeaud. 'I knew full well that it was too late, but I thought it unworthy of me to refuse.' The troops, he states, had been kept sixty hours in a timid and even disgraceful attitude before the mob; their feet in the mud, their knapsacks on their backs, quietly allowing the insurgents to attack the Municipal Guards, cut down the trees, break the lamps, and harangue the soldiers. They had received only three rations of biscuits, and the battalions best supplied with ammunition had not more than twenty cartridges per man. Thiers relates that, after leaving the King on the morning of the 24th, he went at once to Bugeaud, whom he found eager to resort to force, although complaining of the insufficient number and demoralized condition of his troops. 'However,' he repeated several times, 'I shall have the pleasure of killing lots of this *canaille*, and this is always something.'\*

Dissatisfied as he was with his troops, he put himself at their head, and was making his arrangements to clear the streets, when, about half-past seven, an order was brought him by Thiers and Odilon-Barrot from the King, to withdraw the regular troops and leave the restoration of order to the National Guards, the command of which he was required to hand over to Lamoricière. Although feeling that the downfall of the dynasty was now inevitable, he was still trying to animate the drooping spirits of the soldiers for a last effort, when two of the royal aides-de-camp came to announce that the King had abdicated, that the Comte de Paris was to be proclaimed, and that Marshal Gérard was invested with the command of the troops. Unable to believe so extraordinary an announcement, he ran to the Tuileries to verify it. He found the King writing his abdication in the midst of a crowd who were urging him to take that step. 'I vehemently opposed it: I said that it was too late, and would produce no other effect than completing the demoralization of the troops; that the conflict was still going on, and that nothing was left but to fight. The Queen energetically supported me; the King rose without finishing his writing; but the Duc de Montpensier and others cried out that he had promised and must keep his word. My voice was drowned in a tumult of cries.'

This is confirmed by Lamartine, who adds, that after the Marshal had vehemently urged that an abdication under fire was a disgrace, the King rose and taking both his hands,

\* Senior, 'Conversations with Thiers, &c.' vol. i. p. 7.

exclaimed :

exclaimed: 'You, then, forbid me to abdicate.' 'Yes, Sire,' replied the brave soldier with respectful energy, 'I dare advise you not to yield at this moment to a counsel which will save nothing and may lose all.' The King appeared radiant with joy at seeing his sentiment shared and authorized by the firm and martial language of his General. 'Marshal,' he said, much affected and in a suppliant tone, 'forgive me for having broken your sword in your hands by taking away your command to give it to Gérard. He was more popular than you.' 'Sire,' replied Bugeaud, 'let him save your Majesty, and I envy him none of your confidence.\*'

When the King resumed his seat to complete the abdication, Bugeaud rushed into the court to head the first troops he could find disposed to fight. As he was mounting his horse, Crémieux (afterwards member of the Provisional Government) caught him by the leg, and said, 'Don't go, Marshal; you will sacrifice your life uselessly. All is over!' On his way to the Chamber, followed by a single officer, he came suddenly on a band of insurgents, who raised the cry of 'Down with Marshal Bugeaud.' He turned upon them, and retorted: 'Do you know what you are crying? You are crying, "Down with the conqueror of Abd-el-Kader! Down with the man who can lead us to victory against the Germans and Russians!" Before a month, perhaps, you will stand in need of my experience and my courage.' These words, he says, brought them all round to '*Vive le Maréchal Bugeaud!*' and they pressed about him to shake him by the hand. At the entrance of the Rue de l'Université he encountered another band, and the same scene was re-enacted. Such scenes would be incredible if related by another man of another people. But they are quite in keeping with the national character and his. During this same revolution, a cavalry regiment was seen following a lad in a blouse, who had assumed the command in the name of the people.

Bugeaud's adventures on this memorable day were not yet concluded. Pressing through the deputies, who were hurrying from the Chamber in alarm for their personal safety, he rode up to a detachment of the 10th Legion who had piled arms before the Palais Bourbon and seemed doubtful of what was going on. 'Are you for the Republic?'—'No, *sacre bleu*: we are not for the Republic.' 'Well, then, let us enter the Chamber to protect the Regent and get the Regency proclaimed.' There were about 150 men, commanded by a young colonel. Their loyal or anti-republican enthusiasm was shortlived. However,

\* Lamartine, '*Histoire de la Révolution de 1848.*' Livre iii.

they took to their arms: Oudinot had succeeded in bringing up some of the National Guards to the rescue of the Assembly; they entered the court, and Bugeaud, dismounting, had taken the musket of an invalide, when fifteen or twenty deputies hurried out, exclaiming 'All is ended! The Duchess (of Orleans) is gone to the Invalides by the garden of the Presidency: the Republic is proclaimed!' 'The National Guards stopped; there was nothing more to be done. Thus fell this monarchy, which had given France seventeen years of peace and prosperity. History presents nothing more shameful and more deplorable.'

It was not customary with Bugeaud to contend against accomplished facts. As soon as the Republic was established, he accepted it; and early in March, 1848, when a European war seemed imminent, he wrote to Lamartine to offer his services, which were declined; but on the 10th he writes to his daughter—'If the war breaks out, I shall be summoned. The principal man of the Provisional Government wrote to me four days ago, "If the war is forced upon us in despite of our moderation, we shall send you to the Rhine, and we shall give you 300,000 men."' In a letter to Veuillot, March 7, he expresses a general approval of the acts of the Provisional Government, adding: 'I deeply regret, however, for their sake and ours, the engagements into which they have entered to guarantee work for the people. This engagement God only can fulfil. A Government, be it what it may, is only bound to do what it can; and I defy all the theorists united to solve the problem.'

As soon as the new Constitution was declared, he became a candidate for the Presidency, with the special object of excluding Cavaignac. 'If,' he writes, 'he had been my only opponent, I should have thought myself sure of success.' When the party of order declared in favour of Louis Napoleon, he retired. On the evening of the day (December 20, 1848) when the prince received the investiture of the Presidency, the Marshal was named Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Alps. From his address and proclamations, it might be inferred that it was his fixed intention to take the first opportunity of freeing the departments from the tyranny of the factions of Paris:

'No, we ought to endure no longer that a handful of Catilines—and even this comparison does them too much honour—we ought not to endure that these few thousands of perverse or misled men should impose their will on the immense majority of the country. As for myself, my mind is made up: if, by some impossibility (*sic*), the red Republic should happen to triumph for a single day in Paris, I would immediately



immediately put myself at the head of all who were willing to follow me—to defend society. Yes, I would start amongst the first, were I to carry with me but four men and a corporal, and I am firmly convinced that good and courageous citizens would come from every quarter of France to close up behind me.’

In April 1849 he published ‘*Veillées d’une Chaumière de la Vendée*,’ a pamphlet in the form of a dialogue against the Socialists and the disciples of Louis Blanc. The strength of his convictions did not overcome his generosity or his love of fair play. He was a member of the Assembly which met on the 28th of May, 1849. The ultra-democrats were outnumbered in the proportion of more than two to one, and at the sitting of the 30th, Ledru Rollin complained, with some show of reason, that the majority were about to take an unfair advantage of their superiority:—

‘*M. Ledru Rollin.*—The Assembly cannot associate itself with such a sentiment. . . . I declare in my turn that, if they persist, I will renounce speaking, because I should be obliged to think that the tribune is not free.

‘*M. le Maréchal Bugeaud.*—I desire that in the course of this Session I may often find myself in accord with M. Ledru Rollin—or Citizen Ledru Rollin, if you like it better. I rise to support his conclusions. *Majorities, Gentlemen, are bound to more moderation than minorities.*’

He was loudly applauded, and the maxim was accepted as fraught with truth and justice at the time; but the effect was temporary, and the overthrow of that very Assembly was mainly owing to the abuse which the party of order made of their majority.

The Marshal was on the point of quitting Paris to resume the command of the army of the Alps, when, in the afternoon of the 6th of June, 1849, he was attacked by cholera, and took to his bed. He grew rapidly worse, and died on the morning of the 10th. The Prince President was admitted to his bedside on the 9th, and conversed with him for ten minutes, whilst the family and attendants stood aloof. On taking leave, the Prince said, ‘I shall come again to see you.’ The Marshal replied: ‘You have other duties to perform; thanks; I see that all is over with me.’ The announcement of his death to the Assembly is thus reported in the ‘*Moniteur*’:—

‘*The Citizen President (Dupin).*—Messieurs, I have the sorrowful task of announcing to you the death of Marshal Bugeaud. This loss will be deeply felt throughout France. The Marshal was at once a great captain and a great citizen. I proceed to form by lot the deputation to attend his obsequies.

‘*Several Members.*—We will all attend.’

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The funeral ceremony took place at the 'Invalides' in the presence of the Prince President and an extraordinary concourse of celebrities, civil and military. General Bedeau spoke in the name of the army, and Count Molé delivered an eloquent address, concluding with these words:

'Illustrious warrior, great citizen, excellent man, your thoroughly Christian end has been the natural consecration of your life: receive this feeble homage from a voice that was familiar to you, from a heart which will never forget you, from a Frenchman inconsolable on account of his country for the void you leave amongst its defenders.'

It would be difficult to go further in the way of recognition or tribute; and M. d'Ideville's concluding eulogy, just and well expressed as it is, may be spared. The most devoted biographer may rest satisfied when his hero is hailed as a great warrior and a great citizen by the according voices of the most distinguished of his contemporaries.

- ART. VI.—1. *Travels and Researches in Western China.* By E. Colborne Baber, F.R.G.S. From the 'Supplementary Papers,' Royal Geographical Society. London, 1882.
2. *Recent Attempts to find a direct Trade-Road to South-Western China.* By Ferdinand Freiherr von Richthoven, F.B.G.S. From 'Ocean Highways.' New Series, January, 1874. Vol. I. London, 1874.
3. *Across Chrysé, or a Journey of Exploration through the South China Border Lands.* By A. R. Colquhoun, F.R.G.S., C.E. London, 1883.

JOURNEYS of discovery, undertaken by *bonâ fide* travellers, may not inaptly be considered as grouping themselves, according to the objects proposed or attained, into two distinct classes of very unequal value. There are journeys of mere exploration, the results of which are in a manner defined and bounded by the exploration itself, journeys which have for their object the gratification of an honourable curiosity, the acquirement of knowledge for knowledge' sake, the excitement of adventurous daring, or at most the elucidation of some long-vexed geographical or historical problem; but which, these ends attained, lead up to nothing further, at least in the way of increased international familiarity, of mutual interchange, commerce, and what else is included in the terminology of our day among 'practical results.' On the other hand, there are journeys which,

which, while compassing some, or even all, of the above-mentioned aims, bring after them in addition far-reaching consequences of closer human intercourse, of trade created or extended, perhaps even of empire; journeys that open the closed doors of the past to long vistas of possible futures; entrances on wide lands of new-discovered hope and promise. To the latter class pertain the explorations indicated rather than designated by the title-headings of the present article. No region of the vast Asiatic continent, or indeed of the entire habitable globe, Europe and North America excepted, is greater either in actual resource and energy or in future promise than the Chinese Empire and its dependencies; few are in closer contact with our own Imperial frontier; none more intimately bound up with our commercial prosperity. Hence it follows that, whatever contributes towards our more accurate acquaintance, and more intimate relations with that great Dominion and its vassal states, claims not merely the attention of a scientific, an artistic, or a literary clique, but the more serious attention of the merchant, the statesman, and all who bear a part in the world of forward movement and action.

Such explorations are those of which the results are now before us, in Mr. Baber's 'Travels and Researches in Western China,' lately edited by the Royal Geographical Society, among their supplementary papers of 1882; and in the valuable communications, entitled 'Recent Attempts to find a direct Trade-Route to South-Western China,' made by Baron von Richt-hoven, to Mr. Markham's 'Geographical Review' in 1874; such also, in its programme and general outline at least, is the narrative of a journey from Canton to Mandalay, across the northernmost diameter of the Indo-Chinese Peninsula, by the Civil Engineer, Mr. Colquhoun. We will accordingly briefly analyse and sum up in turn the information contributed by each of these three gallant explorers, and endeavour to point out how far their labours concur and tend to one common result, namely the determination of the best route for British trade with South-Western China, and its conterminous dependencies.

Mr. Baber, having been seventeen years in Her Majesty's service in China, where he now holds the post of Chinese Secretary to the British Embassy at Peking, possesses every qualification for the work he has undertaken. The Reports, which he has placed at the disposition of the Royal Geographical Society, bear on them throughout the impress of a scholar, a humourist, and a gentleman. The first of these Reports has for its principal theme the exploration, geographical and ethnological, of the extreme Western Province of China, by name Su-ch'uan;

ch'uan ; a region situated among the upper affluents of the Yangtse river, that great waterway of Central China from Thibet to Shanghai ; while the second narrative is concerned with the South-Western Province of Yunnan, whence the main rivers of the Indo-Chinese Chersonese divide their streams, and whose frontier touches successively the Burmese, the Siamese, the Shan, and the Tonquinese territories, one and all vassals, in Chinese estimation at least, of the Middle Empire. Our readers will, we think, hardly need to be reminded, that the interest of the two provinces above named—Yunnan and Ssu-ch'uan—lies not merely in the investigation of what resources of production or population they may contain in themselves, but much more in the geographical fact, that within and through the limits of one or both of them must necessarily be sought that labyrinth-clew, which has, from the days of Marco Polo downwards, remained the unattained desire of Western adventure—a direct trade-route, connecting the Middle Empire with Asia and Europe.

It is true that the opening up of China and its commerce by an overland path from the West, has no longer for the European mind the paramount importance which it naturally bore in the imaginings of past centuries, when the land was regarded as the normal link of international communication ; while the ocean, unfurrowed as yet by steam, and undefined by hydrographic charts, was looked on as a separating barrier. All this is now changed, or rather reversed. The work, begun by the circumnavigation of the Cape, has been completed by the Egyptian Canal ; and now along the whole extent of her vast southern and eastern seaboard China is open to every comer by sail or steam ; while the great river-ways that lead down from her remotest western uplands to the sea have already determined the true direction of her internal commerce, and laid down the principal lines of her communication with the European world. Whatever entrance Central Asia, or the nearer approaches of Burmah and the Shan region, may in coming time supply to the Chinese uplands, yet Shanghai, Amoy, Canton, and, should a better destiny than what appears to be at present in the ascendant prevail in Tonquin, Hanoi itself, will retain the pre-eminence of traffic already assured them by the facilities and cheapness of river transport and steam navigation, contrasted with the difficulties of land-carriage, and the expenditure of time and means required for its maintenance.

Yet such are the resources, such the commercial tendencies of the inhabitants of the Chinese Empire, that, even in the face of all these facts, a regular and by no means an inconsiderable amount of trade has from time immemorial found,  
and

and still continues to find, its way to and from China by overland routes, or rather tracks, on the south and west; thus affording the best possible guarantee for an increased amount to follow, were only communication facilitated. Of these routes some pass through the Russian or the Thibetan frontier; others again through independent, and ulteriorly through British Burmah; others through the Shan or Laos districts; while some take a south-westerly direction, terminating in Canton or Tonquin.

Of all these, the first-mentioned, or Russo-Thibetan route, may safely be omitted in the present enquiry. Thibet, should it ever be brought, as we hope it ultimately may, into active and friendly intercourse with Assam and British India, will be so on its own account, not for the sake of the regions situated to the eastward of its precipitous descent. It is with the three remaining routes, those, namely, which have Burmah, or the Shan States, or Tonquin, for terminus, that we have now to do; and first of all with the pathways which, originating on Burmese ground, lead up towards China and take their way either in the direction of Yunnan-fu, and the heart of that province; or, passing straight on from the town of Tali on the west, thread the Chien-ch'ang valley till they conduct to the inmost recesses of the important though recently colonized Chinese province of Ssu-ch'uan, and the banks of the Yang-tse. And it is from Mr. Baber's valuable memoirs that we can best collect the knowledge which may enable us to form an approximately correct estimate both of the accessibility and of the intrinsic resources of either region.

Deeply furrowed in every direction by the streams, or rivers rather,—we spare the general reader the ungrateful task of attempting to discriminate or to retain their inharmonious Chinese designations,—that unite before quitting the province to form the great Yang-tse river, the Nile or Amazon of the East-Asian valley, the Ssu-ch'uan territory may be regarded as an advanced pedestal or projecting spur of the giant Thibetan mountain-mass, sloping with tolerable regularity upwards from east to west, and averaging from one to six thousand feet above the sea-level. Its chief formation is limestone, often overlaid by loess, and traversed in every part by deep and fertile valleys, each valley supplied with its own watercourse or torrent, too often with its own inundations also; and tenanted more or less densely by the busy villages of Chinese settlers, who here as elsewhere make up almost exclusively the trading and manufacturing part of the population. But on the highlands, thus inmeshed by a network of ravine and torrent, and occasionally

sionally rising to the altitude even of perpetual snow, that is, for the latitude of Ssu-ch'uan, to little less than twenty thousand feet, the inhabitants are for the most part either Sifans, a race, as it would seem, of Thibetan origin, but long since subject to and in part assimilated by the Chinese; or, to class under one Chinese *sobriquet* the many and uncertain subdivisions of barbarism, Lolos—a sept possibly of Indian, but not, if physical characteristics be taken for the criterion, of Chinese or even of Mongolian extraction.

We pass over Mr. Baber's valuable account of the race, language, and manners of these tribes, for the sake of his very interesting and remarkable information regarding the vestiges of Buddhism scattered throughout the province of Ssu-ch'uan; for vestiges we must call them in a country where, though the bulk of the existing population is nominally and professedly Buddhist, Buddhism itself has long been modified by the local mind and practice into something which Sakya-Muni himself, were he to revisit this earth, might find it hard to recognize. Most noteworthy of all are the memorials which cluster round the sides or crown the summit of Mount Omi; a peak which for fame of local sanctity may compete with Arabian Sinai, Cretan Ida, or even Syrian Thabor itself. Rising, like an isolated advance-guard of the Thibetan mountain-group, from a wide and level plain, where the Yang-tse, here a hill-torrent, flows eastward at an altitude of scarce 1500 feet above the sea-level, it stands, a lonely giant, 11,000 feet in height, and resembles in outline, to quote Mr. Baber's own words, 'a crouching lion, decapitated by a downright stroke close to the shoulders, the fore-feet remaining in position,' forming a precipice in comparison with which the Matterhorn is a trifling cliff. From forest-girdled base to open top it is thickly studded with shrines, temples, hermitages, and monasteries; some tenanted by attendant priests, and in good condition, others in ruinous decay, but all of Buddhistic fashion, much like the many similar, but smaller, sacred hills throughout Burmah or Siam. Here, on the lower slopes of the stair-paved ascent, amid forest and mist, stands the 'myriad years' monastery,' where in a detached shrine is honoured the famous bronze elephant of Thibetan devotion, life-size, and cast in only three segments of massive thickness; bearing on its back the lotus-enthroned image ('admirable,' Mr. Baber terms it) 'of Buddha, here typified by a seemingly female permutation, cast also in bronze, but heavily gilt, its crown of glory towering to a height of thirty-three feet above the floor. The elephant itself is about twelve feet high, and has six tusks, three on each side.' This work of art, which has been unfortunately twice damaged

damaged by accidental fires, is said to date from the epoch of the Chin dynasty, A.D. 265-313. It is protected by what Mr. Baber considers to be the only true dome of masonry in China; and the artificers of the building and the image alike are judged by the same authority, nor, we think, incorrectly, to have been Indian Buddhists; who would at an early date have found their way hither, probably across Assam, and the not far-distant highlands of Thibet, as neither Burmah nor Siam appear to have become homes of the Buddhist creed and system till some centuries later.

Not far off, in another detached shrine, is preserved in all honour a tooth, seemingly the molar of an elephant, and about a foot in length, asserted to be one of the four owned in life by Sakya-Muni, and assuredly not less authentic than the corresponding relic treasured in the temple of Kandy in Ceylon. 'But,' objected Mr. Baber to the guardian priests, 'if this was one of Sakya-Muni's teeth, and he was reasonably proportioned, he must have been one hundred and forty feet high.' 'How do you know he was not?' they answered; 'and how do you know if the tooth has not grown since he entered Nirvana?' 'Such faith,' adds Mr. Baber, 'defended by such dialectics, is inexpugnable; and I withdrew from the controversy.'

These wonders are about 3500 feet above the sea-level. What with the steepness of the ascent, made more difficult by heavy rain and fog, and with visits duly paid at the successive halting-places to curious temples, where the priests entertained our travellers with wonderful legends, somewhat recalling those of the Teutonic 'Runenberg,' it was not till the fourth day that Mr. Baber and his attendants reached the highest point of Mount Omi, or 'the Golden Summit.' Here, on the comparatively level space at top, is, or rather was, a bronze temple, of such exceeding sanctity as to have attracted frequent visits from the presiding deity himself. Unfortunately these visits were paid, like that of the classic Jove to Semele, amid such an accompaniment of genuine lightning, that the temple fared no better on this occasion than the mother of Perseus, and now lies in utter ruin, a confused heap of pillars, beams, panels, and tiles, all of fine bronze. 'The pillars,' as Mr. Baber informs us, 'are nine feet long, and eight inches in diameter;' and 'the panels are very handsomely ornamented with seated Buddhas, flowers, and scrollwork, besides hexagonal arabesques of various modifications.'

Not far off, a small terrace, bordered by precautionary posts  
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and chains, overhangs 'Shê-shên-ngai,' the Cliff of the Suicide, or perhaps of the Ascetic, for the same word, not inappropriately, denotes either in Chinese. It is perhaps the highest precipice in the world, being in fact more than six thousand feet perpendicular; its formation is limestone. But here we must allow Mr. Baber to describe after his own fashion the supreme wonder of Mount Omi, the ultimate aim and crown of all the toil bestowed by the myriad pilgrims who devoutly climb the steep ascent of the 'Golden Summit':—

'Naturally enough,' writes our traveller, 'it is with some trepidation that pilgrims approach this fearsome brink; but they are drawn to it by the hope of beholding the mysterious apparition known as the "Fo-knang," or "Glory of Buddha," which floats in mid air half-way down. So many eye-witnesses had told me of this wonder that I could not doubt; but I gazed long and steadfastly into the gulf without success, and came away disappointed, but not incredulous. It was described to me as a circle of brilliant and many-coloured radiance, broken on the outside with quick flashes, and surrounding a central disk as bright as the sun, but more beautiful. Buddhists assert that this is an emanation from the aureole of Buddha, and a visible sign of the holiness of Mount Omi.

'Impossible as it may be deemed, the phenomenon does really exist. I suppose no better evidence could be desired for the attestation of a Buddhist miracle than that of a Baptist missionary; unless indeed it be, as in this case, that of *two* Baptist missionaries. Two gentlemen of that persuasion have ascended the mountain since my visit, and have seen the 'Glory of Buddha' several times. They relate that it resembles a golden sun-like disk, enclosed in a ring of prismatic colours, more closely blended than in a rainbow. As far as they could judge by noticing marks on the face of the precipice, the glory seemed to be about two thousand feet below them. It could not be seen from any spot but the edge of the precipice. They were told, as I was, that it sometimes appears by night; and, although they did not see it at such an hour, they do not consider the statement incredible.

'It may be imagined how the sight of such a portent, strange and perplexing as it would seem in any place, but a thousand times more astonishing in the depths of this terrible abyss, must impress the fervour of simple and superstitious Buddhists. The spectacle attracts pilgrims from all parts of China and its dependencies. Even Nepalese occasionally journey to the mountain. The Thibetans, lovers of their native snows, prefer the winter for the season of pilgrimage. The only tribes which do not contribute devotees are the Lolos; but, although they are not Buddhists, one of them told me that their three deities, Lui-wo, A-pu-ko, and Shua-she-po, dwell on the Golden Summit.'

Mr. Baber scientifically concludes that the phenomenon above  
described

described is, in fact, due to a cause analogous to that of the 'Spectre of the Broken,' and is really a solar, and occasionally, though more rarely, a lunar spectrum, projected on the mists by which the mid-mountain is almost always engirdled. Having ourselves visited the not less sacred and mysterious 'Shadow of Buddha,' the object of devout pilgrimage in a neighbouring land, and ascertained beyond a doubt its natural and phenomenal causes, we willingly subscribe to Mr. Baber's explanation of the beautiful phenomenon of the Omi precipice.

Passing over further details we can assure our readers that, in the description of these and many other analogous marvels, Mr. Baber's comments and inferences are,—a rare merit,—not less instructive and trustworthy than his facts; and as such we commend them to the careful attention of the lovers of Asiatic research.

We now turn to a more direct consideration of the trading prospects of Ssu-ch'uan, especially in its remoter Western districts, where the Yang-tse no longer supplies a route ready-made to the Eastern coast. For the present, Ssu-ch'uan, thus viewed, does not, to our mind at least, offer a very alluring aspect. That the soil, wherever brought under cultivation, or by its position capable of being brought so, is highly fertile, Mr. Baber's narrative leaves no doubt. Cereals of all kinds, potatoes in abundance, the opium-producing poppy, besides pears, pomegranates, peaches, plums, and oranges of excellent quality; such, with more of the same description, is the catalogue of agricultural or garden produce. But fruits, however delicious on the spot of their growth, hardly make up a substructure of sufficient solidity for a serious overland trade; while the narrow extent of accessible or available ground permitted by the rock-channelled ravines, and the scantiness of the labouring population, combine to preclude any immediate hope of a supply in cereals much exceeding the requirements of the native population. Opium might have a better chance; but here other considerations, extending far beyond the range of this article, interfere. Possibly, too, the extensive pasture-lands, regarding which, and the flocks and herds they support, we could have wished for more detailed and statistical information, may furnish a reasonable amount of hides, horn, and the like, to a future trade. But here the predatory habits of the freebooter Lolos might, we fear, prove a serious obstacle to any satisfactory advance. Nor are the prospects of an import trade much more brilliant. The inhabitants of Western Ssu-ch'uan—whether Chinese, Sifan, or Lolo—seem for the present more disposed to join in harmonious concert with Goldsmith's Hermit, where he

sings, 'Man wants but little here below,' than with the chorus of 'men the workers, ever reaping something new,' of Tennyson's Western music; while even for that little, in the matter of dress, household utensils, and the like, they have an evident preference for the rough but substantial and durable manufactures of their own lands, or of the neighbouring Chinese provinces at the farthest, over the more finished but flimsier workmanship of Manchester or Birmingham. Nor does Mr. Baber's view appear to differ materially from ours in these respects. Among his notes, taken on the journey through the Chien-ch'ang valley, the ordinary highway from upper Ssu-ch'uan to Yunnan and the South, we read the following report on what he witnessed at one of the principal marts of this region:—

'Mali-chai' (thus he writes) 'is a large hamlet, where we found comfortable lodging in a temple at the north end, and received a deputation of village syndics, who were curious to know where Manchester goods came from. Foreign shirtings are only used for the coat-sleeves of women; the fabric is considered very weak. . . . When I enquired what local productions they were prepared to sell to foreign merchants, they replied, "Opium and pickled mushrooms"; and being advised that the demand for such staples would not be lively, they said they were very sorry for it, but had nothing else.'

Now a population, which limits its conscious wants to a few bales of shirting as the utmost extent of its foreign requirements, can hardly be said to invite trade on a large scale as yet. It is true that a rise in the general social condition of these regions might, nay certainly would, be followed by a corresponding rise in the quantity as well as in the quality of its outside demands; but of such amendment there is, for all we can learn, no immediate likelihood, beyond what European wish may chance to father on European thought. Indeed, considering the wild seclusion of the country, and the correspondingly wild dispositions of a large section of its inhabitants, the wonder is, not that the Imperial Government has hitherto done so little to organize Ssu-ch'uan, but that it has done so much. If left to peaceful leisure, uninterrupted by the restless interference of France or other annoyances of the kind, it will certainly do more; the population of Ssu-ch'uan will continue, as it has already begun, to advance, not in numbers merely, but in civilization; and with these trade and commerce will unfailingly advance also.

But the mineral wealth of Ssu-ch'uan? Here indeed is enough to make us pause, and consider seriously before pronouncing our judgment. That gold, either in its unalloyed state,

state, or blended with copper, silver in plenty, lead, iron, coal, and, most copious of all, copper, not merely exist, but abound throughout the ever-alternating ridges and gullies that make up nine-tenths of the province, are certain facts. Not less certain is it that each and all of these metals have been worked in turns; that some are actually worked; that all, the gold perhaps excepted, might be profitably worked, and that on a large scale. A prospect surely of a kind to allure the most sluggish, to induce any amount of enterprise, justify almost any outlay of expenditure, in the mind of British traders. And what a source of traffic and wealth, export and import alike, to our Burmese ports and possessions!

But the gates of this metallic paradise are guarded by conditions, not prohibitory indeed, but difficult of fulfilment. And of these the first is the consent, nor a mere passive consent only, but something not far removed from effective co-operation, of the Chinese Government to the formation, within the territory of Ssu-ch'uan itself, of mining establishments, on a suitable scale, and under foreign, that is European, supervision. Now of all imaginable concessions that might be asked of the Dragon Administration, such a one is, for the present, the least likely to be obtained. Nowhere is the tendency of the working classes to organize themselves on their own account and to their own ends into 'unions,' or 'brotherhoods,' irresponsible to any authority except their own, stronger than in China; nowhere else do such unions more speedily or more surely degenerate into confederacies for misconduct, for violence, and even for political revolt; nowhere—a natural corollary—has the regular Government of the land set its face more resolutely against their formation and whatever might occasion it. And, unfortunately, of all the various associations or unions that have from time to time vexed, and yet continue to vex, the soul of legitimate authority, none have given more frequent or more dangerous proof of their sinister capabilities than those formed among the mining classes; nor is an instance far to seek in the too famous Mahometan insurrection, called of Yunnan, not many years back: an insurrection that seriously menaced the integrity, and taxed for its suppression the utmost forces, of the Empire; and which, as is well known, originated among the miners in the neighbouring province of Yunnan. A circumstance not likely to be soon forgotten by the tenacious memory of Chinese officials, and which, even apart from their neither unnatural nor wholly unjustifiable mistrust of foreign intrusion into the interior of the land, under whatever pretext, would certainly outweigh with a cautious and even timid Administration

nistration all possible advantages of production or trade with which projectors might try to tempt its coyness into compliance. Secondly, the western half of Ssu-ch'uan, where the metallic treasures enumerated are most abundant, is seriously under-peopled; and from the actual population, defective as it is, the entire Lolo element, in all its forms, must be, at least for the present, deducted, as one more likely to prove an obstacle than an assistance to steady labour. Labour, then, would have to be imported—a serious consideration where expense must regulate means. Thirdly, the South-Western route itself, to become really available for serious and sustained traffic, has not so much to be put in order, as to be absolutely created *de novo*: a route that from Bhamo, the extremest point for water-carriage inland on the Burmese side, to Ching-tu, the central town of Ssu-ch'uan, would have to traverse a distance of about five hundred miles, over passes of which the altitudes, as taken by Mr. Baber, are of 7800, 9700, 11,700, and 13,000 feet respectively, with ravines in proportion—a region, in a word, compared to which Switzerland is an easy plain—not to mention torrents, floods, landslips, and Lolo robbers. And lastly, when all these obstacles were overcome, and the route in working order, miners and carriers alike would discover that their work and its products are, after all, considerably nearer the Yang-tse than the Salween river, and that communication is accordingly much easier with the eastern than the western sea.

Thus much, or thus little, for the prospects of direct overland traffic between Burmah and Ssu-ch'uan. Ridges of more than Alpine height, and in steepness surpassing Dante's own purgatorial climb, to be surmounted; ravines and torrents out of number to be bridged and crossed; in short, a road to be made, from the construction of which the engineers of the Simplon or Splügen passes might shrink appalled; and all for the sake of metals not yet worked, nor likely to be worked; of agriculture that has scarcely begun; of wants which have yet to be felt, amid a population at best indifferent; an insecure district, and a cautiously distrustful if not adverse Administration; and in conclusion to find the goal, when attained, to be yet, as it ever has been, of much easier access from Shanghai than from Maulmein. Best leave it so, say we.

Let us now turn our attention to the far more interesting and important, as also nearer, province of Yunnan; which, forming the extreme south-western angle of the Chinese Empire, lies in immediate contact with the Burmese and Shan frontiers. Later on we will take a general view of the entire province, which we shall find to be, broadly speaking, geographically divided

divided into two distinct regions, unequal in size and importance: the eastern, in which is situated the provincial capital of Yunnan-fu itself; and the western, where the fortress-town of Tali-fu, not many years since the centre of the Mahometan insurrection, and at present the headquarters of a local Chinese administration, holds the first rank. This alone is the portion of Yunnan accessible on the Burmese side; and with this exclusively, omitting for a moment the eastern section, we will now occupy ourselves. Is then Western Yunnan a region intrinsically, and, taken by itself, its products, and its inhabitants, worth the endeavour to establish a direct overland trade-route between it and British Burmah? and if so, what line would best be followed to that end?

Mr. Margary's mission, brought, as our readers are doubtless aware, to an untimely conclusion by the murder of its able and enterprising chief in the February of 1875, had thus far confirmed the idea already formed—till then little more than guess-work—that such a route should by preference take the direction of Bhamo, the place where the Irawaddy river first becomes navigable, and thence follow the water-way through Burmah to Rangoon and the coast. Of this route the most important portion, and at the same time that hitherto best-known, is that situated between Tali, the head-town, as before said, of Western Yunnan, and Teng-yueh or Moumein, the station nearest to the Burmese frontier. And it is fortunate that this very line is the one investigated by Mr. Baber, who accompanied Mr. Grosvenor's Mission in 1876 to these regions, and has embodied his observations on the route itself, together with much valuable information regarding the inhabitants and the products of Western Yunnan, in the third of his printed Reports. We will gladly avail ourselves of his guidance, supplemented in this instance by carefully tabulated statistics of the various observations for latitudes by meridian altitudes, of the barometric pressures, and of the marching distances, village by village, in English and Chinese measurement, from Yunnan-fu to Teng-yueh, a total distance of 381 miles, as noted by the scientific accuracy of our explorer from March 26 to May 3, in company with Mr. Grosvenor's Mission.

Reluctantly we hasten by Mr. Baber's fascinating narrative of the late Mahometan insurrection in this province, never before, we think, so graphically sketched, or so justly appreciated alike in its causes and results; and pass on to the consideration of the inhabitants of Yunnan in general, their requirements, capabilities, and dispositions. Of the Chinese, here known principally, though not exclusively, as administrators or traders,  
little

little need be said; enough that in the former capacity they excel—a scanty but not unimportant commendation—all other Asiatics; while in the latter they, to say the least, equal most of their European competitors, surpass not a few.

The 'natives,' proper, that is the non-Chinese population, though split up by local and dialectical divergencies into numerous tribes,—a Chinese statistician, cited by Mr. Colquhoun in his book '*Across Chrysê*,' enumerates no less than eighty-two,—appear to belong for the most part to one and the same nationality, that namely of the T'hai, or Lao, a great trunk of uncertain root, but branching out into the Siamese, Burmese, and Cambodian races. Each of these, again, by grafts from Indian, Malay, and Chinese stocks, has modified its growth to what we now see at the present day; all, however, deriving originally from Yunnan, where the main stem still retains its primitive designation of La'o; a name commonly exchanged for 'Shan' in the language of the modern Burmese, as also of European writers and investigators, whose information has been mostly filtered through Burmese channels. Whether or not the 'Kutungs,' a tribe not wholly different in appearance and manners from the 'Lolos' of *Ssu-ch'uan*, and of whom Mr. Baber gives many interesting particulars, are in reality of La'o race also, is not clear. The Mahometanism, such as it is, of others, may perhaps be connected with some former admixture of Tartar race. But of 'savages,' properly so termed, or even 'barbarians,' we hear nothing throughout Yunnan. Chinese, La'os, Mahometans, Kutungs even, are all orderly and civilized enough, each in their degree and kind: though the depopulation of the province and the paralysis of its industry, consequent on the prolonged revolt and, it would seem, the superfluous and wholesale severity of its repression, have encouraged the rise of bandits, wayside robbers, and the like, to a degree affecting even the public security. One of these outlaw bands, the very same, Mr. Baber thinks, from which poor Margary met his death, was broken up and destroyed only ten days after Mr. Baber, in company with Mr. Grosvenor, had left *Teng-yueh*, or *Moumein*.

With such exceptions, the tendency of which is evidently to decrease and disappear, the population of Yunnan, whatever its class, may be pronounced to be generally industrious, orderly, and well-disposed to trade. Its number, formerly about eight millions, cannot now be estimated at above two-thirds of that amount.

For what regards products, the prospect is fair enough. The reader, according as he sympathizes or not with the views of the Society for the Abolition of Opium, may grieve or rejoice  
over



over the extensive cultivation of the poppy throughout the length and breadth of the land. A less disputable subject of satisfaction is the celebrated 'Puerh' tea, a growth of Yunnan, and of which we shall have occasion to speak more in detail further on. But that the surface soil, hill or valley, of Yunnan is in the highest degree fertile, and admits, in its diversity of range and temperature, almost every kind of cultivation, is an unquestioned fact. Nor less unquestioned is the mineral wealth below the surface, resembling in every respect that of Western Ssu-Ch'uan, to which region indeed Yunnan is, geologically speaking, closely allied, if not absolutely identical with it.

But the Mahometan rebellion has almost destroyed, for the moment, the entire mining industry, with its consequent trades; and a 'scanty export of white copper and salt' is all of the kind that Mr. Baber's personal observation enables him to record. So also has it fared in some measure with the produce of the soil, the only actual and existent export of which he can speak with certainty. To this, however, the Puerh tea seems by its extensive cultivation to form a happy exception. The rest, agricultural or mineral, has been, and may again revive and increase; but for this some years of quiet and good order are a *sine quâ non*. It cannot, however, be reasonably doubted that better means of communication, within the province and without, would prove a wholesome stimulant to the desired improvement in trade as in everything else.

How then about the main question of the day, the desired trade route? We have already noted that the track from Teng-yueh, or Moumein, on the Burmese frontier to Yunnan-fu, or at least to Tali, is the one hitherto most frequently advocated in view of the future. But to this route Mr. Baber is absolutely adverse; and, as he writes with all the authority of personal experience and unbiassed mind, it will be worth while to peruse his own statement in his own words.

'The trade route,' says he, 'from Yunnan-fu to Teng-yueh is the worst possible route, with the least conceivable trade. It is actually dangerous to a cautious pedestrian, not on account of the steep ascents and descents which continually confront him,—time, patience, and a proper conservation of breath suffice to overcome these,—nor from the precipices which await the unwary, but from the condition of the road itself.'

This indeed, as we learn from Mr. Baber's narrative elsewhere, was such as to admit of only ten miles' march a day.

'Ten miles *per diem*,' he continues, 'may seem a small matter to the

the British tourist; but if he will make the experiment of emptying the contents of his dustbin down his backstairs, turning on all the water-cocks, and sprinkling a cartload of bricks over the whole, he may, by marching up and down till he has completed ten miles, arrive at an approximate conception of a day's journey in Western Yunnan.'

He continues:—

'By an improved system of paving, and a better selection of gradients, the route might be made convenient enough for carriage by mules and coolies; but it seems hopeless to think of making it practicable for wheel carriages. The valleys, or rather abyasses of the Salween and Mekong [these occur between Teng-yueh and Tali] must long remain insuperable difficulties, not to mention many other obstacles.

'I do not mean that it would be absolutely impossible to construct a railway. A high authority has informed me that, if shareholders will provide money, they will always find an engineer to spend it. By piercing half-a-dozen Mont Cenis' tunnels, and erecting a few Menai bridges, the road from Burma to Yunnan-fu could, doubtless, be much improved.'

Our readers should bear in mind that the track under consideration divides itself naturally into two sections; a westerly one, which affects the trade of Western Yunnan, and reaches from Teng-yueh to Tali: and an easterly one, being from Tali to Yunnan-fu, in connection with the more important districts of the province, namely, the eastern. The latter route Mr. Baber rejects absolutely; on the ground,—worthy of serious note,—that should 'the British merchant attain Yunnan-fu, he will be suddenly aware that foreign manufactures can be conveyed with ease and rapidity from Canton; and his intelligence will at last open to the fact, that Yunnan-fu is only 400 miles distant from the China sea;' that is *viâ* Tonquin, as we shall next see.

What follows is conclusive. 'Loath, as most Englishmen are to admit it, the simple and evident approach to Eastern Yunnan is from the Gulf of Tonquin. But it by no means follows that the same holds true of the western part of the province.'

Western Yunnan is therefore the immediate traffic-goal of Burmah. But how to reach it?

Not certainly by the route so graphically described in the above quotations from Teng-yueh to Tali; a route traced right athwart every intervening mountain range or ravine, and of which the prospects are thus illustrated by Mr. Baber:—'We feel at liberty to say that, if British trade ever adopts this track, we shall be delighted and astounded in about equal proportions.'

How

How then? By the south; ascending one of the Yunnan valleys, and so reaching Tali-fu, instead of crossing all the mountain ranges from the west. Such a route has, Mr. Baber adds, 'been recognized for centuries as a highway from China to Burmah;' that is, by the natives of the country themselves, the best guides, after all, in such a quest. It remains then to determine by what particular line, up which of the many mountain valleys of the southerly region, the proposed traffic-road may most easily and advantageously be constructed. Here, though with reluctance, we must quit Mr. Baber, who prudently abstains from more than a general suggestion in regard of countries with which he is not personally acquainted, and seek our guidance from the extensive knowledge and accurate research of Baron von Richthoven, President of the Berlin Geographical Society, author of the great work in two quarto volumes, entitled '*Travels and Studies in China*,' published in Berlin 1877, and now universally admitted to be the best and most exhaustive text-book of information regarding that country; and himself a traveller in the far East, of many years' experience, from 1860 to the end of 1872.

It is not, however, with Baron Richthoven's general work, but with the paper entitled '*Recent Attempts to find a direct Trade-road to South-Western China*,' communicated by him to Mr. Clements R. Markham's '*Geographical Review*' in 1874, and the title of which stands second among the headings of this article, that we have now to do. In this, our geographer begins by a general survey of the topography of the province of Yunnan; a plateau of an average altitude varying from 5000 to 6000 feet above the sea-level, and itself projecting spur-like in a south-westerly direction from the yet loftier table-land of Thibet. From Yunnan, the elongated ridges of the Indo-Chinese peninsula,—the land of the Burmese, Siamese, Cochin-Chinese, Shans, and Malays,—stretch southward, as fingers from the palm of a hand. Again, from a hydrographical aspect, the province may, to quote with but slight alteration the Baron's own words, be regarded as occupying a central position in a semicircle, whence five mighty rivers escape outwards. One of these, the Yangtse, takes its course due north, till, bending to the east, it makes its final exit into the Chinese sea at Shanghai. A second, the Salween, flowing south, ultimately deflects somewhat to the west, and reaches the Burmese Gulf at Maulmein. Eastward of the Salween, but parallel to it in its upper course, the Mekong, passing south, pursues a tortuous course till its waters attain the China sea near Saigon. A fourth river, the Si-kiang, originating near the capital of the province, flows due east to Canton; while

while a fifth, the Song-koi, or 'Red River,' goes south-east to Hanoi and the Gulf of Tonquin. Within the open angle formed by the divergence of the first of these rivers, the Yang-tse, from the third, the Mekong, and including, accordingly, the fourth, or Cantonese, and the fifth or Tonquinese river, the Salween, or Burmese river, alone remaining outside—that is, from N.N.E. to S.S.W.—is situated the choicest portion of the Yunnan plateau; its upper and lower regions are drained respectively by the Si-kiang and the Song-koi.

A central position amid such mighty water-ways, and with so wide a circumference of outside communication, might well of itself suffice to indicate Yunnan as a district of great importance, whether for administration or trade. This fact was early appreciated by the sagacity of the Chinese, alike the most systematic administrators and the most enterprising tradesmen of the East, who, as early as the third century of our era, had established fortified colonies among the then savage and recalcitrant tribes of Yunnan, nor have they ever from that time downwards relaxed their hold. Yet even in Chinese hands the commerce of Yunnan has failed to reach, or at least to maintain, any worthy development; a riddle to which the answer must be sought among the extreme difficulties presented by each several route when approaching the common centre.

Baron Richthoven explains how the delusive semblance of proximity, so often suggested by maps to the minds of those unacquainted with the physical actualities of the countries themselves, has led to the desire of tapping, in common phrase, from the direction of Burmah the copious spring of Chinese commerce, import and export; and he passes in review the three principal lines of road, each severally 'recommended by high authority,' to this end. The first and, we believe, the earliest imagined of these, was to start from Soodiya in Assam, thence passing through a territory of no great width, at present occupied by wild frontier tribes, direct to Tali in Yunnan. The second, and by far the most favoured route in European estimation, is the very one which we have just seen traversed by Mr. Baber in company with Mr. Grosvenor's Mission, between Bhamo and Tali; and in regard of which Mr. Baber's personal experiences minutely corroborate the anticipations formed some years previous by the large-viewed and scientific geographer. A third route, once imagined by French wishes, and conducting by the tortuous Mekong valley to lower Annam and Saigon, has been already abandoned, in spite of the information regarding it gathered by the well-known French exploring party under Lagrée in 1866. All these routes are in turn considered and

and set aside by the Baron; partly on account of the topographical difficulties, not to say impossibilities, in the way of their construction; partly as leading up only to partial, and, so far, unsatisfactory results.

Now we come to the pith of the matter. After remarking that 'the only European Power, beside England, which is immediately interested in the establishment of a direct (overland) trade-route to South-Western China, is France,' Baron Richthoven gives a clear though succinct account of the efforts made by the French, having Saigon for their basis, in the direction indicated during the latter half of the present century. These began from the great expedition commanded by Captain de Lagrée in 1866, of which the immediate result was indeed merely negative, the impossibility of connecting Yunnan with Saigon by overland route or river-way along the Mekong valley, as French hopes had planned, being then once for all indisputably established. But the information then collected led to the indirect but all-important discovery, so pregnant of ominous results, that the Song-koi or Tonquin river is navigable from the sea upwards to the heart of Yunnan itself. And to the acquirement and control of this waterway, French enterprise—taking for its maxim the satirical counsel of Horace, '*Si possis recte; si non, quocunque modo*'—was henceforth directed in earnest.

Two explorations, conducted in 1869 and 1870 by the clever but unscrupulous adventurer, M. Dupuis, ascertained the navigable terminus of the Song-koi in Yunnan to be at the market-town of Mang-hau, only twelve days' journey from Yunnan-fu, the capital of the province. Soon after, in 1872, a third party of French adventurers, starting from Hanoi in Tonquin, made the entire journey with ease and success. The town of Mang-hau is, we now know, scarcely more than 500 feet above the sea; but only one continuous ascent, leading securely, without interruption from ravine or precipice, up to the central plateau, occurs between it and the desired capital, which is situated at an altitude of 6300 feet.

With these data before him, Baron Richthoven, writing in 1874, sums up the matter in language to which the events of 1883 give a peculiar and, so far as British commercial interests are concerned, sinister significance.

'There can be no doubt' (he writes) 'that, if the Tonquin river is thrown open to commerce, Mang-hau, or any other place on the banks of the Song-koi which may be selected, will dominate the trade of the larger and by far the most important portion of Yunnan. On the other hand, the prospective importance of the Song-koi river route should not be overrated; for, if we consider the proper trade  
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of Western China—that is, of Ssu-ch'uan in the North, and Kwang-si in the South—no artificial measures will be potent enough to divert the first from the Yang-tse, and the other from the Si-kiang (the Canton river). Supposing, however, that unforeseen political events should at any time close Ssu-ch'uan towards the East, and that province be thus obliged to seek for other channels for its trade, then it would look for the nearest southern port, and the most convenient road to it.

'The problems' (thus the Baron concludes), 'whether a direct (overland) trade-route to South-Western China can be established, and which is the place where this should be done, must henceforth be considered as settled. No one who studies the question with an unbiassed mind will, after sufficient examination, doubt for a moment that all the advantages are on the side of the Song-koi river route, and all the disadvantages on that of the Bhamo (or Burmese) route, and also of any other that has been or may be devised to enter Yunnan from the West or South-West.'

In all this, with the exception of an important modification to be made in the last words of the last paragraph, as we shall shortly endeavour to point out, we fully concur; nor less in Baron Richthoven's very practical observation, that, as the trading prospects of any Yunnan route whatsoever must, under ordinary circumstances and in any calculated forecast, be considered as detached from the existent or possible trade of Ssu-ch'uan and North-Western China, which will probably continue in future, as heretofore, to follow the line of the Yang-tse, nothing now remains for further examination except the question—a vital one indeed—whether the resources of Yunnan, alone and regarded in themselves, are of sufficient magnitude to justify the exertions and expenditure requisite to the efficient opening of a trade-route which would have in those very resources, if not its only, at least its principal and regular support.

This question, Richthoven, a thoroughly intelligent and unprejudiced witness, answers in the affirmative; nor certainly is the list which he gives of the probable export and import items of Yunnan trade scanty or uninviting. First in order among the urgent requisites of the province, says the Baron, is clothing, whether of cotton or silk; neither of which articles is indigenous to the country. Next to clothing, in order and urgency of supply, follows hardware of every description, mining implements and machinery included. Spirituous drinks, and more especially the rice-distilled liquor known as 'sam-choo,' an article extensively manufactured throughout the southern Indo-Chinese peninsula, come third on the list. For export, Yunnan has three capital products to offer—opium, tea, and metals. The opium-yielding poppy grows, all travellers agree, almost every-  
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where, and on every patch of soil throughout the province; nor is the quality of the yield itself inferior to the quantity. The encouragement of this branch of trade, capable as it is of almost indefinite extension, or its discouragement, will depend on circumstances and considerations which lie outside the range of this article: perhaps Mr. Baber has anticipated the best that could be said on the matter in his 'Western Yunnan,' where he says: 'I am not concerned with the projects or prospects of the Society for the Abolition of Opium; if, however, they desire to give the strongest impetus to its growth in Yunnan, let them by all means discourage its production in India.' The second export—to wit, the celebrated 'Puerh' tea, so called from the chief town of the district where it is grown, in South-Eastern Yunnan—is already in great request, being considered by the Chinese themselves superior to all other qualities of tea throughout the empire. Its cultivation offers no difficulty; the high price which it commands outside of Yunnan being solely due to the existing obstacles and costliness of transport. Should this last be reasonably facilitated, the prospects of Yunnan tea are undoubtedly brilliant.

But it is the metal trade which, in Richthoven's words, 'will, in all probability, be the prominent feature of the commerce on the Song-koi river-route.' The great tin mines, in particular, of Ling-ngan-fu, which have supplied the whole of China from time immemorial, are situated close to the oft-mentioned river-wharf of Mang-hau; copper abounds throughout the province; lead, gold, silver, iron, and, last but not least, coal, make up the list. Curiously enough, the Chinese Empire, vast as it is, includes no truly metalliferous province except Yunnan; to which, indeed, the bordering region of Western Ssu-ch'uan, one geologically, though not administratively, with Yunnan proper, should be added: and nothing but the inaccessibility, and the too often disturbed and lawless condition of the country, has thus far hindered its mines from becoming sources of really incalculable wealth to the province, to the Chinese Empire at large, and, by participation, to foreign commerce. We may add—and to this consideration we call our readers' careful attention—that, should a good road, affording easy admittance to the interior fastnesses of Yunnan, be once constructed, the timidity with which the Imperial Government at present, and with too much cause, regards mining aggregations in those hitherto sequestered regions, will be considerably abated; but on one condition, that the route shall terminate in and conduct to, if not quasi-Chinese, at least neutral or friendly territory; such as would be that of a European treaty-port, or, indeed, that  
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still more acceptable trade-depôt in Chinese estimation, a British free port. But it would be a fatal error—fatal, that is, to all prospects of commercial advantage—were we to shut our eyes against the equally certain antithesis that, should the proposed Song-koi or other route find its outlet on a land and coast subject to unfriendly, exclusive, and aggressive influences, as would necessarily be the case were Hanoi and Tonquin under what it pleases our French neighbours to term their ‘protection,’ but what ordinary mortals designate as ‘annexation,’—in such an event, we say, the opposition raised, nor unjustifiably, by the Chinese administration to the development of mines, or, indeed, of anything else, within the province of Yunnan, thus laid open to Gallic aggression, would be alike persistent and effective.

Such is the export future of Yunnan. We will now, in company with Baron Richthoven, sum up the results of our investigations thus far; availing ourselves, so far as the character of this article admits, of the Baron’s own terse and lucid statements.

1stly. The natural direction of the trade of Western China (by which is here meant Ssu-ch’uan) is eastward down the Yang-tse; nor can it be made to go westward or southward across the barrier, excepting perhaps a small portion of it; and that only if a railroad were made from Eastern Ssu-ch’uan to Burmah. But such a railroad cannot be made, because the obstacles are too formidable, and the prospective profits not commensurate with the expenses.

2ndly. The general trade of China being therefore excluded from further consideration, the attraction of the commerce of Yunnan alone remains as the true object of the attempts to find a direct trade-road from the West or South into South-Western China. The problem is therefore reduced to the question, Which of the projected routes will be best adapted for the supply of Yunnan.

3rdly. The Song-koi (Tonquinese) river affords the only navigable water-route connecting Yunnan directly with the sea. Its port is Hanoi, at some little distance up the river; just as Bangkok is in regard of the Meinam river and Siam.

4thly. The mart of Mang-hau, which is the head wharf of the Song-koi river navigation within the province of Yunnan, is of much shorter and easier access from the most productive and populous district of that region, than the mart of Bhamo on the Irawaddy, and others situated, as they all are, Mang-hau alone excepted, without the province.

5thly. Mang-hau is the only place which, competition on  
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equal terms being supposed, is capable of supplying the main portion of Yunnan, or of taking up its chief products for exportation.

Lastly; the import trade of Yunnan may reasonably be calculated on the basis of the supply of from four to six millions of inhabitants with clothing, and other requisites of town or village life and labour. The export trade will follow the Song-koi route, and will principally consist of metals, tea, and opium.

To the above conclusions, which we have given, with some abbreviation, very nearly in the form and order they hold in the Baron's own paper, are added some valuable remarks on the subsidiary trade already existing, though undeveloped as yet, with the Tonquin district, Annam, and the North Laos or Shan country, all of which will contribute their quotas of traffic to the Song-koi route. The subject is appropriately wound up by a notice of the proposition, advanced as early as 1873 by the Saigon Chamber of Commerce, namely, that a French occupation of Tonquin is the necessary corollary of the establishment of France in Cochin China: a proposition on which France herself appears now fully determined to act, whatever the consequences, not so much in disregard of, as in direct rivalry with, or, to phrase it more plainly and truly, hostility to British interests in that quarter of the world;—a serious consideration for the guardians of those interests, more easily imperilled by false friends than by avowed foes.

But before we pass on to the examination of the manner and degree in which our trading interests in the Indo-Chinese peninsula and Southern China, and perhaps along the entire Chinese coast, are or may be compromised by events at Hanoi, and what measures may best anticipate or remove the danger, we will endeavour to extract some supplementary information regarding the countries in question from the third work on our list, namely, the 'Narrative of a Journey of Exploration through the South China Border Lands from Canton to Mandalay,' undertaken by the civil engineer, Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, only a year and a half ago.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Colquhoun's published work, in its actual form, has little either in style or method to recommend it for general perusal. Written, as its author himself informs us, from day to day during the course of the journey, and never digested by subsequent care into an intelligently consecutive, much less a comprehensive report, of what was seen or learnt, the narrative is confused and indistinct in the extreme.

More than half of it, too, is taken up with the setting forth of the personal arrangements, comforts, disquietudes, squabbles, and so forth, of the author and of his European companion, Mr. C. Wahab, or of his Chinese attendants; not to mention a tedious repetition of stock platitudes about Chinese 'ignorance,' 'insensibility,' 'insincerity,' 'mendacity,' 'formality,' &c. &c., the real or imagined faults or deficiencies of officials, civil or military, the superior dignity and virtue of non-Chinese and semi-savage tribes—a favourite theme this with sensational writers, especially shallow ones,—the future enlightenment of China by missionaries, Americans, railroads; and so on. We object, too, to the slang and misleading headings affixed to the chapters, and in particular to the clap-trap and absurd title of the work itself. 'Across Chrysê' would mean, rendered into English, 'Across Golden—' substantive unknown, neither more nor less; 'Chersonese' was perhaps the word intended to agree with the adjective 'Golden,' but omitted, for whatever reason, by Mr. Colquhoun. As the title actually stands, it is sheer nonsense. The illustrations, too, liberally enough supplied, are, if sometimes amusing, mostly inaccurate and devoid of purpose: they add nothing, or next to nothing, to scientific knowledge, and may at best take rank with those of the 'Graphic' and similar popular periodicals. Generally speaking, the view taken of foreign governments and administrations, of foreign soldiers or officials, of foreign populations, types, manners and customs (the Chinese especially) is, from the narrowness of its range and the coarse vulgarity of its delineation, erroneous in the extreme, and represents much more what is, we regret to say, the too frequent attitude of the ill-educated or uneducated colonial mind, than what one would desire and expect from an instructed and intelligent British explorer. Lastly, the want of tabulated times, distances and altitudes, of barometrical and other meteorological records, and of accurate maps and plans, is greatly against the utility of the publication. Still, after all these drawbacks, it contains some facts and observations worth notice, and these we will now endeavour to put in the most commodious form possible before our readers.

Mr. Colquhoun's journey may be considered as dividing itself into three distinct parts. The first, performed in a well-furnished Chinese barge, having a water-draught of about twenty inches, brought him and his party from Canton, their starting-point, up the Si-kiang river, to the town of Pah-shik or Pe-sê, on the south-eastern frontier of Yunnan, a distance of about 600 miles by water, across part of the Kwang-tung, and the

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the entire length of the Kwang-si, provinces; not far north of the Tonquinese frontier. The second part of the journey was mostly by land, traversing the south-eastern corner of Yunnan, and crossing the watershed between the upper affluents of the Si-kiang and those of the Song-koi or Tonquinese river; whence the track led into the great valley of the upper Mekong, hereabouts called the Kulung or Cambodian river, till it touched the south-central Yunnan frontier, at the town of Ssu-mao, on the border of the Shan (or Laos) country, not far from the important mart of Kiang-hung, on the Mekong. The distance from Pe-sê to Ssu-mao appears, so far as we can calculate from Mr. Colquhoun's somewhat vague statements, to have been about 400 miles, or a trifle over. From Ssu-mao it had been Mr. Colquhoun's intention to cross over the Laos country at Kiang-hung, thence making his way south-west to Chang-mai, and so on to Maulmein; but this he was unfortunately prevented from doing by a misunderstanding with his Chinese attendants: so he turned north, and made his way up the valley of the Papien river, a tributary of the Mekong, to Tali-fu; a journey of a hundred miles nearly. From Tali south-west to Bhamo, and so on to Mandalay, the fourth section of Mr. Colquhoun's journey, his route coincided with that of Margary, Baber, and others, and, having already been fully investigated and described, calls for no further remark.

The first and longest stretch of Mr. Colquhoun's route was the barge-journey up the Si-kiang river from Canton through the Kwang-si province, the recent birthplace, it will not be forgotten, of the terrible Taiping revolt, and still, as indeed it has been for centuries past, the haunt of numerous half-savage aboriginal tribes, much given to brigandage and foray-making among themselves, and not rarely on their wealthier and more peaceable Chinese neighbours. Traces of the desolation wrought by the Taiping war appeared everywhere, though it is evident, from Mr. Colquhoun's narrative, that civilization and order are rapidly recovering lost ground, at least along the main lines of trade. The country is fertile, especially along the south or right bank of the Si-kiang. High mountain ranges, tenanted by the wildest of the barbarous tribes above mentioned, cut it off effectually from the Yang-tse basin; but to the south numerous water-courses lead to the very borders of Tonquin, between which and the Si-kiang region communication is easy and regular; the intervening hill ranges presenting no serious difficulty. This is a matter of importance, because indicating the alternative character of the Canton and Hanoi trade outlets, one of which might at any

time fairly do duty for the other, if necessary, as Baron Richthoven had, we have seen, observed already. A third outlet, also in easy intercourse with the upper Si-kiang valley, is the recently opened port of Pak-hoi. During the whole of this part of his journey, Mr. Colquhoun seems to have met with great civility and even hospitality from the Chinese officials by the way; nor, though occasionally inconvenienced by the curiosity of street-crowds, was he ever seriously molested. The general tendency of the Chino-Tonquinese border land is clearly to industry and order; a tendency which increased traffic and intercourse cannot fail, if undisturbed by war and aggression from without, to render paramount before long.

The second part of Mr. Colquhoun's journey from Pe-sê, a frontier mart of some importance, onwards, lay across the narrow strip of high land that separates the Si-kiang from the Song-koi or Red River basin, within Yunnan itself. The route seems to have offered no serious difficulty; and the country traversed was, allowance being made for the recent injuries of the Mahometan insurrection, populous and well cultivated. The highest road altitude noted by our traveller did not reach 6000 feet above the sea-level. After an easy march of about a hundred miles, the party reached Kai-hua, a large and busy town situated in a wide valley on the river Tsin-ho, itself an affluent of the Song-koi, which it joins a little above Hanoi in Tonquin. This valley, leading right up to Central Yunnan, is thus in immediate communication with the Song-koi waterway, the same decided on by Baron Richthoven as affording the nearest and best route from Yunnan to the sea, *viâ* Hanoi. Mr. Colquhoun's statements as to the ease of the way, the friendly dispositions of the inhabitants—here mostly of Laos race,—the fertility of the country, and the existing, though as yet scantily developed trade, confirm, so far as they go, the Baron's views: besides pointing to Mang-hau, or, as the word is written by Mr. Colquhoun, Man-hao, as the centre and emporium of the traffic in tea and metals. Yet the Si-kiang route, though much more circuitous, enjoys at present a decided advantage over the Red River; because, while the former terminates in the secure and commodious port of Canton, the latter conducts to a sea-exit now infested alike by pirates and French gunboats, and where not only is no facility offered, but every hindrance placed in the way. Were Hanoi a free port, as under Chinese suzerainty it might readily become, it would soon out-rival Canton for inland trade; and no happier solution in the interests of European trade could be found of the existing Tonquinese difficulty, than the incorporation, absolute and complete,

plete, of Tonquinese Annam into the Celestial Empire, under the condition of rendering Hanoi a Treaty Port and Settlement open to all. Left to the feeble and French-ridden Government of Annam, the hills and river-meshes of the lower Song-koi region may long remain a nest of brigands and pirates, whatever their flag, Yellow, Black or Tricolor; while, under French jealousy and exclusiveness, Hanoi will be of little use, even to its possessors; of none, or next to none, to us or to Europe in general.

Continuing on his westerly way, but still within the limits of Yunnan, Mr. Colquhoun traversed about 150 miles (as nearly as we can calculate) of the comparatively low, and, in some places, marshy plateau that forms the Song-koi basin, till he arrived at the large and well-situated town of Yuan-kiang, situated on the main stream of the Red River, here about a hundred yards broad, but no longer navigable; Yuan-kiang being at least eighty miles above Mang-hau, where the waterway to Hanoi commences. From Yuan-kiang, an emporium of metals, tea, opium, and cotton, brought from the Shan country on the south, the great valley runs straight up to Yunnan-fu. Mr. Colquhoun's route now led him south-west, across a ridge 5000 feet high, to the town of Talan, in the Mekong valley, and thence, traversing an iron suspension bridge 264 feet in span, constructed over a tributary of the Mekong, he reached Puerh, the town which gives its name to the great tea-growing district in Southern Yunnan. All this district had suffered much in the Mahometan rebellion, and seemed to be only slowly recovering. Another stage brought our travellers to Ssu-mao, close to the Shan frontier, and separated from the main stream of the Mekong itself only by low hills.

The travellers had now reached the verge of that wide but little explored region, marked on most maps as 'Independent Shan States'; sometimes, however, included, though inaccurately, in 'Independent Burmah'; sometimes, and with a better claim, in Siam; sometimes again, though chiefly on French charts, annexed to Annam. The fact is, that the land belongs to all of these, or to none. It is a region of wooded hills, marshy valleys, vast forests, and comparatively few inhabitants; these last being mostly either Laos, half barbarous, but with an inherent tendency to organization and rule, or Karyens, mere savages, incapable of advance beyond the most rudimentary tribal arrangements. Roving from valley to valley, from forest to forest, the Karyens retain much of the independence proper to wild animals, whether human or other; while the Lao clans give a fitful allegiance, now to the autocrat of Mandalay,  
now

now to the Ruler of Bangkok, now to one or other of their own kind, as the exigencies of the time may determine. This 'no man's land,' to give it the name that best befits it, is bounded to the north by Yunnan, to the east by Annam, to the west by Burmah and Siam, to the south by Siam alone; it is traversed from north to south by the full-streamed but rocky-bedded and unnavigable Mekong, and, further west, by the Salween: the climate is damp, and in many places unhealthy.

Already clear of the loftier ranges of Yunnan, which from this latitude southwards merge rapidly into mere wood-clad hills and easy undulations of river-furrowed plains, Mr. Colquhoun now proposed to continue his journey south to Kiang-hung, the nearest town, or village rather, of importance in the Shan country; whence an easy track, the same frequented by Siamese, Laos, or Chinese pedlars from the south, but as yet untravellered by any known European, would have brought him in twenty or twenty-five days' march to Changmai, the Zimmé of the Burmese, and whence an easy and frequented path, easily accomplished in a fortnight, conducts to Maulmein. Had he carried out this plan, he would have completed once for all the solution of the long-vexed problem which forms the principal topic of this article, and something more—the problem of how to secure to British enterprise its fair share of the trade, not of Western China nor even of Yunnan merely, but of the Laos country and the North Indo-Chinese peninsula as a whole. For all these, closely connected and interwoven as they already are, must ultimately centre in one great trade route, and terminate in more than one port it may be, but in one commercial system only. Accurately and definitely to trace and establish that trade-route beyond dispute, and in so doing to determine its terminal ports—a little more, and it would have been accomplished. Unfortunately, Mr. Colquhoun missed it. A personal misunderstanding arose between him and his Chinese interpreter, who in consequence, it would seem, declined to conduct him through the Laos States; and our traveller, feeling unequal to undertaking the route alone, and being worsted in the dispute, had to yield and give up his original and well-imagined project when already on the very margin of the Mekong valley, and almost in sight of Kiang-hung, the scene of Lieutenant Garnier's success not many years before. Nothing now remained but to turn off at right angles to Tali, the nearest point in Yunnan on the often-traversed and well-explored route by Teng-yueh and Bhamo to Mandalay and Rangoon. As, however, the track leading up from Puerh to Tali had not yet been followed, or at any rate described, by any European, we have to thank Mr.

Colquhoun



Colquhoun for information given regarding an important line of communication between Southern and Central Yunnan. This portion of our traveller's itinerary does not, however, require recapitulation in the present review, any more than the remainder of Mr. Colquhoun's route from Tali to Mandalay; a route already sufficiently described in Mr. Baber's narrative.

But before finally parting from Mr. Colquhoun we may as well briefly sum up in distinct form the information sparsely given in his rambling narrative. Thus, for instance, amid many surmises, they are no more, of intended deceit or mischief on the part of the Chinese, much vague calling of ill names, and all the evil-speaking of unauthenticated gossip, we learn from the facts themselves, that the conduct of the Chinese officials, civil or military, throughout Yunnan, was, in his regard, uniformly courteous, often hospitable and friendly, occasionally helpful; that from the inhabitants in general, Chinese or other, he met with nothing which could properly be termed annoyance or incivility, but with much that was quite the reverse; that public order and security are on the whole fairly well maintained throughout the province, that the rivers and torrents are almost everywhere bridged, and the tracks kept, if not in perfect order, at least open to traffic; that the country at large is recovering, more or less rapidly, from the ravages of civil war and pestilence; that the fields only await an increase in the number of cultivators, the mines of workmen, and both of improved means of transport, to render Yunnan one of the richest, if not absolutely the richest, province in the Celestial Empire. So too, in spite of an evident predetermination to depreciate Eastern and Central in comparison with Western Yunnan, and to detract from the significance of the Song-koi and Tonquin route in favour of that by Burmah, every fact stated goes to prove exactly the opposite of these conclusions, and to confirm whatever Mr. Baber indicates or Baron Richthoven avers, to the very letter. No Balaam ever mounted Pisgah to curse, and in lieu 'blessed altogether,' more pointedly than Mr. Colquhoun has done in regard of East Yunnan and the Song-koi from his literary height.

After a general survey of Yunnan and its resources, differing in no important particular from what we have already gathered from Mr. Baber and Baron Richthoven, Mr. Colquhoun very rightly subjoins a summary statement of the trade-resources, actual or potential, of the Shan or Laos districts; not omitting Siam, which, in its upper provinces at least, clearly belongs to the same topographical and commercial system. He next cites, *in extenso*, a report made by the Chief Commissioner of British  
Burmah

Burmah in 1873, regarding 'projects to reach the Western Provinces of China through Burmah,' in which the importance of Changmai and Kiang-hung as points of transit is fully shown, and the advantages of such a line are indicated. With this view Mr. Colquhoun, who is evidently well acquainted with the topographical conditions of British Burmah, very sensibly concurs; adding several details, unnecessary to recapitulate here, from which it appears that the westerly sea-terminus of the route should be established at Maulmein in preference to any other port on the Burmese coast. His only error consists in maintaining his foregone and, in our opinion, untenable conclusion, that it is solely with Western Yunnan that the Burmese transit is concerned; and that Central and Eastern Yunnan are to be neglected in the scheme, because unconnected with the western section of the province, and unimportant in themselves; to all which he adds the corollary of handing them over as such, together with the Song-koi or 'Red-River' route, to French enterprise: a bargain which, we imagine, our Saigon friends would be willing enough to strike. For of all facts demonstrated or illustrated by Mr. Colquhoun's own expedition, none are clearer than the following. Firstly, that the province of Yunnan, with its trade, constitutes an integral unit, no one part of which can be considered as really sundered from the other in regard of products or traffic. Secondly, that the most important, because the most productive, districts of Yunnan, are those situated within the obtuse angle formed by the Yang-tse and the Mekong rivers, that is, in the centre, east, and south-east; a region including by far the greater part of the province, and containing the principal tea-growing and metalliferous districts. Thirdly, that of all this region the natural and most commodious outlet is by the Song-koi or Red-River route. And fourthly, which is the inevitable corollary of the three preceding propositions, that whoever is master—for purposes of trade, be it understood—of the Song-koi route, is master of the entire Yunnan trade also.

Now it is curious that Mr. Colquhoun should have failed to observe what we will now point out, namely, the advantages in this direction to be obtained by the very route which he is advocating on more restricted and, it cannot be doubted, insufficient grounds. That route, if once conducted, as without any serious difficulty it might be, from Maulmein to Kiang-hung, would thence cross the Chino-Shan frontier to Ssu-mao, the point reached from the other side by Mr. Colquhoun, a distance of eighty miles at most; and thence, instead of following the comparatively unimportant side-route up the Papien valley to

Tali

Tali (available indeed as a succursal but useless as a main line), would continue for some seventy or eighty miles north-east, by an upland cross-road, already reported on by Mr. Colquhoun as easy and preferable to any other, to the town of Yuan-kiang, on the main stream of the Song-koi; whence the road lies open either north to the capital, Yunnan-fu, or south to the wharves of Manhao, and thence to the Gulf of Tonquin.

Let us here pause a little to consider the districts traversed, and the advantages to be gathered by such a route. Between Maulmein and Changmai (or Zimmé), a distance of about one hundred and sixty miles, only one hill-chain, that on the east of the Salween river, and here not exceeding 3000 feet in height, has to be traversed. At Changmai the entire commerce, even now far from inconsiderable, of North Siam, from Rahang upwards, will be at once taken up and absorbed into the traffic. From Changmai to Kiang-hung no mountain system intervenes; the distance may be roughly estimated at two hundred and forty miles; and the way, though as yet untravellered by European exploration, is in daily use by native caravans and pedlars to and fro between Yunnan and Changmai; whence we may safely infer that no serious obstacle is to be apprehended here. This section of the route will, by branch tracks, collect the traffic of the important districts of I-bang and Luang-phra-bang; the former 'independent,' but claimed by Annam, or at any rate by France; the latter belonging to the kingdom of Siam, of which it is said to have been in remote ages the capital: both regions abounding in valuable produce, especially tea and timber; and whose prosperity, now stunted by the want of sufficient communication, would soon, under a better condition of things, pour in a copious supply of traffic to the great main route. Meanwhile the Salween and Mekong valleys, both of which the route will cross at their lower level, will invite to easy access and egress the entire traffic of Yunnan itself, from Tali westward; that of Central and Eastern Yunnan being already, as we have seen, assured from Ssu-mao onwards. Siam, the Laos provinces, tributary or independent, Yunnan, and ultimately Tonquin, will be thus brought into the closest and most profitable connection with Burmah; all on one line, and that at once the easiest and the shortest possible across the peninsula. Last, but not least, a direct and expeditious line for goods-transit will thus be provided from the Gulf of Tonquin to that of Bengal, to the great facilitation of the Indo-Chinese trade, at present restricted, whatever the nature of the articles conveyed or the circumstances of their transmission, to the lengthy circumnavigation of the entire Indo-Chinese peninsula. But, for this last result to have the fulness of its beneficial effect,

effect, it is clearly indispensable that Hanoi shall be not less free to European trade than Shanghai and Canton are at present; a condition incompatible with the pretensions of those who would, under the title of a protectorate, or by whatever other name they may thinly veil the greed of annexation, block up the entrances of Tonquin with the narrow and monopolizing exclusiveness of French colonial policy. Let Tonquin be a Chinese province, and Hanoi a Chinese treaty-port; and the golden stream will flow soon and abundantly by the route we have now traced: not otherwise.

This then is the answer to the riddle of the Sphinx of the Far East; this the true solution of the Indo-Chinese Overland Route problem; by this the long-sought goal will be attained, the highest benefits conferred, not on Burmah and Yunnan only, but on India and China, on Siam, the Shan country and Tonquin, on British and European enterprise, throughout the China Sea and the Indian Ocean alike; the vision of Marco Polo and his gallant successors realized.

Whether the beginning of the great work should be by the construction of a railway, or of a carriage route, is a question for local experts, to be determined by them on special and economic considerations, into which neither time, nor the character of this article, permits us to enter. Enough for the present the general certainty, founded on the soundest evidence and knowledge, that no difficulty exceeding the average, either from ground or climate, mountain or river, interposes itself between Maulmein, Changmai, Kiang-kung, and the Yunnanese frontier at Ssu-mao; and that no expense above the average need be anticipated in the construction of either railway or carriage-way along that route. We should ourselves, from what information we have been able to collect regarding this matter, incline to the laying down of a railroad without delay, as far as Changmai (Zimmé) at least, as a safe and profitable investment, even apart from the probabilities of further extension; though, indeed, the latter could hardly fail to follow at a near date on the movement of traffic which would be at once created by the setting up of a railway terminus at Changmai.

It is also a matter of some importance rightly to understand the character of the Shan or Laos tribes, through whose territory, from Changmai onwards to Ssu-mao, the route would pass; the more so that they are near kinsmen of the bulk of the indigenous population throughout Yunnan; kinsmen, too, of their Siamese, and, though somewhat more remotely, of their Burmese neighbours; nor wholly alien from the Annamites and Tonquinese. Nor should we omit to take into consideration a curious 'survival'

vival' yet to be found scattered throughout the entire Indo-Chinese peninsula, and not unfrequent in the forest-girdled recesses of the very districts through which our proposed trade-route has to pass, of an older race or races than the Laos, and of lower intellectual type, corresponding partly to the Dravidian types of central and southern Hindoostan, partly to the Veddas of Ceylon or the Negritos of the Philippines; occasionally well-formed, and handsome in feature, more often the reverse; but always, so long as they remain unmixed in blood with the Shan tribes around them, insusceptible of improvement or progress. Their habits are essentially migratory, and every attempt to bring them to a more settled mode of life, or to establish them in fixed villages or communities, has thus far proved a failure. These are the Karyens of the South, the Kachyens of the North, and it would seem, when at their best, the Lolos of Ssu-ch'uan; these last having, whether from advantages of climate or other causes, maintained a better type, and escaped the savage degradation into which most of their southerly kinsmen have long since sunk. The Lao or Shan race, on the contrary, though far from belonging to what are sometimes called the 'nobler types' of the human family, tend naturally and of themselves to order and fixity of condition. But intermarriage, by no means unfrequent, between them and the Karyens, has given rise to a medley of clans or septs, holding an intermediate position between the savagery of the one parentage and the better qualities of the other.

Mr. Colquhoun, in common with superficial observers, is fond of dilating on the 'innate nobility,' 'independent bearing,' 'freedom,' 'simplicity,' and so forth, of the savage or semi-savage tribes whom he chances to come across in his travels; and he contrasts these supposed qualities with what he loves to call the 'tiresome ceremoniousness,' 'affected courtesy,' 'prudery,' 'cringing duplicity,' and the rest, of the Chinese population. To every man his choice; and Mr. Colquhoun has many to countenance him in his. But, putting sentiment and fancy aside, it is well to bear in mind that trade, to be worth the maintaining, presupposes a certain degree of order, security, organization, and some habits, or at least instincts, of stability and co-operation, in the regions and among the inhabitants of the land where it is to be carried on. Now, in proportion as the Kachyen and even the Shan tribes (the pure-blood Lao only excepted) are independent and uncontrolled from without, in the same proportion are they deficient in the desirable qualities just enumerated. Yunnan is not exactly a paradise of good administration or orderly life; yet no one can take up  
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any description of the country—Mr. Baber's, Baron Richthoven's, or even Mr. Colquhoun's—without perceiving how thoroughly the Chinese administration is the only effective guarantee of anything like order, security, and organization, amidst the chaos of tribes and clans throughout the province; the only trustworthy basis and ground-plan of steady labour, co-operation, and commerce, among these possibly high-spirited and noble-minded, but, when left to themselves, certainly very unproductive and unprogressive aborigines.

All this deserves closer and more serious attention than, we have reason to believe, has hitherto been bestowed upon it. So far as our proposed trade-route traverses or is concerned with the well-governed lands of British Burmah, the more imperfect yet real and effective Chinese rule of Yunnan, and even the slovenly but to a certain extent organized dominionship, direct or indirect, of Siam, there is much to hope, to expect even, from the inhabitants and their action in regard of traffic and transit; little or nothing, generally speaking, to apprehend. But we cannot promise as much for the 'Independent Shan States,' nor, as matters now stand, for Annamite Tonquin. Highway robberies, brigandage, and blackmail on the land-route, piracy and violence on the river-ways, are not so much possibilities as probabilities, certainties even, of the future traffic-line; and we should soon learn, if we did not know it before, to our cost, that carriage-roads and railroads are of little profit when they traverse some hundreds of miles among savages, or tribes not far from savage, too short-sighted to look on the tradesman and his wares, the wain or the baggage-train, as other than convenient objects of present plunder. Engagements would of course be entered on, and perhaps even formal treaties drawn up; but amid the clashing of ever-quarrelling tribes the treaties would soon be effaced; and an engagement with the sea to remain calm throughout an entire winter would have a better chance of being observed, than one made for a month with the ever-fluctuating, passion-swept eddies of savage clans. Wrongs, reprisals, losses, claims for compensation, violence, coercion, and whatever disruption else follows, when the new wine of civilization is suddenly poured into the old skins of savagery, would necessarily follow; and the route-makers would find themselves engaged in the unsatisfactory task, not of profiting by traffic and industry, but of protecting them. All this holds good for the 'Independent Shan States' through whose territory the new trade-route, the only one practicable for us, must unavoidably pass.

How, then, can these difficulties best be obviated? We put at  
once

once and utterly aside for ourselves any scheme involving 'protection,' or whatever other form of territorial annexation, as a measure not only of questionable justice, but also, in this part of the world at least, of certain unwisdom. It is true that our French friends on the eastern side of the peninsula take a different view, and are ready, nay, have already more than once declared their intention, of taking under their care the entire Shan country situated east of the Mekong; though how far the Siamese and Annamite governments, both of which have claims, if not rights, in that quarter, are disposed to acquiesce in this summary arrangement, we have yet to learn. But—and it is with this alone we are at present concerned—this procedure of the Saigoneses could not be otherwise than most unfavourable to British interests; and should any one ask 'how?' or 'why?' we refer him to the annals of French colonial settlements throughout the globe, from Algiers to New Caledonia, for an answer. Anyway, the extension of French dominion in the upper part of the Indo-Chinese Peninsula would be, whatever its merits in other respects, the death-blow to every reasonable hope of increased British commerce in Yunnan, Western China, and the 'independent Shan States,' all in one.

Whether indeed France—being what she now is—be in a condition to carry out the design, openly though not as yet officially avowed, of founding in Eastern Asia, with Saigon for her starting-point, an empire which may rival and ultimately eclipse British dominion in India, is a question from which we the more readily turn aside, that it hardly seems to us one practically requiring an answer. France, whether Monarchical, Imperial, or Republican, has all along from time to time manifested such ideas, and will doubtless continue to amuse herself and disquiet others with them for centuries to come. But it is worth noting, in regard of the topic now immediately before us, that, even by French admission (we are writing with the war-inciting ultra-Chauvinist octavo of M. Romanet du Caillard, '*Histoire de l'Intervention française au Tong King*,' published in 1880, open on our desk) Tonquin, the birthplace and cradle of the Annamite nationality, was from the earliest historical epoch, sometimes a vassal of the Chinese Empire, sometimes absolutely incorporated with it, till the year A.D. 1427, when a successful insurrection, headed by one Tehoi, gave the province 'self-government,' though under Chinese suzerainty; the ruler of Annam receiving investiture from Peking, and paying tribute and homage at settled and recurrent intervals of time. The reigning dynasty, founded on the ruins of a more ancient one, obtained the formal recognition of Peking, A.D. 1804; nor has anything



anything since occurred to derogate from the *de jure* suzerainty of China over Annam, of which, it should constantly be borne in mind, Tonquin, so called from the subordinate district of Tu'en-kwang, is merely the northern part, and, except in French nomenclature and for French purposes, no way distinguished from the remaining provinces of the kingdom.

We pass over, as foreign to our immediate purpose, the unceasing and vexatious interference, now by open force, now thinly veiled in diplomatic forms, or disguised as commercial, scientific, or even—strange anomaly!—religious enterprise, by means of which France has first created, then prosecuted, her 'claims' over Annam, North or South, claims now extended up to, if not across, the absolute frontier of the Celestial Empire. Nor need we be detained by the irregular and long since cancelled Treaty of 1787 between the ill-fated Louis XVI. and a subordinate and unauthorized Annamite chief of the time; nor will we now repeat the well-known tale of the conquest of the Saigon provinces, effected with Spanish assistance in 1862,—an assistance to which the incidents of the last fortnight have given a strange and almost ludicrous aspect.

How, dissatisfied with Saigon, the French Administration cast an eye of concupiscence on the far more important and profitable region of Tonquin; how every trouble, every disorder, every revolt in that region has been, for the last twenty years, actively fomented, and even occasionally subsidized, by Saigon; how the arrival (1865-72) of the Taiping refugees within the Annamite frontier, and the consequent establishment, at least in French reports, on the Tonquinese waters of piratical bands, not less terrible, we are willing to believe, than the Kroumirs of Tunisian celebrity, at last supplied France with the desired handle for the direct invasion of Tonquin,—all these things may be read and studied in many contemporary records, but in none more profitably than in the well-filled pages of M. Romanet du Caillard himself.

Nor are the immediate results of French aggression, as lately illustrated at Canton and elsewhere, of a nature either to deter the aggressors, or to conciliate the European bystanders, or rather the too probable scapegoats of French injustice and Chinese reprisals. Let all this, however, for the moment, stand by. Our task in this article is simply to determine, so far as possible, the best and easiest trade route for European commerce in connection with Southern China and the Shan States, and, this done, to indicate the measures most adapted to facilitate British enterprise in that direction and to avert possible or probable inconveniences and dangers from the route and its traffic.

Nor

Nor are these measures far to seek. What we want for the protection of transport, and the encouragement of trade and industry in the Shan States through which the proposed route must, in its greatest extent, necessarily pass, is first and chiefest the guarantee which independent, that is unsettled, Laos and Karyen tribes cannot furnish, but which a 'responsible' government can and will. Now the Shan districts have all belonged, at some time or other *de facto*, and still belong *de jure*, to some such government, or governments, for there are three in the present instance to meet our purpose. First, the Siamese, which, before its terrible overthrow and spoliation by the great Burmese inroad of last century, claimed, and in a rough way exercised, suzerainty over all the Laos or Shan districts west of the Mekong, up to the frontier of what is now 'Independent Burmah,' and Yunnan. Let this claim be revived and enforced in act, as indeed it has already been for the districts of Changmai. Siam is, and, we may safely anticipate, will always remain, a friendly State; and its administration, if far from perfect, has yet in it some principles of organization, recognizes, even if it does not always act up to, the obligations of law, and admits the force of treaties, and the courtesies of international usage. With the Siamese Government, accordingly, compacts, agreements, police organizations, and whatever else may be necessary to the security and development of trade, are possible; and, were the Siamese suzerainty restored, as with our countenance it easily might be, up to the borders of Yunnan and Burmah, the route from Maulmein to Kiang-hung might be considered assured against all serious inconvenience or interruption from those amongst whom it has to pass.

By a similar process, based on similar grounds of history or policy, and with equal justification, the Lao States east of the Meinam might, with the exception of a narrow slip claimed, and we believe rightly, by Siam, be placed, or replaced, under the suzerainty of Annam or, to adopt a yet safer course, Tonquin. But it is in the recognition and enforcement of Chinese suzerainty, and the introduction, so far as possible, of Chinese administration and rule into Annam itself, or rather into that northern region of it to which Europeans have agreed to give the name of Tonquin, that the hopes of the British merchant and capitalist can alone find their satisfactory guarantee.

It is no intention of ours to claim for Chinese administration higher merits than it really possesses; the Celestial Empire is no Utopia, nor are its officials always immaculate, nor are Chinese laws always wise, nor is Chinese justice always above suspicion. But China is counted, and deservedly counted, within

within the great confederacy of civilized and law-abiding nations, which acknowledge the existence of national rights, those of others as well as their own, and abide by them. Nor is she ignorant nor unregardful of international law, courtesy, and respect. In a word, she is a 'responsible' Power; one with whom engagements can be made, and, having been made, kept. Let then her claim—her right, rather—to suzerainty over Tonquin, if not perhaps over Annam as a whole, be not merely recognized, but, if possible, enforced; let her authority be the sole one, paramount in fact as well as in title throughout Tonquin, inland and sea-board, including the entire delta of the Song-koi, and on the corresponding coast; let her, to this effect, have whatever encouragement and support our own policy allows us to give. But let all this be on two essential conditions: the first, that Hanoi be constituted a Treaty Port, on the same terms as the other Treaty Ports, Shanghai, Amoy, and the rest of them along the Chinese coast; the second, that freedom of navigation and traffic be ensured to Anglo-German enterprise—we would have said European, but, in matter of fact, the words are synonymous in affairs of this nature in the Far East—on the Song-koi river, and for the entire route through Yunnan to the Shan frontier at Ssu-mao.

We advance this in no selfish spirit; happy as we are to see the French flag, or any other, side by side with our own in the peaceful competition of industry and commerce. But against the presence of the French flag in Tonquin and on the Songkoi river as the symbol of 'protection,' or, in plain English, annexation, we decidedly and absolutely protest; because it is and would be the symbol of exclusion for any other. We say it with regret; but there are truths which, however painful, had best be plainly stated and clearly understood. The attitude assumed towards us by France, especially of late years, in every foreign land, on every sea, wherever trade and enterprise are concerned, has been, in spite of the most amazing manifestations of forbearance, of concession, of positive sacrifice even on our side, utterly incompatible, not merely with friendship and co-operation, but even with common courtesy or right. Antagonism to British interests, hostility to British enterprise, discourtesy, not to say brutality, to British individuals, have been the watchwords of her representatives, her officials, her foreign policy, her colonial action. We may condone, we cannot ignore it. A French occupation of Tonquin means Tonquin, Yunnan, the Shan States, whatever else has been the subject of our present enquiry, lost to British interests, to British commerce, to Burmah, to India, to England, to Europe and the world.

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With a Chinese administration in Tonquin, and a Chinese Treaty Port at Hanoi, the case would be widely different. The guarantees thus supplied of needful security, the means of organizing labour, the encouragement of industry and manufacture, however imperfect, would yet be substantial and real; and even Chinese exclusiveness, prompted by old tradition and timid jealousy of foreigners, would soon yield, as the experience of late years has amply shown elsewhere, to community of interests, and the partnership of advantages to follow. Hitherto the 'Independent Shan States' and the Tonquinese region have alike wanted the organizing rule, the master power, that alone could give them the order and coherence indispensable to advantageous intercourse and traffic with the European world. We, on our side, could not of our own immediate hand confer on them these things, however beneficial in ultimate result, without preliminary measures of a character unsuited alike to our policy and our true interests in Eastern Asia. But China, in her measure and after her fashion, can; and in so doing may render possible, for ourselves and Europe, the completion of that which she herself alone cannot effect. Alone among Asiatic powers she offers a sure and steady hold to Western co-operation; not indeed on the narrow basis of national rivalry and exclusive monopoly, nor on the shifting and uncertain one of spurious imitation and revolutionary subversion, but on that of an administrative system stable with the stability of ages, of independent dignity, of concession on fair terms, of courteous reserve opposed to the precipitate over-eagerness '*che l'onestade ad ogni atto dismaga.*' Nor are these things to be easily abandoned to the chances of French levity, or sacrificed to the recklessness of Saigon intriguers and the caprices of Parisian politicians. It may not be amiss to bear all this in mind when we endeavour to realize to ourselves, as we ought, not merely the geographical conditions, however important, but the scarcely less essential social and political adjuncts of the great project now, we trust, so near fulfilment—the opening out of the trade of Western China, of Yunnan, and the entire breadth of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, to British energy and British perseverance.

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ART. VII.—*Report of the Commissioners appointed to enquire into the constitution and working of the Ecclesiastical Courts :*

Vol. I. *The Commission—The Report—Minutes of Proceedings—Historical Appendices.*

Vol. II. *Minutes of Evidence, with Abstract and Analytical Subject Index—Replies from Anglican and other Churches as to Ecclesiastical Procedure therein, with Abstracts—Patents of Provincial and Diocesan Officials Principal—Returns as to Rules of Procedure in Diocesan Courts.*

*Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, 1883.*

ON the 7th of March, 1881, Archbishop Tait moved the appointment of a Royal Commission 'to enquire into the constitution and working of the Ecclesiastical Courts as created or modified under the Reformation Statutes of 24 & 25 Henry VIII., and any subsequent Acts.' This step was the climax of one of those exciting episodes in Church affairs, of which the present generation has seen but too many. Three years ago Ritualism enjoyed a sort of grudging toleration. The Public Worship Act had failed to repress irregularities, or even to simplify ecclesiastical procedure. The novel practices had been formally condemned by the Judicial Committee after elaborate argument. With the object of enforcing the law thus ascertained, several suits, some under the Act of 1874, and some under the Church Discipline Act, had been carried to judgment. The offending clergymen had been solemnly monitioned, and monitions having been disregarded, they had been suspended and inhibited. But all to no purpose. Ever since the Gorham Judgment in 1850, the more advanced section of the High Church clergy had at intervals protested against the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as the court of final Ecclesiastical Appeal. The Public Worship Regulation Act, and the modifications which it introduced in church judicature, were even more loudly denounced. There was no secret made as to the object of the new statute, and there could be no doubt as to what the result of its working would be. The Ritualists retaliated by ignoring the Act and its jurisdiction, by declining to appear in Lord Penzance's Court, or to obey the Privy Council Judgments. They adopted an attitude of passive resistance. The Bishops looked on, but did nothing, partly because they did not know what to do, and partly, it may be, because their view of Ritualism had undergone considerable modification

modification since 1874. Thus matters were at a deadlock. This deadlock was mistaken by many for a sign of returning peace. Even so astute an observer of men and things as Archbishop Tait could say in his last charge, delivered in August 1880, 'I am thankful to say that I believe the agitations of the past years are subsiding, and that our Church may now soon be allowed to brace itself with undivided energy to the great conflict of these latter days . . . I trust we are coming, if we have not already come, to the end of our late unhappy divisions within our own Church.' But that this opinion was formed on a miscalculation of the forces at work was quickly shown by the sequel. The men who had spent their money in order that Ritualism might be stamped out were not unnaturally indignant. They had been victorious, their opponents had been monitioned, suspended, inhibited, and condemned in costs, yet the obnoxious practices went on just the same, and the law-breaking clergy were unsilenced and unsubdued. The Church Association decided on a new course. One resource remained untried. The sentences of the Court could be enforced by imprisonment. With the exception of Mr. Tooth, whose confinement was very brief, no one in modern times had been imprisoned for Ritual excess. Now, however, the Church Association determined to make use of the old machinery of *significavit* and writ *de contumace capiendo*. In a few weeks Mr. Dale and Mr. Enraght, and afterwards Mr. Green, were in prison for contumacy.

The inevitable consequence of putting men in prison for adhering to conscientious scruples quickly followed. The character of the Church Association was ruined, and its influence with the Evangelical clergy, its sole supporters, was almost entirely destroyed. On the other hand, public opinion began to look with respect on scruples, of which the sincerity was attested by suffering. Thus, in spite of the unpopularity in most quarters of the new mode of Public Worship, that opposition to the Ecclesiastical Courts which, from circumstances rather than principle, has become a part of the creed of Ritualism, came to be regarded with a certain amount of sympathy. The whole system of Ecclesiastical Courts is to most people an unfathomable mystery. Their origin, their functions, their procedure, are equally obscure, and the only thing which repeated experience has made clear about the Church Judicature is that it will not work. The machinery is either so complicated as to be beyond the manipulation of modern craftsmen, or so rusty and worn out as to be practically useless. With true statesmanlike instinct, Arch-

bishop Tait observed the change in public opinion, and hastened to propose the very expedient which its direction indicated. Let the Ritualists have an opportunity of stating their objections to the Courts. Let 'their constitution and working' be thoroughly sifted and examined. So it came to pass that a Royal Commission was appointed. The Archbishop, it is clear, did not expect any very momentous result from its deliberations. 'He hoped it might be the means of dispelling many misunderstandings.' At least it would postpone a difficult crisis to times which might be more tranquil, and which could hardly be less so. But that he looked for any general condemnation of the present courts, so far as their status is concerned, or any great revolution of preconceived notions, is disproved by his speech in the House of Lords. The present Lord Chancellor in assenting, on behalf of the Government, to the issue of the Commission, gave similar reasons in language even less hopeful. Whatever might be the result of an examination of the objections to the courts themselves, there could be no doubt that their procedure and method of enforcing judgment furnished an ample field for consideration and reform. Speaking generally, the proposal was favourably, though not very enthusiastically, received.

Nearly two years and a half have elapsed since the Commission began its work, under the personal direction of the man who called it into existence. With characteristic energy Archbishop Tait threw himself into a task, for which he was peculiarly fitted by his natural shrewdness, wide experience, and special knowledge of modern ecclesiastical and legal history. Most of the witnesses were examined by him, or in his presence, and he took part in many of the preliminary discussions by which the bases of the Report were determined. For example, the Final Court of Appeal, the most difficult and important of all the matters referred to the Commission, occupied the whole, or nearly the whole, of ten meetings. At the first five of these Archbishop Tait was present. It is well to remember this; for although the Report would certainly have gained in authority, and would probably have been somewhat modified in substance, if the great statesman-prelate of the century had lived long enough to sign it, still the other Commissioners had abundant opportunities of learning what were his views, and to what extent they had been modified by the evidence. The Report, therefore, if it lacks the authority, has not been entirely removed from the influence of the late Archbishop. Of the other Commissioners, it is enough to say that their names are all eminent in one or other of the different subjects, legal, historical and ecclesiastical,



siastical, which enter so largely into the questions at issue. As might be expected, some have taken a much greater share in the work of the Commission than others, but it would be hard to name one whose absence would not in some degree, or from some point of view, have been a loss.

Fifty-six witnesses were examined, about half of whom were clergymen. They may be divided into three classes, (a) the party witnesses, *i.e.* Ritualists or anti-Ritualists, (b) the official witnesses, such as Diocesan Chancellors and Bishops' secretaries, (c) the expert witnesses, *i.e.* historical students and ecclesiastical lawyers. The evidence occupies 400 pages of the second of the two bulky Blue-books in which the Report and its Appendices are contained. Much of this evidence is very valuable and interesting, and even the blundering mistakes and ludicrously extravagant suggestions of some witnesses are instructive, as indicating the extent to which the public mind has yet to be informed, and the insufficiency of not a few of its instructors for their self-imposed task. But without desiring at all to under-rate the importance of the evidence of such a body of witnesses, many of them very learned and able, or, on the other hand, to accuse the Commissioners of any lack of attention to the materials laid before them, we must express a conviction, which grows stronger as the contents of the Blue-books become more familiar, that the evidence has had very little to do with the conclusions arrived at in the Report. The fact is, that the complaints of the Ritualists and the counter-arguments of their opponents were too well known to require much elucidation, while for historical knowledge and research the Commission itself possessed such ample resources as to be independent of external help. And with regard to their recommendations, the Commissioners have used their own judgment rather than that of any of their advisers.

Put shortly, the Commission was asked to say whether the Ecclesiastical Courts *de facto* were or were not Ecclesiastical Courts *de jure*. It had been suggested that they were not, for two reasons: first, because the Courts and their procedure have been largely modified by Acts of Parliament passed during the present century, not one of which was submitted to Convocation or received its sanction; and secondly, that the jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee, as a Court of Final Appeal, is invalid, because it only represents the Crown, to which, it is alleged, the ultimate determination of Ecclesiastical causes cannot, except by usurpation, belong. In a word, modern State-made laws and Crown-made judgments had, it was urged, completely obliterated the Church judicature, and destroyed that balance of Church and

and State, which is sometimes referred to as the Reformation Settlement. Strictly speaking, therefore, the enquiry was simply an historical one, involving, first, a statement of the constitutional position of the Church Courts under the Reformation statutes; secondly, a statement of the constitutional position and the practical working of the present Courts; thirdly, a comparison of the past with the present, in order that their agreement or disagreement might be ascertained, and that any necessary changes, either in constitution or operation, might be made with due regard to historical precedent. But in accordance with established custom, as well as with universal expectation in the present case, the Commissioners have done much more than merely attempt the solution of an historical problem. They have framed a series of recommendations so extensive in their range, that they furnish the basis of a practically new system of Church Judicature, and would involve the repeal of all, or nearly all, the recent statutes.

We propose to consider the historical part of the Report and the Recommendations separately. This plan is suggested by the Commissioners themselves, for they have placed much more than a merely formal division between the part of the Report which discusses the past and that which deals with the future. The first is in substance the work of one man, Canon Stubbs; the second is the work of the Commission. While it is clear from the minutes of the meetings that each Commissioner has, by voice, or vote, or both, exercised an influence on almost every point on which a Recommendation has been made, it is equally evident that the earlier part of the Report, in which, with an authority no individual historian, however eminent, could command, the history of the Ecclesiastical Courts is told, has received nothing like the same attention. We do not know that this is any ground of complaint. The nature of the subject probably rendered it necessary that the Commissioners should delegate this part of their work to a selected few of their number. But an unfortunate consequence is entailed. What has been said as to the relation of the evidence to the findings of the Report applies, though with diminished force, to the historical Preface. The account of the past and the suggestions for the future are to a great extent independent of one another. The impression left on the mind of the reader is that some of the Commissioners who had the most to say about the Recommendations exercised the slightest possible influence on the preparation of the historical preface. Yet not only must any true system of reform be based on a thorough understanding of history, but the statement of history itself has an importance  
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which can hardly be exaggerated. A wrong view taken and accepted now will almost certainly be adopted, if not permanently, yet at any rate for many years to come. The personal authority of some of the Commissioners as historians is so high, and the prestige of a Report of this nature so great, that it will be difficult hereafter to dispute any verdict which the Commission has pronounced and contemporary opinion has endorsed.

The historical part of the Report is, as we have said, mainly the work of Canon Stubbs. The first Appendix consists of 'An Account of the Courts which have exercised Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction in England—(a) Before the Norman Conquest, (b) from the Norman Conquest to the Reformation, (c) from the Reformation to the Year 1832, prepared as materials for the historical section of the Report of the Commissioners.' Into fifty closely-printed pages the writer has condensed a wealth of historical lore sufficient to fill a large volume. In this, and still more in the subsequent Appendices, which give a calendar of the heresy trials prior to 1533, and a collation of the Journals of Parliament, of the Records of Convocation, and of the State papers, so as to show the contemporaneous action of Parliament and Convocation in legislation, we have astonishing examples of the patient discriminating toil with which such an historian as Canon Stubbs collects his facts and draws his inferences. The secret of his success is his thoroughness. An inflexible determination to discover all that can be discovered about his subject, and to report the result truthfully, without fear or favour, distinguishes all his works, and makes them almost independent of criticism. While, therefore, we are compelled to call in question some of the contents of the Historical Appendix, we do so with hesitation. Unfeigned admiration of its author, and profound respect for his opinions, make us slow in forming, and diffident in stating, conclusions antagonistic to any he has arrived at.

The relation which the Appendix No. 1 bears to the first part of the Report, is this. A sub-committee, consisting of Canon Westcott, Canon Stubbs, and Mr. Freeman, was appointed to prepare the historical section of the Report, taking the Appendix as their materials. What they have done is to cut out a good deal of the more intricate portions of Canon Stubbs's essay, to omit his conclusions upon some hotly-contested points, to modify some of his statements, and in one or two cases to reverse his decisions. Beyond this there are few signs of the pen of either of his distinguished colleagues. Perhaps we may take the use of the word English, where we should have expected to find Anglo-Saxon, as one result of  
Mr. Freeman's

Mr. Freeman's revision; but we are at a loss to suggest a second. The Appendix and the historical section are in fact, subject to these exceptions, identical. There is much reason for satisfaction that some of Canon Stubbs's conclusions and opinions have not received the approval of the whole Commission, and perhaps some of the historical details are better placed in an appendix than in the Report itself. But having made these reservations, we must be allowed to say that we do not think Canon Stubbs's essay has been improved by the pruning process which it has undergone. The preface of the Report possesses the same faults as its parent the Appendix, while for thoroughness of research and wide presentment of fact, the latter is decidedly superior. We shall keep the two, as it were, side by side, and thus the more easily compare, and sometimes contrast, them.

The radical defect, as it seems to us, of Canon Stubbs's essay is a lack of clearness. There is no want of arrangement. The array of *A's* and *B's*, *a's* and *b's*, *α's* and *β's*, not to mention numerals, is wonderful. But the elaboration of subdivision is of that kind which creates in most minds confusion instead of order. We look in vain for any clear and distinct treatment of several of the most crucial points under discussion. The Report itself fails still more completely to grapple in a direct manner with difficulties. Of course we are far from pretending that Canon Stubbs's work does not very materially assist the settlement of the debated matters. What we maintain is that the form in which it is presented is unfavourable for the purpose, and has, in fact, prevented him and the other Commissioners from giving categorical answers to the definite questions submitted to them.

The most notable example that occurs to us is the Royal Supremacy. It is not too much to say that the meaning and true nature of the Royal Supremacy is the key to the whole problem. What does the Report say about it? We should have expected that it would have been most carefully and precisely defined, and the more so as the Commissioners invite special attention to it. But on the contrary, the subject is left in a complete tangle. Canon Stubbs gives two definitions of the Supremacy, or Headship, as asserted by Henry VIII. and his Parliament. The Commission has adopted one of these definitions—the longer. It is as follows (p. xxxi):—

‘The power claimed by the King under this title may be regarded as including the following points:—

‘1. The complete assertion of all the royal powers over the clergy and ecclesiastical things which the laws of England had never ceased

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to maintain, but which had never or but grudgingly been admitted by the *curia*.

'2. The complete recovery from the papacy of all the authority over the clergy and ecclesiastical causes which had been usurped by the popes from the crown of England, and in which the usurpation had been admitted or acquiesced in by church and nation.

'3. The complete recovery from the papacy of all authority over the clergy, etc., which had been usurped by the popes from the Church of England in its metropolitan and diocesan constitution.

'4. The assumption of an undefined power and authority in ecclesiastical matters which had been assumed by the popes as supreme governors of the church (but which was strange to the ancient constitution of the church and to the liberties of nations) in the character of supreme fountain of all authority and of supreme ordinary of ordinaries.'

This, as it stands, seems an unsatisfactory sort of definition. Without a great deal of previous knowledge, the reader will derive very little information from it. It gives us the different sources of the royal power, but tells us next to nothing of its nature. Canon Stubbs, indeed, has a little more compassion on the reader, for he adds the following, which we miss from the Report (App. I., p. 37):—

'In attempting a further analysis, the first head may be treated of as equivalent to prerogative (the King's ecclesiastical prerogative); the second as the supremacy recognized in 1531 [King . . . Supreme Head *quantum per Christi legem licet*]; the third as the headship assumed in the Act of 1534 [26 Henry VIII. ch. 1?]; and the fourth as the doctrine of the Vicegerency and Episcopal Commissions of 1540, the statute of Christ's religion, &c.

But passing by the insufficiency of this definition, it is also practically useless; because, according to the theory both of Canon Stubbs and the Report, opinion as to the Supremacy has changed again and again, and what Henry VIII. understood to belong to his royal estate varied very considerably from the notions in vogue under Edward and Elizabeth, and of course from what is now to be taken as 'accepted.' We are told at p. 32—

'The assumption of the absolute headship was never accepted as part of the Reformation settlement.'

And again,

'The legislation of the reign of Edward VI. is chiefly memorable as marking the extreme point which was reached by the practical working of the theory of the supremacy developed during the latter years of Henry VIII. on the principle of the Act 26 Henry VIII. ch. 1,

ch. 1, between which and the earlier theory accepted by the clergy in 1531, the ultimate settlement or definition by Elizabeth was a sort of mean point.'

This 'ultimate settlement or definition by Elizabeth' is unfortunately left to take care of itself. The only elucidation which it receives is in one sentence. The Elizabethan supremacy is enunciated in 1 Eliz. ch. 1, sec. 17. With regard to this section, we are told (p. xxxv. and App. I. p. 44)—

'it annexes to the Crown all jurisdictions exercised and used for the visitation of the ecclesiastical estate, restoring to the Crown in modified form the visitatorial and corrective authority recognized by 26 Henry VIII. ch. 1, as belonging to the supremacy, but not containing the indefinite claims annexed to the title by that Act.'

The next section, however, gave the Queen power to appoint Commissioners to exercise her Supremacy. This was the Parliamentary sanction of the High Commission Court. The following section gave a form of oath, in which the Queen is described as 'Supreme Governor . . . in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes,' instead of by her father's title, 'Supreme Head on Earth of the Church of England.'

This looseness in determining what may be called the governing principle of the whole subject is the more to be deplored, because it is very difficult, upon the materials furnished by the Report, to acquiesce in its conclusions. Fuller explanation might have modified our view, but at present we are unable to admit the alleged divergence between the Supremacy laid down in 26 Henry VIII. ch. 1, and the Supremacy laid down in 1 Eliz. ch. 1. The substitution of the word 'Governor' for the word 'Head,' is no doubt an important difference. It was intended by this step to prevent any from thinking or pretending to think that the Crown claimed 'authority and power of ministry of divine service in the Church.' Referring to the 37th Article, 'Head' was ambiguous, and might be taken, and was taken, to include 'the ministering of God's Word and the Sacraments,' as well as 'rule' over 'estates and degrees;' 'Governor' was adopted because it would only point to the latter. But that 'Governor' was intended to denote some more restricted power of rule than was implied in the word 'Head,' is an assumption which requires proof. Apart from this change of title, it is hard to see that the Supremacy of Elizabeth is one jot more or less extensive than that of Henry. That it was not intended to be so, is clear from the Queen's 'explanation of the meaning in which the doctrine of the supremacy is to be understood.' She

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says: 'Her Majesty neither doth, nor ever will, challenge any authority than that was challenged and lately used by the said noble kings of famous memory, King Henry VIII. and King Edward VI.' If any one will take the trouble to compare 26 Henry VIII. ch. 1 (App. 3, p. 72) and 1 Eliz. ch. 1, sec. 17 (App. 3, p. 73), he will be able to judge for himself. We venture to say that, while he will notice slight differences of language and grammatical construction, he will find none as to substance. In one respect the statute of Elizabeth is fuller, for the supremacy is more clearly 'united and annexed for ever to the imperial crown' than in Henry's Act. It is worth while to notice this point, for it is of special importance just now. Almost all the witnesses who objected to the Courts sought to distinguish the present from the past by urging that the Royal Supremacy was a personal rather than an official authority, and that therefore the constitutional changes, which have so greatly limited the power of the Crown, have rendered the Supremacy really incapable of being exercised. Curiously enough, the same objection was brought forward and disposed of during the minority of Edward VI. Burnet writes:—

'The popish clergy began generally to have it spread among them that, though they had acknowledged the King's supremacy, yet they had never owned the Council's supremacy; . . . and that therefore the supremacy could not be exercised till the King, in whose person it was vested, came to be of age to consider of matters himself. Upon this the lawyers were consulted, who did unanimously resolve that the supremacy, being annexed to the Royal dignity, was the same in a King under age when it was executed by the Council that it was in a King at full age.'—*'Hist. Ref.'*, vol. ii. pt. i. p. 144, Oxford ed. 1829.

It is a remarkable circumstance that the very statute which is supposed to have established the Supremacy on a modified basis, should be the one which first made the Royal dominion over the Church clearly inherent in the Crown apart from the wearer of it, and which also founded the High Commission Court, whose jurisdiction it is most difficult to reconcile with any theory of Church government not absolutely Erastian.

But not only do we dispute the discrepancy said to exist between the theory of Henry and that of Elizabeth; we go further, and venture to doubt whether there has ever since the Reformation been any great variation in the meaning attached to the Royal Supremacy. The advantage of having clear conceptions on this point is so signal, that we venture to invite the reader's attention to it a little more particularly. It is the fashion to describe the Supremacy as having grown all through  
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the later years of Henry's reign, 'until in Edward's days it became a monstrous usurpation of the rights and authority of the Christian Church ; and to say that, after suffering a temporary collapse in Mary's reign, it was restored by Elizabeth, but on a very modified basis. Now the way to test the truth of this notion is very simple. Construct a catena of authority arranged according to date. There is no subject on which writers in the sixteenth century were more communicative. Kings and Parliaments, Bishops and Judges, Statesmen, Theologians, Lawyers,—let them all speak for themselves. The result will be a collection of extracts from Acts of Parliament, Proclamations, treatises, letters, judgments, and speeches. If the popular theory be correct, we shall observe a more or less gradual drift of opinion. There will be fluctuation, inconsistency, contradiction. But in fact the very reverse is the case. We shall find (1) that the theoretical definition of the Royal Supremacy was well settled, and remained practically unchanged from the middle of the sixteenth to the close of the seventeenth century, when the question ceased to excite attention, and (2) that this definition consists in the acknowledgment of a supreme dominion or power of rule and governance in the Sovereign over all subjects and their concerns. So far as the Church Courts are concerned, this power finds expression :—

(a) In the coercive jurisdiction conferred by the Crown on the Courts.

(b) In the Crown's permission to the spiritual judges to use their inherent spiritual jurisdiction in the Courts.

(c) In the reservation of final appeals for the hearing of the Crown, in accordance with, and subject to, the laws of the realm.

Of these, (a) and (b) presuppose that the regular Ecclesiastical Courts possess two sets of powers: one set inherent or rather derived directly from Christ, the other set conferred by the Prince; (c) involves an admission that any Court administering the Crown's right to hear final appeals is on a footing quite different and distinct from that of the Church Courts. Its powers are not those referred to in (a) and (b), but simply those contained in the supremacy. It is the King's Court in a fuller sense than the Bishop's and Archbishop's Courts can be, for it does justice in the King's name only, while the latter give sentence in the name of Christ, though with the King's permission.

A little explanation will make this clear. A Bishop by consecration acquires what canonists call power of 'order' and power of 'jurisdiction.' The first relates to such matters as ordination

nation and confirmation, and does not affect the subject under consideration. Spiritual jurisdiction means the authority by which a Bishop excommunicates and absolves sinners. All other ecclesiastical censures (monition, suspension, deprivation, and degradation) must be considered as belonging to the same category. The power to excommunicate or exclude from the communion of saints, as it is the highest exercise of spiritual jurisdiction, so it includes all minor displays of that authority. It is derived directly from Christ, resides to some extent in both Bishops and priests, and in its nature is wholly independent of the Royal Supremacy. But by itself the spiritual or inner jurisdiction of the Church is capable of slender results. For although it confers authority to deliver sentence after trial, the trial itself requires a different authority. Moreover if the spiritual censure be disregarded, some other power than the Church can wield is needed to compel obedience. As Archbishop Bramhall asks, 'Who can summon another man's subjects to appear when they please, and imprison or punish them for not appearing, without his leave?' Here comes in the authority of the 'Christian Prince.' We sometimes hear the sovereign spoken of as 'Cæsar.' In this context nothing could be less accurate. All writers, from the Reformation downwards, have made the Christianity of the King the very keystone of the Royal Supremacy. Under 'Cæsar' the Church possessed only 'spiritual jurisdiction' such as we have described, and it only exercised its powers by the consent of those subject to them. The Christian sovereign created the ecclesiastical judicature, and he did so in two ways, (1) by permitting the Church to exercise its spiritual jurisdiction within his dominions, and (2) by supplementing the spiritual jurisdiction, and adding to it coercive powers. There will be no dispute as to the second branch, but the first is very partially understood. Forgetfulness of it has led to much of the controversy which has raged round the Church Courts during recent years. Yet a moment's thought will convince the reader that the capacity to do anything, and the right to exercise the capacity, are very different. A lets to B a room in his (A's) house; B is a tailor, and uses the room as a workshop; B's knowledge of tailoring is not derived from A, but his power and right to use his knowledge in A's house is entirely due to A's permission. So the power to excommunicate is inherent in the Bishops, and can neither be given nor taken away by the State; but the right to exercise it in England is conferred by the King and laws of England. No individual or society may lawfully erect a Court or use jurisdiction in this country without the licence of the State. It  
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is obvious that every Government must of necessity discourage the establishment of *imperium in imperio*.

The existence of 'spiritual jurisdiction,' permitted by the Crown to be exercised over the subject by ecclesiastics, involves one of two consequences:—either that the Crown must reserve to itself the right to scrutinize and revise the decisions of the Church Judges, or that the Crown must surrender to the Church Judges, whose spiritual jurisdiction it did not confer, the final determination of one class of disputes arising between subjects. But the latter is inconsistent with the supremacy of *rule* which the Crown possesses over all persons in all causes. Hence then the ultimate appeal in every ecclesiastical cause lies to the Crown, not because the Crown possesses 'spiritual jurisdiction,' but because it is its duty to do justice between man and man. If it is objected that in secular litigation the Royal power does not involve such an appeal, the answer is that there is nothing analogous to 'spiritual jurisdiction' in the secular Courts. All their jurisdiction is derived from the Crown, and is exercised from first to last in the name of the Crown. It is exactly because the Church Courts wield certain powers which the Crown did not and could not give, that their sentences are subject to revision by the Crown. Although, therefore, the Court which administers the Royal Supremacy (whatever its constitution) is really and properly the Final Court of Appeal in Ecclesiastical causes, it betrays a misunderstanding of its nature to call it a Church Court. The Commissioners are very careful to avoid doing so.

Canon Stubbs's treatment of the subject seems, we must venture to say, inadequate in this respect, that he does not sufficiently notice the branch of the Supremacy which consists in the power to permit, or to prevent, the exercise of inner and spiritual jurisdiction within the particular kingdom. In the following passage, if we understand it rightly, he doubts whether Henry VIII. ever claimed this power:—

'Up to this point the King does not claim directly to exercise ecclesiastical authority, but to authorize and enforce the proper exercise of it. Nor does he claim to be the source of all authority, but to license the employment of it, over and besides that part of it which is given by the word of Christ to the bishops. It may be questioned whether he ever goes any further and extends his area of authorization and enforcement within that given by the word of Christ to the bishops, coming, that is, between Christ and his ministers, and assuming that their authority passes through him.'

But that this is a mistake is clear from Henry's own words in  
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the 'Erudition of a Christian Man,' the very book Canon Stubbs is referring to:—

'And so concerning the office and duty of the said ecclesiastical ministers, the same consisteth in true preaching and teaching the Word of God unto the people, in dispensing and ministering the sacraments of Christ, in consecrating and offering the Blessed Body and Blood of Christ in the sacrament of the altar, in loosing and assoiling from sin such persons as be sorry and truly penitent for the same, and excommunicating such as be guilty in manifest crimes, and will not be reformed otherwise, and finally, in praying for the whole church of Christ, and especially for the flock committed unto them, and although the office and ministry of priests and bishops stand chiefly in these things before rehearsed, yet neither they nor any of them may exercise and execute any of the same offices, but with such sort and such limitation as the ordinances and laws of every Christian realm permit and suffer.'

Although elsewhere in his essay Canon Stubbs disclaims any intention to prejudice the question how far the exercise of the Bishops' jurisdiction is limited and controlled by the Supremacy, the omission to take account of it seriously affects his whole method of looking at things. Thus the commissions taken out by Cranmer and some of the Bishops from Edward VI. are regarded by him as conclusive evidence of an exaggerated and false view of the Royal power. But when we come to read the terms of these commissions, it seems clear that they are nothing more than formal licences by the King to the Bishops to use their spiritual power (derived not from the King, but from Christ) within the King's dominions. Again, expressions such as 'false preambles,' which Canon Stubbs somewhat unfortunately uses to express his dissent from the reiterated statements in Reformation statutes, that all ecclesiastical jurisdiction comes from the King 'as from a primæval fountain,' might have been spared if the distinction between the *capacity* and the *opportunity* to use the power of the Keys had been always remembered.

Bearing in mind the three branches of the Judicial Supremacy of the Crown, as (1) the source of coercive Jurisdiction, (2) the source of the right to exercise spiritual authority, and (3) the tribunal of last resort in all ecclesiastical disputes between subjects, we shall find the difficulties of the problem of Church Courts very much simplified. To quote Hooker, the King is 'Supreme Governor of Judgments,' and he exercises control over the procedure and constitution of tribunals, whose sentences he has the right to revise, and whose ordinary jurisdiction 'is either derived from him or not exercised without him.' Here comes in the power of Parliament. The Church admits the  
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King's right to make laws for the moulding and management of Ecclesiastical Courts. But the Constitution recognizes no legislative power in the Sovereign apart from Parliament. The King therefore can only use his dominion, for legislative purposes, in conjunction with Parliament. The practical result of Establishment is thus to place the executive of the Church's discipline under the control of the State.\* It is difficult to lay down any limits to the State's exercise of this control. No doubt the concession of the Supremacy to the Crown is subject to a tacit condition, that it shall be used for and not against the Church. But this is a condition enforceable in the court of conscience only; and, like all such checks, it is nugatory for want of any means of deciding a dispute between the contracting parties, as to what is or is not for the good of one of them. The Sovereign is morally bound to confide the judgment of ecclesiastical causes, both in the first instance and on appeal, to fit judges; and it is difficult to see how, without very grave reasons, the removal of coercive jurisdiction from, and the refusal to permit the exercise of spiritual jurisdiction in, the Church's own Consistories, could be justified. Yet it would appear to be within the strict right of the Crown, with the sanction of Parliament, to shut up the Diocesan and Provincial Courts, and to provide other means for the maintenance of ecclesiastical discipline.

It is in this way that we are to account for such extraordinary episodes in ecclesiastical history as Henry VIII.'s commission of Vicegerency to Cromwell, Edward VI.'s commissions of Visitation, and the Court of High Commission. All these superseded, to a greater or less extent, the ordinary Ecclesiastical Courts. Their legal justification is to be found in the Royal Supremacy. Their moral justification (if there be any) must be sought in the necessities of a great crisis, which demanded so extreme a measure as the closing of the Church's own Consistories by her own Supreme Governor.

But although the Crown (acting in concert with Parliament) may set up new Courts or modify those already existing to any extent, there is one thing which it cannot do: it cannot confer the power of the Keys. Its judges may lawfully visit spiritual offences with any penalties which it is within the power of the State to inflict, but not with spiritual censures. As the King cannot excommunicate, it follows that he cannot empower another to excommunicate. If, therefore, the Church's discipline is to be maintained by the means which Christ has ordained for that purpose, the King's control over the Courts must be so

\* Hooker's '*Eccles. Polity*,' Book viii. ch. viii. sec. 1; Sanderson's '*Episcopacy*,' p. 31; Stillingfleet's '*Eccles. Cases*,' il. 50.

used as not to deprive them of the presence of those to whom Christ has committed the power to bind and loose. In a word, once take ecclesiastical jurisdiction out of the hands of the Bishops and their officials, and the power to punish with spiritual censures is gone. It is here that the greatest difficulty of a tribunal like the High Commission lies. It was a Parliamentary Court designed to exercise the Crown's visitatorial jurisdiction. Yet it suspended and deprived, and professed to excommunicate, as though it had the mandate of Christ as well as that of the State. It also fined and imprisoned. To this the Church could not object, for these are not spiritual censures; but the constitutional lawyers objected very strongly, on the ground that the statute did not authorize their infliction. The High Commission fell under the fatal load of its own oppression and cruelties, but it is singular to note how completely its constitution was inconsistent with principle. Its spiritual punishments were ecclesiastically invalid, its civil ones were legally wrong.

Lord Penzance's separate Report, unfortunately not prepared in time to be submitted to his Lordship's colleagues until their work was complete and had passed out of their hands, states with clearness two propositions, which, although not directly affirmed, he thinks are tacitly assented to by the Report:—

'1. That the Ecclesiastical Courts of this country, as a matter of constitutional history, are courts which derive their authority and jurisdiction from the Church, independent of the Sovereign or the State. And, as a corollary from this, that the Legislature is exceeding the proper limits of its authority if it interferes with, or attempts to regulate, them, without the consent of the Church, thereby meaning the clergy in Convocation assembled.

'2. That the judges who administer the Ecclesiastical Law ought, according to the ancient and true constitution of these Courts, to be either ecclesiastics, or persons upon whom a quasi-spiritual character has been impressed by the bishops or archbishops whom they represent.'

Lord Penzance, no doubt, refers to such statements as the following (Report, p. xxxvi. App. p. 44):—

'The authority by which the Ecclesiastical Courts were held was that of the archbishops, bishops, and other ordinaries. The statements of the several statutes, which declare all authority of the ordinaries to be derived from the King, must be taken with such limitation as legal history compels us to make.'

After drawing attention to the charter of William the Conqueror, by which the Ecclesiastical and Civil Courts were divided, Lord Penzance continues—

‘To go no further than this, therefore, it appears to me that what the Sovereign of his own supreme authority, with the advice of his Council or Parliament, set up and created, the Sovereign, with the advice of Parliament, may well alter and amend. But, as a matter of fact and of history, the Sovereign, by the advice of Parliament, has never hesitated to do so when thought desirable; and every alteration which has been made in the jurisdiction, the practice, or the constitution of these original Ecclesiastical Courts, as they first existed under the Conqueror’s charter, has been made by the authority of the Sovereign in Parliament, and by that authority alone.’

Lord Penzance’s view entirely accords with what we have been saying, except as to one point, a consideration of which goes far to reconcile his statements with those in the Report from which he differs. No doubt the Ecclesiastical Courts owe their origin as Courts, just as they owe their jurisdiction as Courts, to the State, but it is none the less true that the authority by which sin was rebuked and the sinner excommunicated, and on repentance absolved, *i.e.* the purely spiritual authority exercised in the Ecclesiastical Courts, ‘was that of the Archbishops and Bishops and other ordinaries’ received by them from the Head of the Church, permission to exercise it being given to them by the King as the Church’s supreme Governor.

The other question referred to by Lord Penzance, namely, the claim of Convocation to a voice in legislation as to the Ecclesiastical Courts, is one of those respecting which we complain of the reticence of the Commission. It is scarcely necessary to say that it was a prominent objection brought against the Public Worship Regulation Act and the Church Discipline Act, that they had not received synodical sanction. The settlement of this point was, we had supposed, a principal purpose of the Commission. Certainly Archbishop Tait thought so when he made his speech in the House of Lords. He said—

‘There are two great statutes of Henry VIII. The one refers to restraining appeals to Rome, the other is the Act commonly known as the Statute of the Submission of the Clergy. The latter statute founded the Court of Delegates. . . . This is a point on which there is great misunderstanding throughout the country, especially among the clergy at the present time. I am very anxious that this matter should be thoroughly gone into, so that we may understand whether originally the Court of Appeal, the Court of Delegates, had or had not any authority from the Church beyond that general authority which the Church willingly conceded to the Crown at the Reformation by acknowledging its supremacy in the great Statute of the Submission of the Clergy.’

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Contrary, we believe, to all expectation, the Commissioners report that they

‘do not consider that it comes within the scope of our instructions to make a formal recommendation on the subject.’

They add—

‘We desire, however, to call attention to the original researches of one of our body [Canon Stubbs] as to the method by which the Upper House of Parliament and the Convocations were enabled to work together between the years 1529 and 1547, and also in the years 1661–2, and the way in which, without trenching on the legislative powers of Parliament, the spirituality was able to make its influence felt or to discuss matters of common interest.’

It is very difficult to conceive the reasoning which led the Commissioners to this conclusion, and the Report does not give it. Whatever it was, it apparently did not commend itself to Canon Stubbs, for he has devoted a great deal of attention to the matter. He discusses it in his historical sketch (App. I.). App. IV. is a very laborious and learned ‘collation of the journals of the Lords with the Records of Convocation from 1529 to 1547,’ with the object of showing how the Parliament and Convocation co-operated. What further light the State papers throw upon the matter is supplied in a separate column. App. V. is a memorandum showing the occasions when Convocation was referred to in Parliament between 1549 and 1711. The amount of trouble and research which must have been expended on these Appendices is immense. Probably no such thorough effort has ever been made to solve the problem to which they refer. It is to be regretted the result is not decisive. Canon Stubbs admits that it is not so, although he considers the evidence to suggest a verdict which he hesitatingly states as follows. As to 24 Henry VIII. ch. 12 :—

‘These notes warrant the belief that in some shape the principle of the statute was laid before the clergy at this period of the session, their practical adhesion to it having been regarded as expressed in the recognition of the King’s headship in 1531.’

As to 25 Henry VIII. ch. 19 :—

‘On the whole, it seems most probable, on the analogy of the King’s other proceedings at this date, that in some shape or other the consent of the clergy was given to this statute as a whole.’

The evidence is very scanty. As to the first statute, there is hardly any. As to the other, the balance of testimony seems to us to be against the notion of a reference to Convocation. Canon Stubbs attaches much more weight to the letters of the

foreign Ambassadors than we are disposed to do. In the silence or absence of the records themselves (the Convocation Registers of this period were burnt in the Fire of London), he thinks 'the evidence of the foreign despatches may be deemed to be conclusive.' No doubt, if we could be sure that the writers thoroughly understood English institutions and the events they describe, such testimony, if unrebutted, would be decisive. But it seems pretty clear that the Ambassadors sometimes made mistakes, most natural ones for foreigners to fall into, but still mistakes which seriously impair the value of their evidence.

Take, for example, the Act 25 Henry VIII. ch. 19. The Bill was introduced in the Lower House. It was brought up from the Commons, and read twice in the Lords on March 27th, 1534, read a third time on the 28th, and passed on the 30th. Chapuys, the German Ambassador, writes home on the 25th of March:—

'The Acts passed by the Commons against the authority of the Pope and Holy See have been to-day ratified by the Nobles and Clergy. . . . Nothing is wanted but the King's confirmation, which he delays until the arrival of the Bishop of Paris.'

This is relied on as

'evidence that on the 25th of March Convocation was prevailed on to accept some repulsive legislation;'

and it is suggested that between its journeys through the Lords and Commons the Bill went to Convocation. But the extract from Chapuys is by no means clear. He writes on the 25th. He says *to-day* the Bills were ratified by the *Nobles* and Clergy. Who are the Nobles? The House of Lords did not consider the Bill till the 27th, and did not pass it till the 30th. Again: 'Nothing is wanting but the King's confirmation.' But a great deal was wanting on the 25th. The Bill had to be introduced, discussed, and passed in the House of Lords. On the whole, therefore, it would seem either that Chapuys was not alluding to the Submission Act at all, or else that he had been so entirely misinformed as to its progress in Parliament as to make his testimony valueless.

On principle, as we have already pointed out, there seems no more reason that legislation concerning the Courts should be submitted to Convocation for its assent than that any other exercise of the Royal Supremacy should be similarly ratified. Before passing away from this point we would draw the reader's attention to the distinction between doctrine and discipline with regard to legislation. The Royal Supremacy has nothing to do

do with the faith of the Church. 'We give not to our Princes the ministering either of God's Word, or of the Sacraments.' Any change in doctrine or in the Liturgy, Ordinal, or Articles, ought to be made by, or with the full consent of, the Church, the ratification of the State being also necessary as the result of Establishment. Accordingly, as a matter of fact, we find that almost all legislation affecting doctrine has been, since the beginning of the Reformation down to the present day, the joint work of the State and Convocation.

Upon the much discussed question of whether the Court of Delegates had jurisdiction in doctrine, the finding of the Report (p. xl) is singular:—

'The jurisdiction of the Delegates extended to every sort of subject matter which could be dealt with in the provincial court by way of appeal. It has been questioned whether, under the ancient law, any appeal from the Court of first instance in the case of heresy was ever allowed; and whether, under the legislation of Henry VIII., it was intended that any treatment of heresy by recourse to higher tribunals should be made possible. It is probable that, so long as the Court of High Commission existed, any very important cause concerning doctrine or ritual would be carried before the High Commission; and no record of any such appeal heard before the Delegates is to be found during the period of the existence of the Court of High Commission. For every other branch of spiritual jurisdiction, civil or criminal, in matrimonial and testamentary suits, and in the whole subject matter of ecclesiastical litigation, the jurisdiction of the Delegates was, as has been said, full and final; and if the Statute of Henry VIII. is to be interpreted as establishing a tribunal of appeals, not only on matters on which appeals were customarily allowed at the time, but also on all matters without exception capable of appeal, then the words "upon every such appeal" must be held to authorize their jurisdiction in cases of heresy, or of doctrine, or ritual, whatever other means, by other Statutes, may have been devised for the enforcement of law.'

These words are taken verbatim from Canon Stubbs's historical Appendix, and it will be observed that their conclusion is hypothetical. He follows them up with a summary of Mr. Rothery's Return of Cases decided by the Delegates (reprinted as Appendix IX. to the Report), from which he draws the inference that cases of doctrine did not, except in one or two exceptional cases, come before the Delegates. Unfortunately the summary is copied into the Report without any warning as to the defective nature of the Return on which it is based. The truth is, we have no sufficient means of judging what kind of cases were heard before the Delegates in the early years of the Court's existence. From 1533 to 1601 'the Return is virtually a blank;'

blank;' from 1601 to 1640 'very scanty;' from 1640 to 1660 'a blank.' It is only after the Restoration that we obtain anything like complete information as to the causes which came before the Delegates.

Having adopted *en bloc* Canon Stubbs's premisses, the other Commissioners entirely omit his conclusions, we must suppose because the majority could not adopt them. These conclusions are as follows:—

'It does not therefore appear that any sufficient ground is established for regarding the Court of Delegates as a constitutional Court of Appeal on questions of doctrine.'

It seems to us that Canon Stubbs's own words, given above and incorporated in the Report, are perfectly conclusive as an answer to this statement. Apparently his colleagues thought the same, and elected to accept his first utterance while they ignored the later one.

With regard to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, Canon Stubbs writes:—

'The maintenance of the existing jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, as a final tribunal of appeal in matters of doctrine and ritual, is not to be regarded as an essential part, or necessary historical consequence, of the Reformation settlement.'

The meaning of this observation is a little difficult to grasp. If it only applies to the precise form and manner in which the appeal to the Crown is administered by the Judicial Committee, its truth is obvious. A tribunal, which was not set up for three centuries after the Reformation, cannot be in itself a necessary part of the Reformation settlement. But if, as we suspect, Canon Stubbs means that a full appeal to the Crown in matters of doctrine as well as in all other matters, administered by a Court which is the Crown's Court, as distinguished from a Bishop's or Archbishop's Court, is not an essential part of the Reformation settlement, we differ from him as widely as, it is plain from their Recommendations, his colleagues do. As we have seen, the Royal Supremacy involves the right, or rather the duty of the Crown, to determine in the last resort every ecclesiastical dispute between subjects. This right or duty springs directly out of the universality of rule which is vested in the Crown, and cannot be at all affected by the particular nature of the dispute to be settled.

An argument against the appeal to the Crown, drawn from the supposed meaning of the preamble of 24 Henry VIII. ch. 12, has been much pressed of late years. Dr. Pusey puts it thus in his pamphlet 'Unlaw,' p. 5.

'The

'The object of that preamble was to vindicate the sufficiency of the spirituality of the Church in this realm of England to interpret any cause of the Law Divine which might happen to come in question without the intermeddling of any *exterior* person or persons. It was enacted against appeals to Rome, but it applies equally to any *other* interference with the office of the spirituality.'

A significant comment on this construction of the statute, by no less an authority than Henry VIII. himself, has recently come to light. Amongst the documents printed in the Blue Books will be found a copy of a MS. preserved in the Cotton Collection at the British Museum. It is a draft of this same preamble, corrected in Henry's own handwriting. From it we learn that we owe the word '*exterior*' to the King himself. The draftsman had written a wider word, '*other*,' but the King, apparently anticipating the construction now sought to be placed on the clause, and wishing to exclude it, substituted '*exterior*,' which, in sixteenth century English, may be taken as equivalent to foreign. With reference to this Act, we notice an odd mistake both in the Report and in Canon Stubbs's essay. The Statute of Appeals (March 1533) is treated as the sequel and corollary of the formal repudiation by the Clergy of the Papal power (the Roman Pontiff hath not any greater jurisdiction in England than any other foreign Bishop). But unless we are in error, this formal repudiation was not effected until the next year, 1534. According to Canon Stubbs's schedule of proceedings, the dates are March 31st, 1534, in Canterbury Convocation, and May 5th, 1534, at York.

From this review of the historical part of the Commission we pass to their Recommendations. These cover the whole range of ecclesiastical litigation, and, if carried out, will cause as complete a revolution in the Church Courts as the Judicature Acts have effected in the Temporal Courts. It is no part of our task to demonstrate the harmony of this part of the Report with the preceding. We are glad it is not; for, as we said at the commencement, the composite character of the whole creates no little embarrassment. Canon Stubbs's essay, itself lacking in decision, is shorn of its two chief conclusions, that it may do duty as a prelude to a scheme which ignores one of those conclusions and contradicts the other. Nevertheless, we are far from quarrelling with this incongruity. We regard it as most happy, for it has enabled the Commissioners to frame a body of Recommendations of great practical wisdom, and, as we believe, in much closer accordance with historical precedent than a rigid adherence to the principles of the historical Preface would have rendered possible.

A Final

A Final Court of Appeal, as remodelled by the Commission, would be in detail very different from, but in principle very much the same as, the Judicial Committee. The right of the Crown to settle, in the last resort, all ecclesiastical disputes between subjects is fully preserved. The many devices for turning the Supremacy Court into a clerical tribunal using the Royal name, have wisely been discarded. Efforts to limit the right of appeal to matters affecting the Crown's coercive jurisdiction have equally failed to secure the approval of the Commission. Here they deliberately run counter to Canon Stubbs's opinion. This opinion he supplemented by a proposal for a Final Court framed so that matters concerning 'temporal rights' would be decided by the Judicial Committee, and matters of 'spiritual law' by the Archbishops and Bishops of the two provinces. We need hardly say that such a Court would be a complete departure from constitutional principles, as we understand them, and would gravely infringe the Royal Supremacy. The plan of an exclusively lay Court, with machinery for procuring the advice of the Bishops in questions of theology, is probably the best that could be devised under the circumstances, and it is to be regretted that the heat and waywardness of party feeling left the Commissioners no alternative between an entirely episcopal and an entirely lay Court. We believe the majority of sober-minded Churchmen would have preferred a tribunal consisting of Bishops and lawyers acting together as judges. That in some way or other, directly or indirectly, the Bishops ought to influence the final decision of ecclesiastical appeals must be obvious to every one.

The condition that the Judges should be Churchmen will be received with satisfaction. Although, according to strict constitutional right, the Sovereign's choice should be unfettered, it must be remembered that in Henry VIII.'s time there were no Dissenters at the Privy Council Board; and it is so plainly indecorous that unbelievers should be set to judge in Church disputes, that probably few will regret the Commissioners' decision. When on appeal to the Crown the judgment below is to be varied, 'the cause is to be remitted to the lower Court, in order that justice may be done therein according to the order of the Crown.' In other words, the Final Court is not itself to pronounce spiritual censures, but to remit the case to the Church Court, where power to do so resides, with a direction which the Judge will be bound to obey. This is entirely in accordance with the theory of the appeal to the Crown which we have explained above. Possibly it may also carry out the true meaning of the often-quoted Constitution of Clarendon:—

' If

'If the Archbishop should fail to do justice, recourse should be had to the King himself, that by his precept the controversy may be terminated in the Court of the Archbishop.'

It also agrees with the course recently adopted by the Judicial Committee in the Mackonochie Case. The Judges decided that Lord Penzance was wrong in refusing to entertain a suit for Mr. Mackonochie's deprivation, but did not proceed further. They remitted the case to the Arches Court to be dealt with there.

With regard to the judgments of the New Court the Report contains this remarkable recommendation:—

'Considering how widely different a matter the legal interpretation of documents must often be from the definition of doctrine, we hold it to be essential that only the actual decree as dealing with the particular case should be of binding authority in the judgments hitherto or hereafter to be delivered, and that the reasoning in support of those judgments and the *obiter dicta* should always be allowed to be reconsidered and disputed.'

*Obiter dicta* never bind a judge in a subsequent case, whether the Court be spiritual or temporal; and if this is all that is meant by this formidable-looking paragraph, it is very harmless, though a little long. Apparently, however, it means a good deal more. Its application is to be retrospective, and this suggests that what is aimed at is the undoing of all that has been done towards settling disputed points by the Privy Council in past years. If so, there is a weary prospect before us. Are we to have the Gorham case, and the Essays and Reviews case, and the Bennett case, and the Ridsdale case, and all the other cases over again, and not only once, but as often as a High Church Bishop chooses to take exception to a Low Church clergyman's notions on Baptism, or a Low Church congregation take fright at the Ritual practices of their vicar? Before we consent to create a new anomaly in Ecclesiastical Law, and to import into the Church Courts a principle entirely foreign to the genius of English law, we have at least a right to expect a strong reason. That given by the Commissioners is—we say it with all respect—particularly weak. However wide the distinction between 'legal interpretation of documents' and the 'definition of doctrine,' the legal interpretation of a document is surely the same this week as last, and in one diocese as in another. Why, therefore, when a question of construction, say of the Articles, has been solemnly decided by the Final Court, it should nevertheless remain open, and capable of being raised and argued again and again, it is very difficult



difficult to see. The practical working of this suggestion would be to produce periodical returns of the anarchy and confusion under which we are now suffering. Suppose a case decided in one way in the Archbishop's Court, and reversed in the Supremacy Court. The Ecclesiastical Courts will, we presume, preserve the system of case law which, until now, they in common with all other courts of justice in this country have followed. After the reversal, which is to have no power as a precedent, what is to become of the judgment in the Archbishop's Court? Is it law to be followed by the lower courts or not? Whatever theory may be adopted, we may be quite sure that practically the Queen's Judges will refuse to have the same question re-argued again and again before them. Thus they will in effect follow their own decisions. But this will only make it more likely that a permanent conflict of opinion will be established between the lower courts and the Final Court; and a remarkable opportunity may thus be afforded to the Mr. Greens of the future of achieving the modified martyrdom that now results from disobedience to the decrees of 'Cæsar.' Happily the Commissioners have deprived contumacy of most of its dramatic attractions by substituting the 'guillotine of deprivation' for the interesting penalty of imprisonment.

The main feature of the Recommendations as to the Bishops' and Archbishops' Courts is the re-introduction of the prelate into his own Consistory, whence he has in practice been banished for centuries. Dr. Tristram stated in his evidence that, according to the records, the Bishop of London has not sat in his Court as a judge in criminal cases since 1303. Canon Stubbs (p. 46) says that, although the power of the Bishop to sit in his Court has been formally acknowledged, 'it is not easy to adduce instances in which the power has been exercised since the Reformation.' The Report, on the contrary (p. xxxviii), states that 'instances may be adduced in which the power has been exercised since the Reformation.' None are given, however. Lyndwood and some of the foreign canonists distinctly lay it down, that in heresy the Bishop personally ought to be the judge, and that in fact only the Bishop and a delegate of the Holy See (*inquisitor hæreticæ pravitatis*) have jurisdiction for the purpose. Even writers so modern as Sir Matthew Hale give this as the rule of post-Reformation Ecclesiastical Law. Lord Bacon long ago pleaded for the reform now proposed:—

'The Bishop is a judge of a high nature, whence cometh it that he should deputy, considering that all trust and confidence as was said is personal and inherent, and cannot or ought not to be transposed?

posed? . . . the causes that come before him (the Bishop's Chancellor) are these: tythes, legacies and administrations, and other testamentary causes, causes matrimonial, accusations against ministers tending to their suspension, deprivation, or degrading, simony, incontinency, heresy, blasphemy, breach of Sabbath, and other like causes of scandal. The first two of these in mine opinion differ from the rest. . . . But for the rest, which require a spiritual science and discretion in respect of their nature or of the scandal, it were reason, in my opinion, there were no audience given but by the Bishop himself, he being also assisted as was touched before, but it were necessary also he were attended by his Chancellor or some others, his officers being learned in the Civil Law, for his better instruction in points of formality or the causes of the Court, which if it were done there were then less use of the Officials' Court whereof there is now so much complaint. And causes of the nature aforesaid being only drawn to the audience of the Bishop, it would repress frivolous and puling suits, and give a grave and incorrupt proceeding to such causes as shall be fit for the Court.—'Certain considerations for better Establishment of the Church of England,' pp. 10-12, ed. 1689.

Lord Penzance and Lord Chichester both object to judicial functions being discharged by the Bishops in person. But with adequate legal assistance it is difficult to see any real harm in the proposal. The persons most entitled to complain are the Bishops themselves, who may not unreasonably object to have a new department of difficult labour added to their already heavy load of work.

Respecting the details of procedure and composition of the Courts for different kinds of cases, it is difficult to offer anything but speculative criticism. It may be hoped, having regard to the constitution of the Commission, and the great pains which have been spent in elaborating the scheme, that it will work well. It is pretty certain that it could not work worse than the system it supersedes. The question of the episcopal 'veto' on ecclesiastical litigation is certain to provoke discussion and division. Eight of the Commissioners, that is one-third of their number, have signed Reservations against the Recommendation which advises its continuance as a set-off to the abolition of the three 'aggrieved parishioners.' Lord Coleridge's language is especially strong. He thinks the veto 'indefensible in theory,' and that it is 'fast becoming intolerable in practice.' The theoretical objections to the veto are plain enough. It is modern, and it is directly at variance with the spirit of the age, which tends to break down privilege, and make all equally amenable to the law. On the other hand, experience has shown that the peace of the Church, no less than

than justice to individuals, does require that some protection should be afforded against the action of malicious or wrong-headed and quarrelsome people. Perhaps this difficulty might be met by allowing an application to quash proceedings, as frivolous or malicious, to be made at any time after the commencement of a suit. Such an application would of course be heard summarily, and might be subject to appeal. The Archbishop of York proposes to let the Bishop give his direction in the matter of the complaint, such direction to be binding unless appealed against.

It is with the greatest reluctance that we pass by unnoticed many important matters with which the Report deals; but the necessities of space compel us. We must not, however close the Blue-books without gratefully acknowledging the admirable manner in which they have been edited. The indices are very full, and the different analyses invaluable. In considering the huge mass of evidence, these latter are of the greatest assistance, and it says a good deal for the accuracy and care with which they have been compiled, that after using them continually, and wandering up and down through the evidence for several weeks, we have not noted a single error.

On a review of the Report it is natural to ask, what advantage arises from it to those whose complaints occasioned the enquiry? The Public Worship Regulation Act, the Church Discipline Act, the Acts which transferred to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council the jurisdiction of the Court of Delegates, and several minor Acts, are to be repealed. This is, of course, only a necessary preliminary to the adoption of the reforms sketched out in the Report; still it gives great satisfaction to the extreme High Church party. The reconstitution of the Diocesan and Provincial Courts hardly touches the questions in dispute. The Recommendation that the Dean of Arches ought to qualify according to the Canons, in order that he may obtain the power of spiritual jurisdiction, confirms one of the complaints against Lord Penzance, who, relying on his statutory title to office, declined to conform to ancient ecclesiastical custom in this respect. The findings of the Commission as to the Final Court are almost entirely adverse to the ritualistic demands, although the provision by which it is sought to get rid of the Privy Council judgments may, for the moment, remove the chief ground of the outcry against the present system. The claim that Convocation should be invested with real legislative power has been cautiously avoided by the Commissioners. As it seems to us, the greatest triumph which the complainants have achieved through the Commission is not to be found in the

the Recommendations, but consists in their ability to plead the high authority and great candour of Canon Stubbs in defence of ideas, which until recently had received no influential, and scarcely any respectable, support from historians. The animated discussion of the Report, at the Reading Church Congress just concluded, seems to show that the Ritualists will not accept the Final Court of Appeal proposed by the Commissioners. On the other hand, the main body of the High Churchmen and the Evangelicals seem ready to accept the Report as a whole. It is not improbable that one result of the Commission will be to detach the moderate from the extreme High Church party, and to turn the latter into undisguised Liberationists.

The enquiry of which the Report is the result was emphatically an historical enquiry. It was so launched by Archbishop Tait, and in a great measure it has been so regarded by his colleagues. We have treated it from this point of view, one brim-full of interest, and obviously not devoid of difficulty. Yet it is impossible not to feel that history alone does not settle the matter. While we have been considering the meaning of statutes and the bearing of events, what Henry meant when he did this, and why Elizabeth did that, we have been continually haunted by the thought, What does the ordinary Englishman, or even the ordinary Churchman, care about all this? How far will the many, on whom the real, ultimate settlement of these questions depend, be influenced by the teachings of history?

We must look to the future as well as to the past. Let us by all means preserve historical consistency if we can, but not to the neglect of modern needs and at the expense of practical efficiency. The circumstances of every age are, to a certain extent, peculiar to itself, and the gulf, by which the political, social, and religious conditions of English life in the sixteenth century are separated from the same conditions now, could hardly be wider or deeper than it is. To attempt the reform of Ecclesiastical judicature by exact imitation of the medieval Church Courts, would be to invite certain failure. The work which the Courts of the future will have to perform will be exceedingly diminished in amount, and very different in kind. Further, it will be done under very different conditions. Public opinion, which scarcely existed 300 years ago, will keep a keen eye on the doings of the new Courts. The clergy are very different from the 'clerus' of the Reformation statutes, and they occupy quite a different position. It is no longer possible, as the Great Statute of Appeals does, to regard the clergy and the Church of England as synonymous. The altered powers, and consequently altered rights of the laity, are, we believe, the chief elements of change which have to be taken into account. No readjustment  
which

which retains the clergy in the absolutely predominant position they properly held in a ruder age, will have any chance of permanency. It is on this account that the maintenance of the Royal Supremacy in the matter of the Final Appeal is of so much consequence, especially now that it is proposed to make the Church Courts strictly and exclusively clerical. In theory the Judicial Committee is the Court of the Crown; practically it is the Court of the laity. We have already said, that we should have preferred the final Court of Appeal to have consisted of Bishops and lawyers acting together as judges; but it must be borne in mind that the Report of the Commission is evidently in the nature of a compromise, and must be judged as a whole.

It is these things—the growth and development of new forces of which our fathers knew little or nothing, the decay of institutions, and the fading away of ideas, which in their days were full of life and power—in a word, the ever-changing aspect of the world—it is this which tells us, in language plain enough to those who care to listen, that it is hopeless to expect perfect historical consistency, and vain to struggle for it. Distasteful as such considerations are to many minds, English Churchmen cannot afford to lose sight of them. Archbishop Tait pointedly told the House of Lords, in the name of himself and the other Bishops, ‘We have no intention whatever of going back beyond the Reformation.’ We must remember this, while we are considering the principle which underlies the historical part of the Report—the Church’s solidarity, continuity, and unchangeableness, the Church’s own law, own institutions, own judges, own legislature. We must remember that while on the one side, as Dean Church warns us, ‘behind all these questions is the Roman Controversy, and that one of the most telling allegations on the Roman side is that the English Church is the creation of the State;’ on the other, unless we recognize the directing hand of the Head of the Church in the action of the State, in the interference of Kings and Statesmen, in the influence of political intrigue and popular prejudice, and in many other events and things not only external, but even antagonistic to the regular working of ecclesiastical machinery, we shall find it impossible to justify the separation of our National Church from the rest of the old Western Christendom. The Reformation, whatever it was in form, was not in essence the act of the hierarchy. If we really appreciate the glory of the Church of England in the past, and really desire that her usefulness and purity and power may have a fitting sequel in the history of the Church of England of the future, we must neither explain away the revolutions of bygone times, nor be too fearful of novelty and change in our own.

ART.

ART. VIII.—*Speeches of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., at Devonport and Stonehouse. London, 1883.*

THE most marked characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's government is the regularity of the law which appears to govern their birth and their decay. So far as we can at present see, the present Administration is likely to run a course closely parallel to that of 1868. It was called into existence by the same stupendous effort of oratorical exaggeration. Its earlier years have been devoted to the same blind policy of buying off Irish discontent by a partial surrender of long-established rights. While legislating with the force of Irish insurrection at its back, it has in both cases shown great activity, a sinister originality in legislative innovations, and a dictatorial haughtiness in forcing them on its opponents. In both cases, as soon as the threat or scarecrow of Irish insurrection was no longer available in its support, its legislative faculty has become half-paralyzed; its vast majority has begun to melt away, and has become a precarious reliance for ordinary work; and its proud spirit has sunk into a submission to any rebuffs that an undutiful House of Commons might have a fancy to inflict. The parallel is striking: whether its later features will correspond to this beginning it would be rash to conjecture. Measuring the progress of decay simply by the lapse of time, Ministers are in their present career at a point corresponding to that which they occupied in April 1872. They were just then under the cloud of the great discredit attaching to the Washington Arbitration; a miscarriage which had much analogy with their recent blundering over M. Lesseps' claims, and was due to the same type of statesmanship. In some respects their condition is worse than it was then, for they had then received no great Parliamentary blow like the division on the Affirmation Bill; nor had they begun to experience the irritating recurrence of small defeats in the House of Commons. On the other hand, the dissatisfaction of the country in 1872 had shown itself more evidently in the bye-elections, than it has hitherto done during the present Administration. The general tenor of the polls, so far as their numbers have shown any change, has been in the Conservative direction; but there has been no election so significant or so important as that of East Surrey in September 1871. Vacancies of important Liberal seats have been curiously rare; and there is therefore nothing in our experience, as far as it has gone, to discourage Conservative expectations. But the slowly-developing effects of the Ballot have been too vast to admit

admit of any confident forecast. The Ballot is the régime of surprises. A large number of the electors, without fixed opinions, are swayed from day to day by the feelings any chance cause may raise, and it is a matter of mere accident which of these random impulses is dominant at the critical moment when the vote is given. In a system of open voting these capricious changes are checked by a respect for the opinion of the voter's friends, and for the pledges already given; but these influences lose their power in the obscurity of the Ballot. Elections sufficient to turn the scale are decided by comparatively few votes, and any passing wave of feeling may catch a sufficient number at the last moment to reverse the majority in the House of Commons. General Elections, therefore, will probably be always as unexpected in their results as those of 1874 and 1880.

But whether the present current of affairs is or is not to lead, after the precedent of ten years back, to the fall of the Liberals from office, it seems already to have greatly diminished their substantial power of doing harm. The discipline of their party is broken: the enthusiasm which lifted them into office and bore them through the first two years of administration has cooled down into a very critical preference: and they can no longer command the unity of purpose, within or without the Cabinet, which is necessary to devise or carry measures of far-reaching change. To many Conservatives this is a very satisfactory stage to have reached in the advance of their own party; so satisfactory, that they may be willing to halt there for an indefinite period of repose. A Liberal Government in office, too weak for violent legislation, is, perhaps, the condition of things most favourable to the maintenance of the Constitution—for the professional advocates of change find themselves by the force of circumstances retained to defend inaction; but when the brief is taken from them, when they have no longer the responsibility of putting their sentiments into practice, the clamour for subversive change revives. This view of the political situation is naturally attractive to those Conservatives who have little interest in politics except the maintenance of the institutions of their country. So far as it merely affects the occupancy of office, we have no desire to controvert it. But if it is used as a basis for the inference that there is less cause than there was for Conservative vigilance and activity, it may lead to a disastrous error. Though the present Government may have lost the power of action, it has not for that reason lost the liability to be pushed. The present position of political forces is not one that bodes rest or peace for any length



length of time. The torpor, bred probably of disunion, into which the Ministry are sinking, may prevent them from undertaking for the present any new enterprises against Church or property. But it is not from the initiative of a Ministry that the greatest disturbances spring. We are inclined to agree with Mr. Chamberlain, that great changes are probably approaching, though we doubt whether they will precisely correspond to his expectations, or will be of the kind which is likely to appear on any party programme. But if this view is justified by the facts, we are entering on an epoch of sharp contention, in which the country will need all the strength that can be given to it by the union and energy of the Conservative party.

There are prophets who would persuade us that the political barometer stands at 'set fair,' and that any such fears or hopes are the offspring of partisan imaginations. We could wish that we saw on the political horizon any signs to justify this complacent optimism. To our minds there are many indications of an unstable equilibrium in our present political condition. We do not refer merely to the more ephemeral topics on which a political writer might naturally dwell. The blunders, the shortcomings, the misadventures of the present Ministry, the contradiction between the promises which landed them in office and the tenor of their actual practice since those promises have achieved their purpose—out of these things a formidable indictment can be constructed. Such topics have been and will be submitted to the verdict of the constituencies by many trenchant pens and tongues. But it is not only from these that the misgivings spring, with which we look upon the future. It is a necessary result of political discussion as carried on in this country, that the individual has too large a portion of our thoughts and the principle too little; and controversy is apt to be made up, not so much of political argument, as of a series of political biographies of an adverse character. But the evils against which we have to struggle will last longer than any living men. There is abundant call for the vigilance and energy of those who love their country and its institutions, not merely because the policy of the statesmen of the hour is mischievous, but because of the dangerous temper of men's minds which the acceptance of that policy reveals. Some of our evil symptoms have outlasted in a form more or less acute several shifts of Ministry, and require not only a change of persons, which in its nature must be an experiment, but a change in our political methods and ideas. We need to restore, not laws or arrangements that have passed away, but the earlier spirit of our institutions which modern theory and crotchet

have driven out. There is a general disposition among those who in the constituencies are opposing the party now in power, to substitute the word Constitutional for the word Conservative in their political language. It is the fruit of a true instinct. The object of our party is not, and ought not to be, simply to keep things as they are. In the first place, the enterprise is impossible. In the next place, there is much in our present mode of thought and action which it is highly undesirable to conserve. What we require is the administration of public affairs, whether in the executive or the legislative department, in that spirit of the old constitution which held the nation together as a whole, and levelled its united force at objects of national import, instead of splitting it into a bundle of unfriendly and distrustful fragments.

The dangers we have to fear may roughly be summed up in the single word—disintegration. It is the end to which we are being driven, alike by the defective working of our political machinery, and by the public temper of the time. It menaces us in the most subtle and in the most glaring forms—in the loss of large branches and limbs of our Empire, and in the slow estrangement of the classes which make up the nation to whom that Empire belongs. The spirit which threatens to bring it upon us is of course most marked in the home administration: but it has left broad and discouraging traces on our external policy as well. Half a century ago, the first feeling of all Englishmen was for England. Now, the sympathies of a powerful party are instinctively given to whatever is against England. It may be Boers or Baboos, or Russians or Affghans, or only French speculators—the treatment these all receive in their controversies with England is the same: whatever else may fail them, they can always count on the sympathies of the political party from whom during the last half century the rulers of England have been mainly chosen. What a marvellous illustration of this spirit is being enacted before our eyes in India! The very maintenance of that empire—the stupendous achievement of thousands ruling over millions to whom they are strange in colour and creed and race—depends on the respect in which the superiority of the English race is held. To gratify some theorists at home who have weight in Parliament, we are deliberately humiliating the English race in the eyes of the natives; and we are announcing the policy, which we cannot fulfil without suicide, that race-distinctions in the bestowal of administrative offices shall cease. It is a striking, though by no means a solitary indication of how low, in the present temper of English politics, our sympathy with our own country-

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men has fallen. Of course, we shall be told that a conscience of exalted sensibility, which is the special attribute of the Liberal party, has enabled them to discover, what English statesmen had never discovered before, that the cause to which our countrymen are opposed is generally the just one. Undoubtedly, their conduct may conceivably be accounted for by this lofty theory. Many actions in life are susceptible of a double explanation. When a commander surrenders a fortress which he might have held, he generally attributes his capitulation to the tenderness of his humanity, which shrank from the shedding of blood. When a man allows himself to be kicked without resisting it, he will very likely assure you that it is due to the Christian meekness of his character. The credence which in either case is given to this sort of explanation, will depend very much on its consistency with other portions of the explainer's habitual conduct. Those who have observed in other parts of the Liberal record—say in their Irish policy—a perfect detachment from the lower impulses of party interest, may possibly conclude that their colonial and foreign policy arises from an excess of Christian abnegation. For ourselves, we are rather disposed to think that patriotism has become in some breasts so very reasonable an emotion, because it is ceasing to be an emotion at all; and that these superior scruples, to which our fathers were insensible, and which always make the balance of justice lean to the side of abandoning either our territory or our countrymen, indicate that the national impulses which used to make Englishmen cling together in face of every external trouble are beginning to disappear.

But it is in home affairs that the ominous tendency of which we have spoken is most conspicuous, and it is in these that the danger threatens us the most closely. Of course, when the word *disintegration*, as a possible peril of the present time, is mentioned, the mind naturally reverts to Ireland: and Ireland is, no doubt, the worst symptom of our malady. But we are not free from it here; it is beginning to infect us in this country also, though the stage is less advanced and the form is less acute. While scorn is thrown upon the old instincts of patriotism which animated all ranks and divisions of men with common aspirations, the temper that severs class from class is constantly gaining strength. Those who lead the poorer classes of this country are industriously impressing upon them, with more or less plainness of speech, that the function of legislation is to transfer to them something—an indefinite and unlimited something—from the pockets of their more fortunate fellow-countrymen; and it is too much to hope that a doctrine,

which teaches that a disregard of the Tenth Commandment is the highest duty of citizenship, should not gradually impress itself on the minds to which it is addressed. On the other hand, by a necessary consequence, the members of the classes who are in any sense or degree holders of property are becoming uneasy at the prospect which lies before them. The uneasiness is greatest among those whose property consists in land, because they have been the most attacked; but the feeling is not confined to them. No one will say that this anxiety is without foundation. Things that have been secure for centuries are secure no longer. Not only is every existing principle and institution challenged, but it has been made evident by practical experience that most of them can be altered with great ease. The mechanism by which small changes are made,—by which the humble daily work of legislation ought to be done—is rusty and inefficient to the last degree. But the mechanism by which large and revolutionary changes are carried out is singularly rapid and effective in its action, and requires a very small preponderance of force to set it in motion. It is needless to dwell on the feelings of the Irish landowners, who think that their property, often their whole property, has been taken from them under a mockery of judicial forms, to satisfy the clamour of the secular enemies of their class and of England, whose loyal pioneers and foremost champions they have been. Twice despoiled by the power whose support they were, they are preparing, with heavy forebodings, to combat the third attack, which seems imminent in no distant future. Their hard fate—which if any one had prophesied twenty years ago, he would have been derided as a Tory alarmist and a calumniator of Liberal virtue—has not left the corresponding classes in England indifferent or unaffected. The shadow of the same danger has passed near the English landowner, and his fate is still uncertain. Some people think the peril has gone by, and that for the time he is safe; others look upon the handling he has recently undergone as a mere warning of what is to come—the premonitory tremor of the earthquake wave which has been fatal to his Irish brother, and is travelling slowly towards him. Perhaps, however, such desponding minds may derive comfort from the reflection that here their class is not, as in Ireland, the only, or even the most prominent, embodiment of wealth. It is fairly probable that, under the peculiar circumstances of English society, if anybody is to be eaten, it will be the fundholder and the capitalist who are destined to be eaten first. The fate of the English landowner depends very much upon the vigour and resolution with which he defends himself; and the same may be

be said of any other body of men threatened by legislation which is inspired by electioneering motives. In the present day those interests are in the least jeopardy, which will give the greatest trouble if molested. But the important feature of these attacks and apprehensions, in a wider view, is not so much the possible destiny of particular sections of the community which they may foreshadow, as the general distrust which they inspire. Every action of the House of Commons is now watched with keen anxiety by classes in this country whose numbers are not small, and whose influence is very far from insignificant. Churchmen, landowners, publicans, manufacturers, house-owners, railway shareholders, fundholders, are painfully aware that they have all been threatened: that their most vital interests are at the mercy of some move in the game of politics, and they are watching with pardonable interest to see whose turn will come next. The collapse of principles formerly looked on as immovable has been so complete, the changes of front executed by parties and individuals have been so astounding, that no one can foresee into what unexpected region of political doctrine the Legislature will make its next excursion.

It is an unfortunate circumstance that, just at the time when the House of Commons is attaining to a supremacy in the State more decided than it ever possessed before, it should appear to be entirely losing one of the most necessary attributes of a ruler. The broad distinction between a civilized and an uncivilized community is this—that in a civilized community individuals or bodies of men who quarrel submit their difference to an arbitrator, while in a savage state they fight it out. The arbitrament of a ruler is substituted for the arbitrament of intestine war. It is of the essence of the civilized system that the arbitrator should be in the main impartial; and the kings or chiefs, to whom in ruder times the power of arbitration was confided, satisfied, or were believed to satisfy, this requirement. The first deadly blow against kingly power was struck when the differences of religion arose; for then, for the first time, the king ceased to be impartial on a matter which concerned all his subjects, and on which they were bitterly divided. He became perforce a partisan, and in that capacity he forfeited the trust of his subjects. Other and more potent causes have subsequently worked in the same direction; but it was with the differences of religion that the change of feeling towards monarchy in modern times began. Assemblies have inherited the function of political arbitration where it has dropped from the hands of kings; and while their power was undeveloped, or while they were drawn from a limited portion of the community,

munity, their impartiality, though not quite unimpeachable, has sufficed for the preservation of their moral authority, and of the confidence reposed in them. With us, as in other Anglo-Saxon societies, the Representative Assembly is no longer taken from a limited section of the community, and it has succeeded with us, far more than any assembly in America, in shaking itself free of all restrictions upon its power. But with this development of its character and strength, the loss of its fitness to arbitrate has become apparent. The movement of society is reversed; we are going back to the ancient method of deciding quarrels. Our ruler is no longer an impartial judge between classes who bring their differences before him for adjustment; our ruler is an Assembly which is itself the very field of battle on which the contending classes fight out their feuds. The settlement by arbitration has given place again to the settlement by civil war; only it is civil war with gloves on. Of course the decisions thus given vary in their character without limit; and all confidence in fixed principles or a determinate policy is gone.

Undoubtedly, in a modern state, the only arbitration possible between classes is the judgment—the cool and deliberate judgment—of the generality of the nation. At the best it may not be an ideal form of arbitration; in ordinary circumstances its genuine decisions are hard to obtain: but it is the only one available under modern conditions of political life. The reproach to which the House of Commons acting for the nation is liable, is that it does not in its dealing between classes, even approximately, represent this deliberate judgment. If its policy is unstable, and its action is watched from year to year with uncertainty and dread, it is because its mode of procedure is ill-fitted to ascertain or faithfully to transmit the decisions of the nation in the issues submitted to it—because it suffers them to be dictated by impulse or falsified by sectional bias. If it ever forfeits completely—as it perhaps some day may forfeit—the confidence of large classes of the community over which its authority extends, the cause must be sought partly in the unexampled extent of its powers, which permits hastiness of decision, partly in the peculiar play of parties within its walls, which vitiates the fidelity of its action as an exponent of national opinion.

Hack phrases are a dangerous snare to an age too hurried and too busy to think. We live under a Parliamentary Government: we have lived two centuries under a Parliamentary Government: all other Anglo-Saxon communities live under a Parliamentary Government. Whether in the three cases the same word means the same thing, no one is careful to enquire.

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The phrase blinds us to the peculiar position, a position wholly without any precedent or parallel, occupied at the present day by the House of Commons. Our Government was called a Parliamentary Government a century ago, as it is now. But the control of the machine was largely shared by the Crown and the aristocracy. Now it is entirely in the hands of the democracy. It is impossible to express in words a wider difference. We have passed from one pole of political ideas to its exact opposite. The consequence is, that arrangements which worked perfectly well under one system are wholly unsuited to the other. We have carried over from one condition of political existence to the other the doctrine that the Ministry, the depositary of all the powers of the State, holds office as tenant at will of the House of Commons. A single motion carried any one night in that House—the sudden result of panic or mere impulse, or of clever canvassing, or of an intrigue among various groups, will displace a Ministry, and reverse a policy. When a majority, or a large proportion of the members who had the power of giving this vote, were the nominees of royal or aristocratic patrons, this system presented no great inconvenience in practice. Whatever other evil results such a system of government may have involved, it was not likely to sin on the side of instability. The limited class who nominated a majority of the members had their attention constantly fixed on politics, and their opinions varied little, or only at long intervals: and the members who represented them moved in a predetermined course, to which they were vigilantly restricted. But a democracy, consisting of men who must be ordinarily engrossed by the daily necessities of self-support, only attends to public affairs partially and fitfully. During the long intervals which elapse between the periods when they do give their minds to politics and pronounce an intelligent decision, they pay no attention to the subject at all. Their voice is mimicked by some one else, who speaks in their name, and affects to act under their authority. It may be some one whom in some informal manner the majority of them have chosen; or it may be one whose mandate is altogether technical, indirect, and unreal. It matters little for those whose vital interests are practically left unprotected at his mercy. It is no longer the voice of their countrymen at large, which arbitrates between them and their opponents and decides their fate. It is the will of one man, or one set of men, —themselves holding on to power by a capricious and precarious tenure; compelled to fight for it night after night, amid the conflicting passions and ambitions of the various groups in the House of Commons; but omnipotent so long as these groups can



can be manipulated with success. It is a transparent mockery to tell the classes whose great litigation it is the supreme function of legislation to determine, that the verdict of their countrymen is expressed in the decisions which in any parliamentary crisis may be dictated to a Ministry by the exigency of tactics in the House of Commons. This is not the Parliamentary Government under which the nation lived a century ago, when the position of a strong Minister was secure from the sudden revulsions of feeling in the House of Commons; but, on the other hand, when his action was effectively controlled by the still vigorous power of the aristocracy and of the Crown.

Again, it is a popular impression that our existing system has the sanction of the experience of the Great Western Republic; and that American institutions are practically the same as ours, differing only in that they are a little more democratic. The resemblance is entirely superficial. The elements of instability and insecurity, which are so rife in our institutions as they at present practically stand, have been wisely excluded from the American system. Our House of Commons has come into its position, as it were, by accident. It is like the junior member of a great mercantile firm, who has suddenly become all-powerful, not in pursuance of any articles of the partnership, but simply because the senior partners have fallen into poor health, and have retired. No provision was made in the articles to meet such a contingency; and his power is absolutely unrestricted. The House of Representatives at Washington is in a very different position. The constitution of the United States was framed by men, deeply mistaken, as we think, in that they were hostile to monarchy, but yet fully sensible of the dangers that attended the democracy they chose; and it was with these dangers fully in their view that they limited the functions and counterpoised the power of the supreme assemblies they set up. Both in America and England the popular vote indirectly chooses the party from which the Ministers are to be drawn, in the one case by the election of a President, in the other by the election of a House of Commons; but the tenure of the Ministers is very different. In America they practically hold during the four years' Presidential term; they do not sit in Congress, and cannot be displaced by any action of Congress short of an impeachment. The difference between a secure and a precarious tenure affects the mind of the politician as much as that of the agriculturist; and accordingly American Ministers do not find it necessary to recommend legislative measures with an eye chiefly to the party interests of the moment and to the composition of their majority from day

day to day. One of the results of this condition of things is the comparative absence of a class of legislation with which in England we are too familiar. No group of members has the power of intimating to a Minister, 'Unless this or that measure on which we have set our hearts is supported by the Government, they must not count on our support in the next critical division.' Personal purity is unhappily low in American politics; and, unless they are maligned, the lesser bribery, the bribery of individuals, frequently takes place. But the greater bribery, the bribery by legislation, the bribery of classes strong in political power at the cost of those who are weak—this kind of corruption is comparatively unknown.

But the most remarkable feature in the institutions of democratic America is the strength of the safeguards which have been erected to prevent hasty or violent legislation. The co-ordinate authority of the Senate is exercised with as much freedom and with as little hesitation as that of the House of Representatives. The veto of the President is not rusted with disuse; but is an effective constitutional check, not unfrequently applied. But the most remarkable of the restrictions which have been set up to prevent the Legislatures in America from misusing their power, is the provision which removes a most important class of subjects entirely out of their reach. The foundations of the Constitution are placed upon a firmer basis than the caprice of any Assembly. It cannot be altered by the ordinary authorities to whom the general work of Legislation is confided: but only by the assent of three-fourths of the whole nation, specially consulted for the purpose.\* And this inviolable Constitution includes the assertion of principles which we, too, once believed to be inviolable in England, but which are now freely sold in the market-place of politics. Take the question of the sanctity of contracts, a principle for which our present Parliament takes every opportunity of evincing its contempt. The question belongs in America to the jurisdiction, not of the Central, but of the Local Legislatures; and the provision of the Constitution (Art. i. sect. 10) is, 'No State shall pass any *ex post facto* Law, or Law impairing the Obligation of Contracts.' This golden law cannot be set aside by the pressure of any malcontent section of partizans, or the Parliamentary strategy of any Minister. If any American Legislature had

\* The Congress of the United States may propose amendments in the Constitution by a two-thirds vote of both Houses, or, upon the application of two-thirds of the State Legislatures, it may call a convention to consider and propose amendments; but in either case the proposed amendments must be ratified by three-fourths of the State Legislatures, or by conventions called in three-fourths of the several States.

passed a measure similar to the Irish Land Act, the Supreme Court would have annulled it as unconstitutional.

We are well aware that such precautions could not be engrafted on the institutions which have grown up in England. Our hope, such as it is, must be in the possibility of the House of Commons returning to the better spirit of its earlier traditions. We cite the American safeguards, not as the suggestion of a possible remedy, but as an illustration of the singular danger in which we stand. By a process of political evolution, which affects not us only, but the whole western world, ultimate power is passing into the hands of much larger multitudes than ever exercised it before. It is as useless to repine at this process, as to repine because we are growing older. It is patent on the face of history that the aggregates of men who form communities, like the aggregates of atoms that form living bodies, are subject to laws of progressive change—be it towards growth or towards decay. And it is evident from the example of the communities in which men have come unfettered by the past to the choice of their own political arrangements, the United States, and our own Colonies, that the numerical majority, when it chooses to assert itself, is in effect the living power of our particular time. There is no experience at present to show that this fact is incompatible with the government of England on the sober principles, respectful of the rights of all, with which our Constitution is instinct; and therefore there is nothing in it which, as Constitutionalists, we need deplore. But what is to be deplored, is that the change is not recognized: and that no inclination is shown to provide against its inevitable difficulties and drawbacks. Our arrangements are just what they were when the machine was worked by an aristocracy and checked by a very active Royal Power. We show in our political movements the same immobility of habit as that which distinguishes the emigrating Englishman. Just as he is prone to carry to a burning climate the dress, the diet, the hours, the manner of building, suitable to the temperature of his own country, and can hardly be prevailed upon to change them, so we have migrated from the old system of politics to the new, and imagine that the appliances of political life which suited the calmer and more equable climate which we have left, are maintainable in the full glare of Democracy. It is melancholy to note that American Institutions, which we shrink from as an extravagant embodiment of the Democratic idea, have yet known how to guard effectively against some of the worst dangers of Democracy to which we still remain exposed.

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This entire absence of protection for the varied interests of the country, in the conduct of what is an entirely novel experiment in Government, is calculated to create anxiety and distrust among those who have anything to lose,—a category which, we are glad with Mr. Forster to believe, includes a large proportion of the working class. These apprehensions may not be shared by the mere optimist, who solves every difficulty by an effusive profession of trust in the people. That is an admirable sentiment, which has formed the text for many political declamations—especially of the kind which abound in the early stages of a revolution. No one was fonder of the sentiment than Lafayette. The worst feature of it is that, excellent as it is, it is wholly irrelevant to sublunary concerns. The ‘people,’ as an acting, deciding, accessible authority, are a myth. Except on rare emergencies, when they are excited by some tempest of passion, or some exceptional emergency, the ‘people’ do not speak at all. You have to put an utterance into their mouths by certain conventional arrangements, under which assumptions are made which, though convenient, are purely fictitious: as for instance, that those present at the process of voting represent the absent; that a majority, however small, represents the whole; that a man’s mind is a perfect reflex of the minds of fifty thousand of his fellow-citizens on all subjects, because he was chosen, as the best of two or three candidates, in respect to a particular crisis and a particular set of subjects, by a bare majority of those who took the trouble to vote on a particular day. These fictions may be convenient, they may be inevitable; but they do not alter the facts. You do not get the voice of the people; but something which, for good and sufficient reasons, you choose to dignify by that name. But when confidence in the people is invoked as a sublime emotion which should calm all doubts and fears, it is necessary to remember that we are asked to repose our trust, not upon a voice which really proceeds from the people, but upon the utterances of men whose right to speak on their behalf is purely conventional.

But at all events the apprehension that under present arrangements the action of the Legislature does not represent the calm judgment of the people, is not confined to Conservatives. Here is a testimony to its soundness which comes from no Tory mouth:—

‘The first danger which accompanies political progress in this age is over-hasty legislation: and the next is the danger from wire-pullers. Why do I say the danger from over-hasty legislation? For this reason—that there never was a country in which the same wave of excitement would go from end to end, as it naturally does in England.

England. At this moment we are closer together, we are more like one another, we have communication by railway and by telegraph, we have our cheap press, so that when any event happens which excites the country, there is a response from John o' Groat's to the Land's End almost instantly. There never was a country so likely to be moved by any special feeling as is Great Britain at the present time. . . . That, I think, forms the danger that under any sudden excitement legislation might be passed which we should afterwards feel had been too hastily passed. . . . I confess I think that we ought to look out for safeguards against over-hasty legislation. . . . I should like those who care about politics to study American politics; and you may be surprised to find that real Conservative safeguards are much more powerful there than they are here.'—*Mr. FORSTER at Stonehouse, August 16.*

While we entirely agree with Mr. Forster in lamenting the want of adequate safeguards, we question whether overhasty legislation is the only, or even the greatest danger. No doubt we do suffer from waves of feeling which sometimes hurry Parliament into rash proceedings. They are usually raised by some sentimental cry—as in the case of the Contagious Diseases Acts, or the Plimsoll agitation, which was produced by the existence of genuine evils, but which issued in demands that were entirely extravagant. In cases of this kind, Englishmen often have cause to regret the checks of the American constitution, which with us are ill replaced by the delays arising from obstruction and loquacity. But these hasty and ill-informed cries, though sometimes, as in the case of the Bulgarian atrocities, rising to the level of a national mania, usually affect matters of secondary importance, and are only felt within a narrow area. The evil which we have to dread, and which makes us long for some, at least, of the constitutional safeguards possessed by our kinsmen—especially when we think of Ireland—is the system of political bargains to which great Legislative changes are frequently due. The bargains are not, it need hardly be said, compromises between the two parties in the State. They are the upshot of the internal negotiations by which the dominant party, the party of action, from time to time maintains or re-establishes discipline in its ranks. Peculiar facilities are afforded for this traffic by the unchecked, or almost unchecked, prerogatives of the House of Commons; indeed, if its powers were not so enormous, such a traffic could hardly live. If the change demanded by a group as the price of its obedience could not be effected without securing the assent of other bodies of equal power and, perhaps, the sanction of a popular vote, the prospect of obtaining it would always be precarious, and the value of the offer as a means of obtaining support in Parliament would  
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be indefinitely diminished. Instead of value paid over the counter, the Minister would only be able to give a bill drawn at long date on a questionable security. But on his side he would not have the same motive for making the offer. It is the possession by the House of Commons of the power of dismissal at a moment's notice, that gives all its force to a well-timed threat of desertion. Without it no malcontent group of supporters could extort promises from the Minister on the eve of a critical division, for critical divisions would not exist.

Undoubtedly the evil has only become serious in very recent times. The facilities for bargaining, offered by the position which the House of Commons occupies in the State, have only become of grave importance since the composite character of the Liberal party has become more strongly marked. We constantly see, in Liberal writings and speeches, exhortations to the various sections of the party to practise mutual forbearance. They are entreated to 'give and take;' in other words, they are exhorted to barter. If they were agreed, 'giving and taking,' or bartering, would be unnecessary; but, precisely because they are not agreed, it is necessary to ascertain by 'the higgling of the market' on what terms of mutual surrender they can be kept together.

If the votes that are bought and sold in this curious traffic were paid for merely in the political counters of honours and places, though the transaction would be morally much more corrupt, the concern of the public in them would be mainly speculative. But the rights of classes, the property and living of numbers of non-political men and women, are the currency in which this commerce is conducted. The owners of land in Ireland have bitterly felt, how hard a destiny it is to live in a land where votes are the aliment on which rulers live from day to day, and where those votes must be paid for by sacrificing the ancient and unquestioned rights of a defeated class. They are the most conspicuous victims of this necessity; but they have not been the first, and they will not be the last.

Only those who carefully watch the progress of legislative measures, and the principles on which they are constructed, can realize how much the destinies of many innocent classes are affected by the busy bargaining which goes on in the heart of the Liberal party. For the Liberal party has not only its full share of the individual disagreements which beset all bodies of men acting together for common ends, but, in addition, it lies under the constant peril of disruption caused by profound divergences of opinion between its principal sections. The difference may be expressed briefly, though perhaps roughly, by  
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saying that the Radical desires equality, and the Whig does not. Those Radicals who have taken the trouble to think out their opinions, and are not restrained by any prudential motives from avowing them, wish for equality right through, without qualification or limit. They wish for equality among religions: and the tendency of their school is to attain it, not only by stripping all religious bodies of endowments, but also by the extirpation of all dogmas which make a distinction between one religious body and another. They wish for equality among individuals: and therefore they are opposed to all honour or privileges which are transmitted by inheritance. From the same desire they are opposed to all inequalities of property: and by the action of taxation, of succession laws, and of sundry other devices borrowed from the Socialist armoury, they hope to attain an absolute level, first in the ownership of land, and afterwards in all other kinds of ownership. We do not say that the desire for equality, in the fulness with which we have expressed it, is avowed by all those who are usually known as Radicals. Many do not think out the necessary result of the formulas they use. Others, again, who have fully thought the subject out, do not express publicly the full extent of the changes they really desire. Reticence is the quality which above all others is cultivated by the habits of parliamentary life. It may seem a paradox to say so, but free institutions tend rather to restrain than to promote freedom of speech among those who work them. The essence of the method of government prevailing in free countries is that men should act together in considerable masses for the attainment of public ends. In doing so, they do not desire to invite more adverse criticism than is absolutely inseparable from the particular proposal which at that particular moment they are advocating. Therefore it is their interest as a body to repress any avowals of opinion pointing to other and further proposals by which hostile feeling may be roused. The advocacy which suits them best is that which confines itself strictly to the project in agitation, and gives no ground for the suggestion that it is meant to smooth the way for some ulterior and more formidable design. The men, therefore, who will rise in a party of change, who will be trusted as its agents and leaders, are those who can argue for the change that it is in issue, without revealing that any of those who promote it mean, with its help, to ask for larger changes further on. More eccentric and outspoken persons, who not only think out their principles, but have the indiscretion to think aloud, sin against the general prospects and welfare of the party, and do not, unless they are gifted with extraordinary eloquence,



eloquence, gain influence in it. Reticence, beyond the limits of the questions popular at the moment with the party, is an obligation of prudence which is felt by all Radical politicians, and which the greater mass of them are too politic to resist. It would, therefore, be wholly unsound to conclude from the reticence habitual to the Radicals that the party generally does not sympathize with the doctrines, which at present only a few of the freer pens express.

But in truth there is nothing insisted on more strongly by the Radical party than that their ultimate aspirations are not to be measured by the demands which they make now. In their own phrase, they are, above all things, a party of progress. They always rejected with vigour the famous recommendation to 'rest and be thankful.' They heap unmeasured contempt upon the weaker spirits who at any point wish to be satisfied with what has been achieved, or to bind the party of to-day by reservations, or disclaimers, or protests, which were found necessary to facilitate the advance of yesterday. They always love to compare themselves to an army on the march; it has its regiments who lead the van, and its regiments who bring up the rear. But, at whatever pace or in whatever order its individual members may advance, the characteristic of the whole body is that it is always on the move from something old to something new. They profess that their unrelenting advance is always in a straight line, and that it is along the road to which they complacently give the name of 'progress.'

But if it be progress, it must be progress somewhere. Whither are they 'progressing'? The question has often been asked, and has never been definitely answered. Yet there must be an answer. There must be some objective point towards which this long march is directed. There must be some ideal land of promise in which their long wanderings are to end. The Radicals can hardly conceive themselves as filling in politics the part of the 'Wandering Jew.' He was undoubtedly the most remarkable and most consistent devotee of progress that the mind can contemplate—progress in which the traveller looks forward to no resting-place, but moves for moving sake. The language used by Radical advocates is often only consistent with the supposition that this is the kind of progress to which they are devoted; but it is more reasonable to assume that their unceasing labour is not aimless, and that at least the more active spirits among them have a definite object, which they perfectly understand, and which they do not find it convenient to communicate. The obvious mode of determining the end towards which a traveller is going, is simply to produce the line

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on which he has hitherto moved; and, ascertained in this manner, the object must necessarily be the equality not only of conditions but of possessions, and the extermination of religious dogma.

Radicalism, acting with these objects, and pursuing them by the method of political disintegration, is not a very unusual or surprising phenomenon. History has not yet furnished us with materials wide enough or minute enough for constructing anything like a science of the diseases and decay of States. But it may at least be said that in popular governments a particular cycle of phenomena has frequently reappeared. Freedom greatly tends to the increase of industry and commerce; and, as they increase, wealth is accumulated, and inequalities of fortune necessarily become more and more marked. For some not very evident reason, they are borne more impatiently than the inequalities of an aristocratic type, which have almost always originated in conquest. Perhaps it is because these latter tend, though very slowly, to wear away by lapse of time, and cannot be renewed; while the inequalities of mere fortune, far from wearing away, grow with the increasing growth of material prosperity. After a time the contrast becomes very intense. Vast multitudes have not had the chance of accumulating, or have neglected it; and whenever the stream of prosperity slackens for a time, privation overtakes the huge crowds who have no reserve, and produces widespread suffering. At such times the contrasted comfort or luxury of a comparatively small number becomes irritating and even maddening to look upon; and its sting is sharpened by the modern discoveries which have brought home to the knowledge of every class the doings of its neighbours. That organizer of decay, the Radical agitator, soon makes his appearance under these conditions. He easily persuades those who are too wretched, and have thought too carelessly, to see through his sophistry, that political arrangements are the cause of the differences of wealth, and that by trusting him with political power they will be redressed. He does not tell his dupes how it is possible they should live if industry languishes, or how industry and enterprise can flourish if men once conceive the fear, that the harvest of wealth which they or theirs have sown, and reaped, and stored, may perchance be wrested from them by the politician. It is not the interest of the Radical that they should look further than the momentary satisfaction of their jealousy or their need; and by those who have the knack of preaching in politics, spoliation is easily painted the colour of philanthropy. Then arises that long conflict between possession and non-possession, which was the

the fatal disease of free communities in ancient times, and which threatens so many nations at the present day. Our grounds of induction are narrow, and are drawn chiefly from States of small extent and power. But, so far as they go, there is no reason to believe that this malady, when it once fastens on a free State, can have any other than a fatal issue. The length of time during which it runs must depend, as in all other battles between disease and health, upon the robustness of the constitution with which it has to contend. But it slowly kills by disintegration. It eats out the common sentiments and mutual sympathies which combine classes into a patriotic State. The internal dissension becomes constantly more rancorous; the common action and common aspirations become feebler. The organized body loses its defensive force against an external shock, and falls under the power of the first assailant, foreign or domestic, by whom it may chance to be attacked after the final stage of political debility has set in.

Are we yet stricken by this malady? It is hard to say; for the real living political forces of our people lie habitually so much in repose, than an observer is always in danger of mistaking the professional polemic of politicians for conflicts really involving the great classes of which the nation is composed. But the existence of disquieting symptoms can hardly be doubted. If classes are not in actual conflict, they are at least watching each other with vigilant distrust. The feebleness of Parliament is not an accidental disorder. It means something more than a mere defect in machinery, or an excess of senatorial loquacity. The failure of the mechanism to move, means that there is nothing like a general desire that it should move. A certain number of advanced Radicals are keenly anxious that its activity should be restored, as is evident from the speeches of Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain; and a similar anxiety may prevail among the considerable contingent of crotcheteers who, with an optimism which is not at the mercy of events, are counting the moments until their nostrum is adopted, which is to save the nation. But there are a great number of people who look at the tendencies of Parliament with misgiving and mistrust; who feel wholly unable to predict what particular upas-tree it will next address itself to cut down; and who much prefer a legislative stagnation, however inconvenient in some particulars it may be, to the unknown hazards of Parliamentary activity.

The other chief section of the Liberal party, the Whigs, with whom the Radicals have to negotiate, and whom it is their principal function to squeeze, are in many respects a more interesting study. The Radicals attract attention principally on

account of their energy, and of the future which is supposed to be in store for them. The lineaments of the great enemy with whom we have to struggle, and by whom our destruction may be brought about, must always be interesting; but they are in no sense singular. Our Radicals scarcely differ in their objects or their methods from the Radical parties of other countries, except in the necessary variations impressed on them by the diversity of their 'environment.' But the other important section of the party, the Whigs, are an absolutely special product of this half-century; and there is nothing in past or present history that resembles them. They bear the name of a great party which has played a splendid part in English history; but they inherit little from it but its name. They are not even an independent body; they are only a section of the great political federation in which they are merged. The doctrines which won the fame of their eminent predecessors do not belong to this age and country. The great work at which they laboured in their time, the curbing of priestly and royal power, is now as obsolete as the Crusades. The present Whig party is a mere survival, kept alive by tradition after its true functions and significance have passed away. It is not so numerous as it once was, for the contradiction between its present policy and the doctrine of its most accredited teachers in the past is too transparent; and, moreover, the enlarged constituencies, who dislike fine distinctions, understand a Tory and understand a Radical, but have great difficulty in making out a Whig. Nevertheless there still survives a considerable section, who occupy an intellectual position that is absolutely unique among present or past politicians. A Whig who is a faithful member of the present Liberal party has to submit to this peculiar fate, not only that he inherits the political opinions he professes—a lot which befalls many Englishmen—but that he also inherits a liability to be compelled to change them at the bidding of the leader whom the Radical party may have chosen for him. Lord Somers and Charles Fox have bequeathed to him a collection of political doctrines, among which the advantages of individual freedom, and the sacredness of property, occupy a prominent place; and these, as a Whig, he is bound to uphold. But as a Whig he is also bound to remain a member of the great Liberal party, which has recently equipped itself with a brand-new set of opinions, in which individual freedom and the sacredness of property are treated as matters of very light account. As a Whig he has prejudices in favour of the Established Church, and the House of Lords, and our 'mixed form of government'; but it requires no prophet to see what the

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the great Liberal party is likely to do with these institutions. It is not possible for human ingenuity to fulfil, without occasional backslidings, these conflicting claims of duty: to be at the same time an historical Whig, faithful to the legend of Lord Somers, and an obedient disciple of the progressive doctrines which from time to time are revealed to the great Liberal party by Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Parnell. This strain upon their political consciences is telling sensibly upon the happiness and tranquillity of this ancient party. For their many sins in past generations, they are condemned in the present to the political torment of constantly voting against their principles for measures they detest, in order to support a Ministry they distrust. It may seem to many, who are not born within the circle, to be a grievous fate; and their submission to it may be a matter, not only of admiration, but of surprise. But what is to be done? They are born Whigs; and they must remain Whigs, and vote with their party,—whoever leads it, and wherever it may be going. Descent and ancestry have their obligations; the tyranny of caste is not unknown even in the West. There are many strange and unattractive functions which, under the laws of caste, a Hindoo cheerfully accepts as the inherited burden of his life; but probably few of them suffer more than an educated Englishman, who thinks that it does not consist with the honour of his family to profess in public the opinions he really holds, or to oppose the political changes on which in his heart he looks with horror. Such a stress upon conviction is too severe to be permanent, and the ranks of the party are sensibly thinning under its pressure. Many have come to the conclusion, that genealogical consistency in the choice of political associates is of less importance than the maintenance of sound principles in legislation: and therefore have either openly joined the Constitutional party, or co-operate with it upon all the great questions of the day. Others have taken the plunge into advanced Radicalism, and are the foremost to scoff at the old-fashioned pretensions of the friends they have left behind. But the majority have neither the courage to abandon their Whig professions, or to part from their Radical allies. They may often be met helplessly lamenting their sad fate; for the only solution of their difficulties that has yet presented itself to them is a combination of public loyalty with private imprecation. During Mr. Gladstone's reign their sufferings in public life have been undoubtedly severe. They do not feel Mr. Chamberlain's enthusiasm for manhood suffrage, or the payment of members; they hardly echo his disinterested condemnation

of all who do not make their living by toiling and spinning. They do not share the contempt with which freedom of contract is now usually mentioned by Liberal writers and statesmen; and the sight of a quarter of the Irish landlords' property being presented to the tenantry in order to persuade them to vote right and abstain from murder, was not to the Whig magnates a consoling or re-assuring spectacle. Their feelings must have weighed heavily upon them when public utterances were required of them. Nevertheless, they have performed their part without flinching: and have always been ready to applaud everything—to enlarge in glowing periods upon the beauties of the Land Act, and the uniform success of Her Majesty's Government. Their fate always reminds us of an unpleasant story of the French revolution at Arras, quoted by M. Taine from a journal of the time:

'L'histoire que voici arriva à quelques-uns de nos amis. Avec beaucoup d'autres on les avait amenés d'une ville éloignée, sur des charrettes découvertes, et, accablés de fatigue ils avançaient vers la prison où on devait les déposer. Au moment de leur arrivée plusieurs personnes allaient être guillotинées. Lebon, qui, selon son ordinaire présidait à ce spectacle, fit arrêter le convoi, afin que les prisonniers fussent eux-mêmes témoins de l'exécution. Mes amis et leurs compagnons, terrifiés, furent obligés non seulement de paraître attentifs à la tragédie, mais à chaque tête coupée de prendre part aux cris de *Vive la République*.'—Taine, *Un séjour en France de 1792 à 1795*.'

The question naturally suggests itself, what motive can men have to play so disagreeable a part, to whom no motives of ordinary self-interest can speak with much effect. Party passion, the corporate patriotism of the Whig connection, no doubt counts for a good deal. 'The cause for which Hampden died in the field, and Sidney on the scaffold, the government of England by the Whigs,' as Lord Beaconsfield puts it, is still capable of exciting some enthusiasm. Every one likes his own side to win. But they probably justify it to themselves on grounds of a wider patriotism. They start with the fatalist belief, which has been so common since the French Revolution, that ultimately the Radicals must win; and they contemplate the institutions of the country, the endowments of Established Churches, the rights of property, and so forth, much as Valentinian or Honorius might have looked upon the wide territories of the Roman Empire. The barbarians would certainly break in at last: nothing could prevent them from overrunning it. But if it were yielded to them in fragments from time to time, a frontier here, and a province there, the final onset might be indefinitely

indefinitely delayed. Every position that is conceded, they well know, can never be recalled, and makes the next demand less easy to resist. But still the evil day is put off. The Whigs have constituted themselves the superintendents and distributors of this political Danegeld. They know that the material for the concessions with which the enemy is bought off is not inexhaustible, and therefore they conduct their bargains with all possible thrift. They never give more than is just sufficient to induce the Radicals to keep the Whigs in office. Thus 'the cause for which Hampden died,' &c., is asserted, and at the same time the utmost prudence is shown in husbanding the resources of the Constitution.

We do not doubt that the Whigs on each occasion make what they believe to be the best bargain of which their necessities allow. But we doubt still less that the insincere system of political thought and action, which they have done so much to encourage, has tended powerfully to undermine the respect in which Parliamentary Government was formerly held. Whatever temporary advantages their method may have presented—and we do not dispute that they were attractive—it has laboured under the fatal vice which always attaches to the plan, in any department of policy, of 'buying off the barbarians.' It takes the heart out of defence; it dissolves cohesion; it splits up an organized society into a mob of struggling interests. The idea that the convictions of politicians are never stable, that under adequate pressure every resistance will give way, every political profession will be obsequiously re-cast, is fatal to the existence of either confidence or respect. Neither trust nor fear will, in the long run, be inspired by a school of statesmen who, whatever else they sacrifice, never sacrifice themselves. In order to know the end to which this system will bring us, we do not need to exercise any gift of forecast. In Ireland the experiment has been tried. Our policy, in that island, has been made up of steps, each of which was the recantation, under pressure, of principles once loudly and ostentatiously proclaimed as sacred. How has it fared with the English Government in that country? Is it too much to say that, as the issue of a long series of measures framed under these conditions, we are approaching a crisis more formidable than we have ever passed through before?

Unfortunately, no possibility of doubt is left to us as to the character of the feelings with which we are regarded by a large mass of the Irish people. In a recent speech, Mr. Healy has described it in language, which puts clearly enough the  
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view of the situation taken by the extreme adversaries of English rule:—

‘Nine-tenths of the people hate you, and the other tenth despise you, for they know that you are only an engine for the extraction of rent and the extraction of taxes.’

We may fairly hope that matters are not quite so bad as this. But in face of the recent electoral experience of Ireland, we cannot flatter ourselves that it errs, except in somewhat exaggerating the dimensions of the evil. The origin of this unhappy animosity has been made the subject of many passionate disquisitions; but it seems to us that the course of events has tended to refute the explanations which have usually been given. It used to be attributed to the difference of religion, and the persecutions Catholicism has undergone. But it existed before the division between Catholics and Protestants had arisen; and at this moment, when it seems to have reached its culminating point, Catholic influences are weaker with the Irish than they have ever been before. Moreover, persecution was not directed against the Irish Catholics alone; but it has left no corresponding bitterness in the minds of the English Catholics, who, being nearer to the seat of power, often suffered more severely. It seems to us that a truer philosophy was expressed by the late Mr. Vincent Scully, when he told the House of Commons, that only one contingency would seduce the Irish from the Roman Catholic creed; and that was the possibility of its becoming the creed of the English. Another solution of the problem, which of late has been frequently advanced, is that we are suffering under an outburst of the slowly pent-up wrath which was excited by the commercial restrictions imposed upon Irish industry during the last century. The weak point of this argument is the undoubted fact, that never was Ireland so easy to govern, so submissive under the hand of England, as during the time when the severest of those restrictions were in force. The truth is that, barbarous and indefensible as they were, they were consciously felt as a burden by only a very limited portion of the population; and even upon them the enormous facilities for smuggling caused the burdens to press with no intolerable severity. The last theory which has been advanced to account for the state of Irish feeling is the theory of the Upas Tree. It was the State Church; it was the condition of landed tenure, and the misdeeds of the landlords. But the teachings of experience, so far as they have gone, do not give more support to this theory than to previous explanations. A docile electorate  
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gave full powers to Mr. Gladstone; he swept away an ancient Church; he plunged his hands deeply into the coffers of the landlords, and scattered largess among the Irish tenantry, in the hope to win their affections, or at least their adhesion. No one can question the efficiency of his legislation as regards the landlords; they have felt the full force of the blow, and many of them have been driven from their homes, ruined and broken men. But no road has been found to the hearts of the peasantry; their appetites have only been whetted for more loot; their conviction that it can be gained by outrage has been signally confirmed. They will not even pay for the booty that has already been secured the poor guerdon of electoral support. The Government that has stripped the landlord to buy the peasant, does not seem to enjoy the preference even of a minority at the ballot-box. At the two last county elections there was a Conservative party, which was in the minority; and there was a Separatist party, which was in the majority; but for the Liberal Government there were no partisans at all. The feeling towards England is worse, not better than it was; and the party of Mr. Parnell, already on the verge of being a majority, grows with every vacancy. There is no appearance at present that Irish disaffection will be charmed away by the sacrifice of Churches or landlords. Of course the authors of these nostrums tell us we must patiently wait, and our faith shall be rewarded in due time. This is the consolation to which political alchemists are apt to have recourse, whenever the great projection fails. All that can be said with confidence is, that half a generation has passed away since the Upas Tree speech was made, and that no symptom of relenting on the part of the Irish peasantry has yet been shown.

Why is an Ireland the special lot of this country, so philanthropic, so popular and liberal in its sentiments of government, so anxious to divest its policy of even the suspicion of egotism? Other countries have conquered dependencies in their time; it is not an exceptional atrocity peculiar to the history of England. In other places the process has not been accomplished with rose-water; but nevertheless the issue has been complete assimilation of the conquerors and the conquered, and the creation of a united people. There is much in the past history of Ireland that would be horrible if it took place at the present day; but there is nothing in it monstrous or singular—nothing worse than has been done elsewhere by invaders in a conquered province—nothing that was out of harmony with the morality of the age in which it took place. And yet the possession of an Ireland is our peculiar punishment, our unique affliction, among  
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the family of nations. What crime have we committed, with what peculiar vice is our national character chargeable, that this chastisement should have befallen us?

We seem to have the power of conquest, but not to have the faculty of assimilation. The inhabitants of the Flemish Pas de Calais, or of the Celtic Brittany, are not in national sentiment and affection distinguishable from other Frenchmen; and the same, fifteen years ago, could have been said of the German Alsace. Poland has not been a hundred years in the hands of Russia, and has been the theatre of cruelties which have passed into a proverb. Finland has been under the sceptre of the Tsars for a still shorter period. Yet the mass of the population in both Poland and Finland are far more friendly to the domination of Russia than the Irish peasantry are to the rule of England. Conquest followed by incorporation is the process of national formation by which a congeries of petty tribes becomes a great and united nation; and the cruelties which often mark its progress are no bar to the cordiality of the union when it is complete. Ireland had been long under the lordship of England when the conquest of Granada was achieved: does Granada now remember that it is a conquered province? Why is it that in Ireland alone this law does not act, and that no process of assimilation sets in to cover over and heal the rancour of the past?

It may be said that the early conquest of Ireland was merely nominal, that it was never a reality until the reign of Elizabeth; and that for a century after her death the power of England over Ireland was paralyzed by intermittent civil war. There is some truth in this explanation, though it is hardly adequate to account for the entire failure of England to naturalize her rule even in the counties where for many centuries her power was not disputed. But the phenomenon has been still more marked in later times, when the superior strength of this island was not open to challenge in any part of Ireland. The pacification effected by William III. was complete. Willingly or unwillingly, all armed resistance was thenceforth abandoned. So absolute was the submission, that when England was threatened with civil war in 1715, and again in 1745, there was no sympathetic movement of any importance in Ireland, though a diversion on that side would have been profoundly embarrassing to the English Government. If there were a '15 or a '45 at the present day, should we have to deal with no sympathizing action in the sister island?

There is no more curious, and no more instructive contrast than that which is offered by the two periods—the ninety  
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years which preceded 1780—and the century which has followed it. The first period is one of absolute repose. After the first few years Parliament hardly heard the name of Ireland. England had abundance of enemies at home and abroad; but they did not find in Ireland either help or countenance. Dean Swift's attack on Sir Robert Walpole's Government was a mere war of pamphlets; and the agrarian disorders which began to show themselves towards the end of the period were as yet very partial, and attracted little attention. On the whole, Ireland at this time was governed with less expenditure of force, and caused less anxiety, than Scotland; and occupied little place among the cares of the Government, or the political history of the time. Yet this was not a period of good government. The laws against the Roman Catholics passed at the beginning of it are a byword for blind ferocity; and the commercial restrictions, adopted at the bidding of the mercantile interests in England, exaggerated the same selfish policy as that which had inspired the Navigation Laws. As the century wore on, the worst penal laws against Roman Catholics fell into disuse, and the commercial laws were largely evaded; nevertheless, if we may trust Dean Swift's invective, the condition of the peasantry was far more wretched than it is now, even in the poorest districts.

The second period—the century which has elapsed since the year 1780—presents a marked contrast in every respect. With scanty intervals, Ireland has been the principal occupation of the Parliament and the Government at Westminster. The internal history of Ireland has been a continuous tempest of agitation, broken by occasional flashes of insurrection. The legislation of the period has been a continuous stream of concession. And by these words we do not mean merely that the views of the Legislature changed; and that having previously pursued one particular policy they afterwards pursued its opposite. Concession implies two processes: it means refusal changed into consent by pressure. The poet's description of Julia, who 'vowing she would ne'er consent, consented,' would serve for a description of Britannia's attitude to Ireland ever since the appearance of Lord Charlemont and the volunteers. The consequence has been that condition of feeling, which enables Mr. Healy, without obvious absurdity, to assert that nine-tenths of the Irish people hate us, and the other tenth despises us.

But what is there in this epoch of 1780 to make it a turning-point in Irish history—a letting in of the waters of strife which rage higher every day. It was a momentous juncture in many ways. It was the era of Ireland's escape from direct subjection to England;

England ; which was brought about, it must be owned, mainly by our kinsmen and representatives in Ireland. The majority of the people, the Roman Catholic descendants of the old race, had little or no share in that revolution. It was a *coup de main* cleverly timed at the moment of England's supreme embarrassment, but executed in the main by the Irishmen of English and Scotch extraction—by those whom the Nationalist newspapers of to-day now revile as 'West Britons.' It was the worst day's work for themselves they ever did in their history. They little dreamt for whose use they were establishing the maxim, that England's necessity is Ireland's opportunity.

But this same date of 1780 marks another era in our constitutional history, which is still more closely connected with the present state of the Irish difficulty. It was the time when the transformation of Whig policy commenced. It was then that for the first time the Whigs sought political strength by allying themselves with revolutionary movements. They did not seek such extraneous sources of strength earlier, because they did not want it. Till the accession of George III. they were all-powerful in the State, for the Tory party had been entirely effaced ever since 1714 ; and for some years after his accession their power was little diminished. But when all constitutional propriety was outraged by the Tories taking office, a new chapter in their policy was opened. They cast about for aid ; and they called in extreme politicians, rebels or Radicals, to help them. The bargain has been an unfortunate one for them, as well as for their country. In England it ultimately broke up the old Whig party, and has placed the residue which retained the party name at the mercy of the Radicals. In Ireland their political action has been more immediately disastrous. It would not be possible abstractedly either to condemn or praise, in the lump, the measures of concession which, thus reinforced, the Irish have extorted from the English Parliament ; but for our present purpose they cannot be judged apart from the conditions under which they were passed. Neither Grattan, nor O'Connell, nor Parnell would have succeeded, but for the assistance of the Whigs. The measures they advocated would either have not passed at all, or would have passed in another shape. But the important thing is, that but for that assistance they would not have passed as the result, in the eyes of all the world, of the pressure which successful disorder could exercise on the deliberations of the House of Commons. Putting aside the matter of the measures involved, which in this case was less important than the manner—the capitulations of 1782, 1829, and 1881, have been disgraceful to the English Parliament. But the attack which extorted them  
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would not have been so powerful or so furious, but for help within the fortress—but for the encouragement and aid which the Whigs gave to agitators whose ultimate designs, as they well knew, were fatal to the integrity of the Empire.

It was an unhappy circumstance, that the Irish race came gradually to the full exercise of political power as electors to the United Parliament, at a time when its credit was deeply shaken by the successive victories it had yielded to revolt; and to a great extent by means of those very victories. It hardly seems credible that statesmen should have expected that the power so obtained would be used to promote the supremacy of England, which had just been partially shaken off. But political forecasts were of a far more roseate hue in those days than now. Up to the time of the Roman Catholic Emancipation, the Roman Catholics of Ireland, which is roughly the same thing as saying the ancient Irish race, had not exercised practically any political power. It had either been in the hands of England, or of Irishmen of English and Scotch extraction. With the Roman Catholic Emancipation a new era began; and to the majority of statesmen it seemed an era full of hope. The abolition of such a religious disability was in accordance with sound ideas of justice and toleration; and it seemed likely to place a spiritual influence that was all-powerful on the side of England. But the event has not justified the sanguine expectations of those times. Lord Melbourne is reported to have said before he died, 'Everybody but the fools was in favour of Roman Catholic Emancipation; but it has turned out that the fools were right.' The Irish hatred has been stronger than Catholic reconciliation: and the universal conviction that the measure was extorted has quenched all gratitude for the boon. The result, as far as after half a century of experience we may judge it, has been to add another illustration of the difficulty of keeping people as subjects against their will by the instrumentality of highly popular institutions; and the more real the popular institutions are, the more arduous does the undertaking become. Undoubtedly the subjection is not severe in its character; and it exists as much for the benefit of the smaller as of the more numerous race. For many years this nation has flattered itself that the dislike to English rule was a pretence of the agitators, and was not the real feeling of the people; or at all events that it was confined to a small minority. But as one restraint after another upon the expression of their true opinions has been removed, the fact is becoming plainer and plainer, that a large mass of the inhabitants of Ireland, specially composed of those who are not of English or Scotch descent,

descent, are disaffected to English rule, and only submit to it because they have no opportunity of throwing it off.

Englishmen have failed to foresee the course which events would take in Ireland after Roman Catholic Emancipation, because they are blinded by the metaphors which are habitual in political discussion. It is given to few phrases to cover so much untruth as to the word 'Self-government.' There is something so attractive in it, that even foreign nations have borrowed it of us, and speak of people who are governed by a majority among themselves as having obtained 'self-government.' The structure of the word suggests that it means very much the same thing as 'self-control'—the noblest and freest condition to which the individual can aspire. Yet it is a hollow metaphor and nothing more. The 'self' which governs and is governed does not exist: it is a mere abstraction or convenient mode of speech. It is a collective word for a multitude of real 'selves,' of whom a large portion are very far indeed from being 'self-governed.' Whenever the majority of such a community really have the same political wish, they can give effect to it; and in that case they—the majority only—can be said with truth to be self-governed. The minority are no more self-governed than if they lived in Morocco. They have to do what they do not like, because the majority like it: which is the very reverse of being self-governed. In regard to that particular question they are not free. No doubt, in a homogeneous community this condition of subjection is, or may be, only transitory. The minority of to-day may be in the majority of to-morrow: a man who is in the minority on one question may be in a majority on the next. He has nothing to complain of: for, while on some questions he is free, and dictates to his neighbour, on others, when he has to submit to dictation, he is probably governed with tolerable fairness. As regards such communities, no better way has been discovered of managing human affairs. Self-government is therefore, in their case, a very desirable state of things; though the word is far from meaning exactly what it says. But this accident happens to so many political phrases, that it would not be worth noticing, if only homogeneous communities were in question.

But the matter assumes an entirely different aspect, when we come to apply the word to a community which is not homogeneous. If it consists of different elements that have not been fused together; if large masses of citizens are separated into jealous or hostile sections, by deep divisions of creed or race, or even of interest, the word 'self-government' is not only a bad metaphor, but becomes flagrantly deceptive. In such cases one  
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section of the community is in a permanent minority on a whole department of questions, which are probably precisely those that it has most at heart. In regard to them, it has to accept, not its own solution, but the solution of the hostile majority, which is perhaps diametrically the reverse of its own. By no license of language can such a permanent minority be spoken of as self-governed or free. Are the Catholics of France self-governed, or free? It may well be that they would be more free under the rule of a despot who was indifferent, and therefore impartial, upon the class of questions which interest them most, than under a popular government in which there is a majority pledged by the strongest motives always to vote against them. It is in a great degree on this account that a despotic government is more successful than a democracy in securing the peaceable government and the ultimate fusion of an empire made up of hostile races. It may certainly account for the fact, that admission to the English Parliament has not operated in any degree to reconcile to English rule those to whom it was previously an object of aversion. The change has been in the other direction. The more the party, that in an Irish Parliament would be dominant, have recognized their isolated condition as a permanent minority in the assembly at Westminster, the stronger has their wish to escape from Westminster become. Certainly the English majority cannot blame itself for having made any undue use of its prerogatives. It has been generous of its concessions; in the eyes of Conservatives generous often at the cost of justice and of the rights of other men. But such concessions have conveyed to the minds of the minority a conviction rather of our softness than of our liberality, and has stimulated the resolution to exact the supreme concession from those who have already been brought to concede so much.

Unhappily they do not lack efficient weapons. It has been given to them to illustrate in the most forcible colours the inefficiency of the party system for governing a disaffected population. A permanent minority does not readily acquiesce in a position of helplessness. Being unable to use its vote for its own objects with any effect, it takes measures to sell it to those who can. In a homogeneous assembly, on the Parliamentary system, the conspicuous men as a rule either hold office, or hope to do so. But the leaders of a permanent minority can have no such aspirations, if their constituents are in earnest. As long as their opinions are in hopeless disaccord with those of the majority, it is evident they never can be members of a government resting on the concurrence of the majority. Ceasing, thus,  
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to be themselves candidates for power, they are free to practise on the weaknesses of those who are. Their votes in a division can be made the price of legislative concessions. Party leaders in the heat of conflict will give much to win a division; and they can, not unfrequently, be brought to offer more than is consistent with the interests of their country or the pledges of their party. The principle of this strategy is by no means new in politics. It is the simple device practised by those far-seeing electors, who are, or were, accustomed to defer the final decision of their hesitating convictions till within a few minutes of four o'clock. It is the ordinary plan by which a Radical group induces a Whig Government to win it back to the fold on the eve of a confidence division. We have seen it at work in the German Parliament, where, in Herr Windhorst's dexterous hands, it has conducted the great Chancellor himself several stages upon the dreaded road to Canossa. But upon no political field has it been practised with so much tenacity and resource as by the Irish party in the English Parliament since the Emancipation Act of 1829.

For some time they met with no great success, and experienced one or two severe reverses. The Lichfield House compact procured nothing for the Irish party, except a certain influence over the distribution of patronage; but it wrecked the Whig Government in the affection of the constituencies. The 'Pope's Brass-band' of 1852 was prophetically named; for little else except noise apparently resulted from its existence. It landed a few of its members in subordinate Government offices, and then broke up with an evil savour among the scandals of the Tipperary Bank. But though the Irish party achieved little of positive gain in the way of legislation, they succeeded in introducing a new element into the calculations of Parliamentary strategists. The question how the Irish vote was to be secured was the absorbing problem which weighed on the minds of the whips on the eve of every critical division. Still the practical results were of a secondary kind. Until 1868 their efforts were principally devoted to foiling Stanley's and Peel's schemes for mixed education. But a new epoch opened with Mr. Gladstone's accession to power. In his Lancashire speeches of that year he offered the largest bribe that has ever been given for Parliamentary support. He saw with the eye of genius the opening for business, presented not only by the Irish representation, properly so called, but also by the large Irish populations which the Reform Bill of 1867 had added to the register in many of our great towns; and he made them a splendid offer which he sagaciously judged was sufficient to sweep the market

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—the complete destruction of the Irish Church, a deep dip into the landlords' pockets, with the early prospect of renewing the process, and the entire overthrow of the system of education, for which England had been contending for half a century. Another boon he was about to give them, though much was not said of it at the time—perhaps a more momentous gift than any other. The Ballot, to which the Prime Minister about the same time became a convert, was destined finally to transfer supremacy at the Irish polls to the anti-English party.

The results of these transactions were, for the moment, brilliant to both sides. The Irish gained measures for which they had long wished, but for which five years before they would not have dared to hope; and Mr. Gladstone gained for three years a submissive and unquestioning majority. If, however, he imagined that by sacrificing the landlords and the Church he had permanently gained the Irish vote, events speedily disabused him of his mistake. The Irish party are shrewd bargainers, and they took an early opportunity, on the University Bill, of acquainting him that their adhesion was a matter of business, and not a question of gratitude. They indicated the policy from which they have never swerved, that an English party cannot purchase their co-operation by any single service, however splendid, but must earn it by a continuous tribute of concessions, until the great end is reached. That the Land Act of 1870 should develop into the Land Act of 1881 was to be expected. Lord Beaconsfield at the time pointed out that compensation for disturbance must lead to an attack on rents; not only as a logical conclusion, but as a necessary consequence of the altered balance of power. The forces whose conflict had ended in the Act of 1870 were arrayed against each other again; but their relative strength was fatally altered. Legislation had made the landlord powerless, and a former defeat had made him hopeless; while the Irish party were strong in the confidence bestowed by past success and present resources, for they knew by experience how much could be extorted from the political necessities of Mr. Gladstone, and how powerful were the means of pressure in their hands. The most noteworthy circumstance about the struggle, of which the Arrears Act has been the momentary close, is the novelty in tactics due to the ingenuity of Mr. Parnell. For the purpose of obtaining particular concessions, he still pursues the plan which was pursued by O'Connell and by Butt, of purchasing them by offering the votes of his detachment in exchange. But in order to attain gradually to the main end which the Irish party have at heart—escape from the rule of England—he has  
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hit upon another device. It is of no use to attempt to purchase Home Rule of English party leaders, by any offer of Parliamentary support, however captivating; for even if they wished to do so, they could not enforce such a policy upon their followers in the House, or in the nation. But it has occurred to him that Parliament and the country may concede as a matter of mere weakness what they would never consent to on its merits. Bad as they think it, it is possible they might accept it as the alternative to something more intolerable still. He thinks that perhaps we may in the end prefer that Ireland shall be ruled by the Irish, rather than that England should not be ruled at all. We might be willing to grant an Irish Parliament if there was no other way of maintaining our own Parliament in a condition of vitality. Accordingly he has set himself to the task of hampering and paralyzing the legislative machine, so that little or no useful work can be got out of it, even by the expenditure of the most excessive labour.

The plan is not wanting in ingenuity, and, so far as it has gone, has met with an encouraging amount of success. Of course it implies the lowest possible estimate of the resolution and courage of those with whom he has to deal; but it will not on that account necessarily fail. It is pursued, according as opportunity offers, but not always with uniform effort; for it is not the only path by which the Irish party hope to attain their end. At present they follow two distinct but converging lines of advance towards the great objective point—separation. Mr. Parnell tries to operate on Parliament itself; and, for that purpose, to extort all the changes in the electoral law which are likely to increase the strength of his Parliamentary contingent. He sees that at the head of forty votes he can make Parliament almost unworkable; he naturally infers that, at the head of eighty votes, he can make the presence of the Irish Members quite unbearable to the rest of the House of Commons; and he doubts not that in their agony Englishmen will reflect on the fact, that it was the Union with Ireland which bestowed this blessing on Parliament. Mr. Davitt, being outside Parliament, hopes to reach the same end by another path. He holds the common belief, that it is the Irish landlords who induce Parliament to retain its hold of Ireland, and consequently argues that, if they were extirpated, Parliament would be lukewarm on the question of the Irish Union. Accordingly, he proposes the extirpation of the landlords, by the simple process of taking their land from them. This strategy throws him more completely upon the ordinary resources of the 'party of action' in every country. He has little share in the special advantages which

which Mr. Parnell derives from the working of our party system; but, on the other hand, he sails before the wind of popular greed and passion. He is engaged in the task of persuading the most lawless and land-loving peasantry in the world to despise the law and to seize the land; and he is not likely to be deterred by a temporary Crimes Act from pursuing so hopeful an enterprise. It may possibly prove more arduous than he expects. He probably proceeds on the assumption that there is no limit to the compressibility of a Liberal Government. It must be admitted that, up to this time, the existence of such a limit is a matter of faith rather than of experience. But whether the English people will be equally compressible, when once they understand the question, remains to be seen.

Both agitators appear, for the moment at least, to be advancing prosperously upon their respective paths: and the peril which they are creating for England will tax to the uttermost the manhood of her sons. For it is one out of which no immediate issue is yet disclosed to view; except a courageous maintenance of the rights of the Empire, and a patient struggle with the resistance, however stubborn it may be, however long it may last, against which those rights must be vindicated. Experience must surely have satisfied us, by this time, that there is no other safe path to pursue. Ever since the Union, the course of English policy has been to remove one by one the various restraints which prevented the will of the numerical majority from being supreme in Ireland. So far as this policy has gone, it has been marked at each step by an increase in the proportion of the constituencies which have expressed their dislike of English rule. To re-impose such restraints when they have been once removed is notoriously difficult, and no one suggests that it would be practicable in the present case. On the other hand, there is nothing to encourage the belief that a greater success is likely to attend the efforts which the Government are making to move further along the same line. Registration Bills and Reform Bills will only elicit in a more emphatic and authoritative form the very aspirations which embarrass us, and which, when they are expressed, it will be the inevitable function of the English majority to quench. To persist in such homœopathic remedies is to neglect the teaching of a century of experience. Such measures can have no other recommendation, except that, for the moment, they will lead Mr. Parnell's contingent through the Ministerial lobby in a certain number of divisions.

One issue there is which, in the judgment not only of  
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the Conservative party, but in that of the great majority of Englishmen, is absolutely closed. The highest interests of the Empire, as well as the most sacred obligations of honour, forbid us to solve this question by conceding any species of independence to Ireland; or in other words, any licence to the majority in that country to govern the rest of Irishmen as they please. To the minority, to those who have trusted us, and on the faith of our protection have done our work, it would be a sentence of exile or of ruin. All that is Protestant—nay, all that is loyal—all who have land or money to lose, all by whose enterprise and capital industry and commerce are still sustained, would be at the mercy of the adventurers who have led the Land League, if not of the darker counsellors by whom the Invincibles have been inspired. If we have failed after centuries of effort to make Ireland peaceable and civilized, we have no moral right to abandon our post and leave all the penalty of our failure to those whom we have persuaded to trust in our power. It would be an act of political bankruptcy, an avowal that we were unable to satisfy even the most sacred obligations, and that all claims to protect or govern any one beyond our own narrow island were at an end.

In the presence of such considerations, we hardly care to speak of the strategical objections. But these are formidable enough. If Ireland is not with us, she is against us. If her Government does not obey the orders given from Westminster, it will speedily become subordinate to the greater Ireland that is growing up beyond the ocean. Napoleon was wont to say that Antwerp was a loaded pistol held to the mouth of the Thames. The coast of Ireland, in unfriendly hands, would be something more than a pistol held to the mouths of the Clyde and the Mersey and the Severn. And we must not dismiss such extreme conditions from our minds as possibilities which cannot be realized. We shall have speedily enough to choose between them and the reconquest of Ireland, if once Home Rule be granted. Any political power conceded to an Irish assembly will be made the fulcrum by which more will be exacted, until complete practical independence is secured.

The impossibility of England's acceding to Home Rule is too plain to need enforcing. The proposal is not as yet advocated, even by the most advanced of the leaders of progress. If the country had simply to choose between accepting and resisting separation, the decision would be given promptly and without hesitation. But a more difficult task is before this country. It must guard itself from being led, under the guise of legitimate indulgences or of carrying out accepted principles, into concessions

cessions which will make Home Rule inevitable. Have we strength left to do this? or has the disintegration gone so far that these concessions too will be won by the process which has proved effective for all that have gone before? We may have the resolution to refuse Home Rule as a whole. Have we the resolution to refuse it in instalments? Or will our bargaining politicians, when votes grow scarce, open their market once more for a final clearance sale of all that remains of English rule in Ireland?

The air is filled with rumours of new negotiations and successful bargains. Another 'deed without a name'—another fortuitous concurrence of mutually benevolent intentions, like that which took place at Kilmainham—is likely to place the Irish vote at the disposal of the Government for the purposes of a Reform Bill. Such complaisance at such a crisis will deserve warm recognition; and it will be duly given in the form of a Bill for the establishment of local government in Ireland, which is to be conducted by elective Councils. What limit is to be assigned to the powers of these Councils, we cannot say: but we can predict with absolute confidence that, whatever it is, the whole energy of the Councils will be devoted to procuring its abolition. And no doubt the day will come, when votes will again be in request for a critical occasion: and the entire emancipation, and possibly the consolidation, of these Councils will be the price. Will the Whigs be parties to this arrangement also? A quarter of a century ago our system of government was described by Prosper Mérimée, a perfectly impartial witness, in these terms:—

*'Ce qui me frappe surtout dans la politique anglaise de notre temps, c'est sa petitesse. . . . Tout se fait en Angleterre en vue de conserver les portefeuilles. On fait toutes les fautes possibles pour conserver une trentaine de voix douteuses. On s'inquiète que du présent, et on ne songe pas à l'avenir.'*

Is this always to be so, even to the end? And if so, how long can the final disintegration of the Empire be postponed?